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NME

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

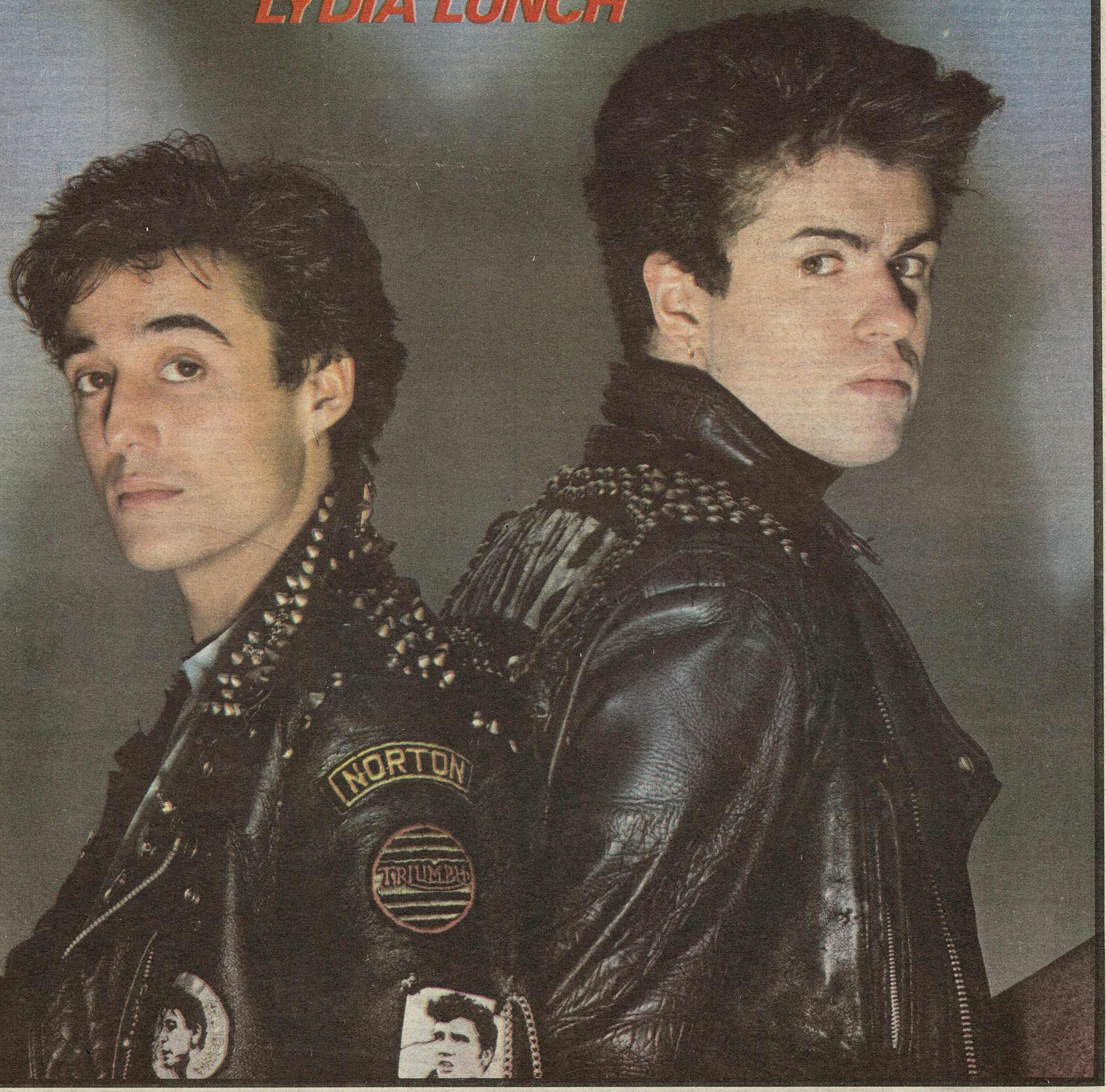
Throwing shapes

WHAM!

POP GUNS COME CLEAN

BY PAOLO HEWITT

BOW WOW'S JUNGLE GIRL
BIRTHDAY PARTY
THE RESIDENTS
MARI WILSON
CECIL TAYLOR
LYDIA LUNCH



Wham's bad boys Andrew and George. Photo Anton Corbijn.

READING BILL ● BOWIE'S BRIXTON CHARITY SHOW ● TWO BEATLES TO REFORM? ● PIGBAG SPLIT ●

HEAVY METAL IS DEAD!

THIS YEAR'S READING CONFIRMS IT

Gillan: the last buffalo in town?

THE LINE-UP for this year's Reading Festival — now officially confirmed as the last at its present site — shows a marked variation in musical styles, contrasting from the heavymetal domination of recent years.

The hard-rock element is confined amongst the headliners to Thin Lizzy's very last performance and Black Sabbath's debut with Ian Gillan as their singer — and they share top billing with The Stranglers (their only UK appearance this summer), Marillion (who'll be interrupting their US tour specially for this event) and current chartsters Big Country.

There will also be as strong American contingent, the first confirmed being Survivor, whose 'Eye Of The Tiger' was the top UK single of 1982. But five other top US acts have also been invited to appear — Todd Rundgren & Utopia, Nils Lofgren, Southside Johnny & The Ashbury Dukes, The Ramones and Little Steven & The Disciples Of Soul — and it's expected that at least three of these will be clinched within the next week.

Other acts already confirmed include Suzi Quatro, Climax Blues Band, Magnum, The Truth, Mamas Boys, The Alarm, One The Juggler, Scandinavia's Hanoi Rocks and Australia's Wendy & The Rockettes. But more are still being finalised, and the organisers hope to annouce a full list in a week or two, together with running order.

It's now official that the Reading Council is to redevelop the Thameside Arena in Richfield Avenue, the festival's home for 13 years, and work will start in the autumn — which means that the NJF/Marquee organisation will be seeking a new site for the 1984 event.

Booker Jack Barrie told *NME*: "The majority of people in Reading obviously appreciate the benefits which the festival has brought to the town, and the council feels the same way. So the promoters and Reading Council are now working in conjuction, and are hoping to find a suitable new site within the Reading area."

Ticket price for the full three days is £15.95 (an increase of just 50p on last year), inclusive of camping and parking — and, as in the past, the organisers are not charging a booking fee. Initially, tickets are only available by post from NJF/Marquee (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), Reading Rock, P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ — enclose SAE, and allow at least 28 days for delivery.

Thin Lizzy, just back from their farewell tour of Japan, will be making their fourth headlining appearance at Reading. Explained Phil Lynott: "We've been looking for a suitable venue in England for a grand finale performance, and when Reading came up we knew it would be ideal." They are currently editing recordings of 12 concerts on their last UK tour, and the resultant double live album 'Life' will be issued in mid-August — preceded on July 8 by a new single 'The Sun Goes Down', a remixed version of a track from the latest album.

Together again?

***DAVID BOWIE** is to play another London concert — a special benefit show at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, June 30, the night before he begins his three-day stint at the Milton Keynes Bowl. Amazulu have been invited to appear as special guests.*

All the musicians will be playing without fee, and the total proceeds will go to the Brixton Neighbourhood Community Association, a registered charity which provides leisure education, training and employment opportunities for people in the Lambeth area. The concert is being presented by Harvey Goldsmith for the Association.

Bowie, of course, was born in Brixton — and he explained that he has long wanted to perform a concert in England which would directly benefit the area of his birth.

Tickets are priced £50 and £25, and unfortunately for NME readers, they went on sale last Sunday and have now sold out. After expenses are met, it's hoped that over £75,000 will be donated to the association.

***PAUL McCARTNEY** is planning a return to the concert platform this summer, after an absence of almost three years, and his comeback is likely to mark a stage reunion with former Beatles colleague Ringo Starr.*

Although there's no official work from the McCartney camp, it's understood that his dates would coincide with — or immediately follow — the opening of his upcoming movie Give My Regards To Broad Street. *And he would team with the musicians featured in that film, which would provide a line-up of Paul (vocals and bass), Dave Edmunds and Chris Spedding (guitars), Linda McCartney (keyboards) and Ringo (drums), with the possibility of other sidemen being added.*

As yet, there's no indication as to the type of venues McCartney and the group would play. Apparently they are still tossing ideas around, and haven't yet decided whether to visit selected holiday resorts, or to concentrate on the key cities — like London, Birmingham and Glasgow.

***PIGBAG** are the latest top-flight band to announce their demise — or, to put it in their own words, they are no longer working together. And in common with the latest crop of splits, the determining factor was neither personal nor musical differences, but "artistic progression".*

Although their official announcement doesn't expand upon their decision, and promises details of future plans at a later stage, Simon Underwood was more forthcoming to NME. *He said "Pigbag was never really intended to be a group in the standard sense of the word. It was always meant to be a fluid thing, so we shall simply be going back to our original aim."*

Underwood and guitarist James will continue to work together, along with girl singer Angela Jaeger, who joined Pigbag for their 'Lend An Ear' album released a few months ago. That still leaves another six musicians unaccounted for, though one or two of them could also be involved in Underwood's new venture.

He explained: "We'll be using a number of musicians — including some we've worked with before. It will be totally different from Pigbag, though initially we'll be settling down to a lot of actual songwriting — and that's a field we've never really concentrated on before."

As a last gesture, Y Records are releasing the final Pigbag album on June 24, with their name as its title. It features previously unissued material, comprising live tracks and one remix. And as a "thank you" to their supporters during their existence, it will sell for only £2.99.

AIN'T

BY AMANDA ROOT

IF YOU fancy someone for ages and ages, and then one day they unexpectedly reach out and touch you in a tiny gesture that shows they feel the same way about you, the "how do you describe that moment? It's almost impossible to put that feeling into words.

But for me Mari Wilson captured the almost inexpressible texture of sexual passion with her song 'It's Happening'. It is the total pop song: it takes a common reality, puts it into a new form, and so extends the emotional boundaries.

Mari's songs redefine passion and sex and love for a generation that has 'done' sex, and found it emotionally unsatisfying; and they also evoke the '50s, because that decade offers the richest pickings of over-the-top romantic myths. Their appeal remains because in the '80s, the ideals and yearnings to be cherished, and the hankerings to be secure and cared for, haven't gone away.

Mari herself is that strange mixture of the ordinary and extraordinary of which stars are made. She is ordinary because she has the same dreams as the girl-next-door — "Why interview me, rather than a typist?" she modestly inquires at one point. But she is extraordinary inasmuch as her attempt to define 'love' typifies a generation's quest to do the same.

"I think that every human being on this planet is looking for the perfect partner, I really do," she explains. "Whether they deny it, or not, everyone wants to fall in love really...and get married. There's *nothing* more exciting than falling in love; there's nothing more depressing than falling in love as well, when it starts to go a bit dodgy. But it's also as if you *enjoy* that kind of depression, in a way."

Don't you ever wake up at 3 am and think, oh dear, I wish I was married and had some man to look after me?

"Yes! (*Laughter*) The hardest thing about being in this business — and the only time insecurity creeps in — is when you do a gig, and everyone thinks you're wonderful and it's great, and then you go back to your hotel room, on your own. I know there are a lot of male pop stars who will pick up a girl and screw her. But I'm sure they won't really enjoy it. I mean, it's all part of their image to do that, so they do it.

"But there were nights on the British tour when I got back to the hotel room, and I knew the bank were out partying, pulling girls — or men — and sometimes it was a bit lonely. I'd have my copy of *Woman's Own* or my Gloria Swanson autobiography...It's not lonely from the sexual point of view, because you can have sex with anyone, it's just from an affection point of view. You want someone to cuddle up to..."

What's the idea behind your style?

"Maybe a lot of people will disagree with me, but I like men to look like men, and women to look like women. I think it's romantic. I mean, when it comes down to it, the women most men find attractive are the womanly women. I just wanted to look feminine. I do take the piss out of myself quite a lot (*laughter*), but I do like dressing up. I like the idea of when you watched old films and the women had long gloves and handbags and shoes and everything matched. I just think it's nice. It's not anything that's deeply *meaningful*.

"People think I keep this hardo because it's something I hide behind. But that's not it at all. Up until now the show we've done has been this big dynamic thing, where I get built up, and then I walk on; and I walk on with this ridiculous hairdo and fur stole and lurex dress, and it all matches. Now, if I came on with hair live Olivia Newton-John's it wouldn't really work the same."

Are you happy with all that has been made of the famous line "I'm disappointed/If this Is It" *at the end of the song 'This Is It?': that it's about sexual sophistication but being disullusioned buyit; that the earth didn't move, sex alone doesn't mean everything...?*

"Yes, I quite agree with that. I mean, I love sex, but I think too much has been made of it really. I enjoy going out with a man who takes me out to dinner and we have wonderful conversations and everything else, more than anything. It's like, if you go out with a guy and you don't go to bed with him, so what? I mean (*putting on a male voice*), once you've had one orgasm, you've

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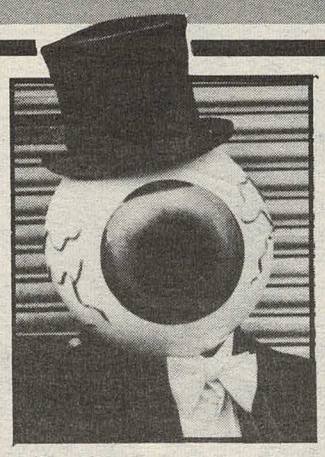

PAGE 3 GIRL — MARI WILSON ●

Sex And The Single Girl. Mari Wilson talks about sex, style and her loneliness.

MISBEEHIVIN'

PHOTOGRAPHY: PENNIE SMITH

had 'em all, know what I mean? (*Laughter*) No, that's not *quite* true!

"But you know what really annoys me? It's the expression, Good In Bed. Because I think it's *absolute rubbish*. There's no such thing as being Good In Bed because you can be good in bed with one person and terrible in bed with another, because you won't be compatible."

Perhaps our age group knows too much, we've lost our innocence and we've alla become cynical?

"But even now, if you enjoy sex, you still wonder whether or not you should have it... I am totally sure of myself when it comes to music, but when it comes to men, and when it comes to romance, I'm a very emotional person and I'm too careful really. My friend Diana's always telling me this, why don't you let yourself go Mari? And I say, yeah, but it's the old fear of being hurt. I really don't know what to do about it."

I think sleeping with someone makes you feel very vulnerable...

But at the same time, if you're feeling really randy, and you fancy them, you should go for them, because you want to do that. You know the old song, '*If it feels good, do it*'? I really agree with that, because if you fancy someone, and desperately want them physically, then you *should*, because it's obviously *right*.

One of my problems is that I'm very honest about sex, and very open about being a very physical person and enjoying it!" (*Laughter*)

You've sent up the ending of 'Beware Boyfriend' on the video, but what about the happily-ever-after-ending in daily life?

"I don't think love can last, not like it used to. I mean, my Mum and Dad have been married for 30 years, and they're still hopelessly in love with each other. And I *can't* see that nowadays, you know? And I think that's why I try *not* to fall in love, because I do get quite frightened. Not because of the love bit, I know that'll be great, and that I'll be blissfully happy for a month or maybe six months, but I think God, then what? I'm so frightened of it ending, that I won't get into it in the first place."

What about the restrictions of Stardom on your romances?

"For some reason *The Sun* and all those papers love writing about Mari Wilson was seen with so and so. And I know if I like someone, and I see something about them being seen with someone, I automatically assume that they are sleeping together. So, if I had a really important boyfriend, what would he think if he saw that?"

You sound pretty sorted out to me, even though you don't think you are...

"The reason is probably that women tend to talk about their love affairs to each other. They're more emotional towards each other, more affectionate even, so that's probably why they're healthier mentally, because they do let things out and talk about them. Whereas men don't because they're supposed to be a bit of a stud to their friends. So if their friends want to know what happened last night, well, they've got to give them a really good story. You swept her off her feet. This is getting like *Forum* isn't it! (*Laughter*)

"You see, I think that women know a lot more about what's going on inside men's heads than men do about what's going on in women's heads. Maybe people will say I'm wrong, but I don't think so. I never used to think this, but as I'm getting older, I realise it more and more that when a man falls in love, he *really does fall in love*. He goes completely over the top, and can't really handle it. Whereas women can really fall in love, but they can handle it. I can handle falling in love more than I could before.

"I'm still looking for the perfect love song, though. There must be a song that everyone can relate to, because everyone has some kind of love thing going on in their lives that's incredibly special to them..."

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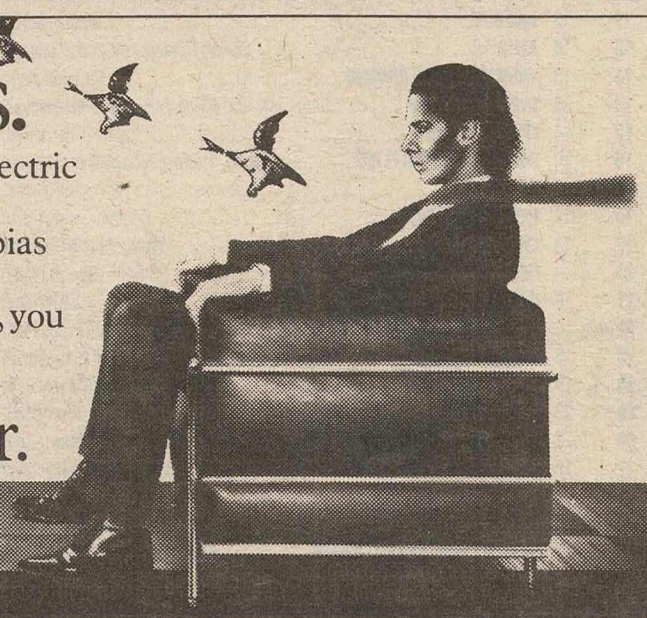

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	**EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE**	Police (A & M)	4	1
2	2	**BAD BOYS**	Wham (Innervision)	5	2
3	16	**CHINA GIRL**	David Bowie (EMI-America)	3	3
4	3	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)	5	3
5	6	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Island)	6	5
6	20	**FLASHDANCE...WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	2	6
7	9	**LOVE TOWN**	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	3	7
8	5	**JUST GOT LUCKY**	JoBoxers (RCA)	5	5
9	17	**WAITING FOR A TRAIN**	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	4	9
10	14	**LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)**	George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	10
11	23	**PILLS AND SOAP**	The Imposter (Demon)	2	11
12	4	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)	9	1
13	27	**I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES**	Elton John (Rocket)	5	13
14	25	**BABY JANE**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	3	14
15	7	**CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU**	The Beat (Go Feet)	7	4
16	13	**IN A BIG COUNTRY**	Big Country (Mercury)	4	13
17	30	**HANG ON NOW**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	2	17
18	8	**MONEY GO ROUND**	Style Council (Polydor)	4	8
19	22	**WE CAME TO DANCE**	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	19
20	46	**I WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	2	20
21	11	**TEMPTATION**	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	9	2
22	32	**MOONLIGHT SHADOW**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	22
23	(—)	**DEAD GIVEAWAY**	Shalamar (Solar)	1	23
24	18	**FEEL THE NEED IN ME**	Forrest (CBS)	5	18
25	12	**WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR**	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	5	10
26	24	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)	6	24
27	21	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)	9	4
28	(—)	**DREAM TO SLEEP**	H^2O (RCA)	1	28
29	15	**OUR LIPS ARE SEALED**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	8	5
30	40	**LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT**	Imagination (R & B)	2	30
31	31	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	13	8
32	(—)	**DARK IS THE NIGHT**	Shakatak (Polydor)	1	32
33	(—)	**MARKET SQUARE HEROES**	Marillion (EMI)	1	33
34	42	**SHEEPFARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)	2	34
35	10	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	9	1
36	29	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	6	19
37	19	**GLORY, GLORY MAN. UNITED**	Manchester Utd Team (EMI)	4	15
38	39	**FLESH OF MY FLESH**	Orange Juice (Polydor)	3	29
39	37	**LET'S LIVE IT UP**	David Joseph (Island)	3	37
40	26	**BRING ME CLOSER**	Altered Images (Epic)	3	26
41	(—)	**IT'S OVER**	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	1	41
42	35	**JUICY FRUIT**	M'tume (Epic)	5	33
43	34	**THE KIDS ARE BACK**	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	3	34
44	(—)	**CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)**	The Truth (WEA)	1	44
45	45	**MORNIN'**	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	4	42
46	(—)	**WALK OUT TO A WINTER**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	1	46
47	38	**MUSIC (PART 1)**	D Train (Prelude)	7	21
48	(—)	**TRAGEDY AND MYSTERY**	China Crisis (Virgin)	1	48
49	(—)	**SURPRISE**	Central Line (Mercury)	1	49
50	33	**PALE SHELTER**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	8	4

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	2	**LET'S DANCE**	David Bowie (EMI)	9	1
2	1	**THRILLER**	Michael Jackson (Epic)	26	1
3	3	**TRUE**	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	14	1
4	4	**CONFRONTATION**	Bob Marley (Island)	4	3
5	9	**CRISES**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	3	5
6	21	**TOO LATE FOR ZERO**	Elton John (Rocket)	2	6
7	10	**TWICE AS KOOL**	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	7	7
8	6	**THE LUXURY GAP**	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	7	1
9	24	**IN YOUR EYES**	George Benson (WEA)	2	9
10	25	**WHAT IS BEAT/BEST OF**	The Beat (Arista)	2	10
11	5	**PIECE OF MIND**	Iron Maiden (EMI)	4	5
12	31	**HIGH DIVER**	Dio (Vertigo)	2	12
13	14	**THE HURTING**	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	14	2
14	(—)	**PLAYS LIVE**	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	1	14
15	11	**DUCK ROCK**	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	3	11
16	20	**CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND**	Various (Ronco)	4	16
17	28	**THE COLLECTION**	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	4	17
18	13	**CARGO**	Men At Work (Epic)	9	3
19	(—)	**SPEAKING IN TONGUES**	Talking Heads (Sire))	1	19
20	29	**WHITE FEATHERS**	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	8	8
21	12	**NIGHT DUBBING**	Imagination (R&B)	6	9
22	7	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	6	5
23	(—)	**BODY WISHES**	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1	23
24	8	**FEAST**	Creatures (Polydor)	4	8
25	(—)	**OIL ON CANVAS**	Japan (Virgin)	1	25
26	16	**ANOTHER PERFECT DAY**	Motorhead (Bronze)	3	16
27	41	**WRAP YOUR ARMS AROUND ME**	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	2	27
28	17	**MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND**	Meatloaf (Epic)	7	3
29	22	**SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)**	Eurythmics (RCA)	16	1
30	27	**WHAMMY!**	B-52s (Island)	4	18
31	15	**DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION**	Cliff Richard (EMI)	5	10
32	19	**TOTO IV**	Toto (CBS)	16	3
33	18	**QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK**	Thompson Twins (Arista)	16	2
34	36	**TUBULAR BELLS**	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	2	34
35	23	**FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT**	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	9	3
36	(—)	**SOUTHERN DEATH CULT**	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	1	36
37	35	**NAKED**	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	3	35
38	37	**JARREAU**	Al Jarreau (WEA)	9	24
39	30	**THE FINAL CUT**	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	12	1
40	(—)	**WATER SIGN**	Chris Rea (Magnet)	1	40
41	39	**H_2O**	Hall And Oates (RCA)	5	27
42	(—)	**SAMURAI**	Grand Prix (Chrysalis)	1	42
43	42	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)	2	42
44	43	**HUNKY DORY**	David Bowie (RCA)	2	43
45	50	**MARY JANE GIRLS**	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	2	45
46	(—)	**HEADFIRST**	Uriah Heep (Bronze)	1	46
47	33	**SONGS**	Kids From Fame (BBC)	6	17
48	26	**RING OF CHANGES**	Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	4	22
49	45	**THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST**	David Bowie (RCA)	6	38
50	32	**WAITING**	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	13	7

DANCE FLOOR 45s

1	**LOVE TOWN**	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)
2	**JUICY FRUIT**	Mtume (Epic)
3	**LADY LOVE ME**	George Benson (Warners)
4	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)
5	**BAD BOYS**	Wham (Inner Vision)
6	**IT'S OVER**	Funkmasters (Master/Funk)
7	**FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING**	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
8	**BUFFALO SOLDIER**	Bob Marley (Island)
9	**WALKING THE LINE**	Brass Construction (Capitol)
10	**LET'S LIVE IT UP**	David Joseph (Island)
11	**STOP AND GO**	David Grant (Chrysalis)
12	**DEAD GIVEAWAY**	Shalamar (Solar)
13	**FEEL THE NEED IN ME**	Forrest (CBS)
14	**CANDY GIRL**	New Edition (London)
15	**DARK IS THE NIGHT**	Shakatak (Polydor)
16	**WANNA BE STARTING SOMETHING**	Michael Jackson (Epic)
17	**LOOKING AT MIDNIGHT**	Imagination (R&B)
18	**SURPRISE SURPRISE**	Central Line (Mercury)
19	**MONEY GO ROUND**	Style Council (Polydor)
20	**DANCING TIGHT**	Galaxy (Ensign)

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AFRICAN LPs

1	**AJOO**	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
2	**MAKOROKOTO**	The Four Brothers (Earthworks) Zimbabwe
3	**MAAJO**	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
4	**AMBITION**	Chief Commander Ebenezer Obey (Obey) Nigeria
5	**SAMANTHA**	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddyson) Zaire
6	**IJINLE ODU**	King Sunny Ade (SAR) Nigeria
7	**AMIOYOMIYO**	Bebe Manga (SIIS) Cameroun
8	**LE RETOUR**	Lolo Lolitto & Tchico (Badmos) Ivory Coast
9	**KENDOU WERENTE**	Orchestra Baobab (MCA) Senegal
10	**THE MESSAGE**	King Sunney Ade (SAR) Nigeria
11	**BA CAMERADES**	Kosmos (Safari Sound) Congo
12	**PROPULSION**	Pamelo Mounk'a (Eddyson) Zaire
13	**IT'S ONLY MONEY**	Chantage (Celluloid) Guinea/UK
14	**NALELI CONGO**	Kosmos (Safari Sound) Congo
15	**LIVE ABIDJAN**	Youssou N'Dour Et Super Etoile De Dakar (AKG) Senegal
16	**BA SONGUEUR**	Mpongo Love (Safari Sound) Zaire
17	**83°**	Massoko 83 (Mas Pro) Gabon
18	**AUTHORITY STEALING**	Fela Anikulapo Kuti (Kalakuta) Nigeria
19	**MA COCO**	Pablo Porthos (Salsa Musique) Zaire
20	**MOURIDE**	Youssou N'Dour Et Super Etoile De Dakar

Chart by Earthworks, 162 Oxford Gardens, London W.10

REGGAE 45s

1	**FOLLY RANKING**	Tristan Palmer (Powerhouse)
2	**JAH HOLD THE KEY**	Devon Russell (Coxsone)
3	**BROKENHEARTED**	Icees (Mr. Tipsy)
4	**THEM GET ME MAD**	Yellowman (MIC)
5	**MY LOVE**	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
6	**LIVE AT ARCHOS HALL**	Sugar Minott/Earl 16 etc. (Black Roots)
7	**MR. MONEYMAN**	Barrington Levy (Hitbound)
8	**YOUTHS OF TODAY**	Little John (Big Jimpie)
9	**KINARKY**	Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
10	**WATER PUMPEE**	Tony Tuff (Volcano)
11	**GET EDUCATED**	Santana (Joe Gibbs)
12	**MIKE CHAMPION**	Roger Goldman/Capt. Bold (Masterblaster)
13	**BOBY BABYLON**	Freddie McGregor (Studio 1)
14	**LOVE ME TONIGHT**	Leroy Smart (Hitbound)
15	**MONEY MAKE THE MARE GALLOP**	Trevor Ford (Industry)

REGGAE LPs

The inDUBitable Puma.

1	**COME ON OVER**	Freddie McGregor (Ras)
2	**STANDARD PROCEDURE**	Chalice (Pipe Music)
3	**DUB FACTOR**	Black Uhuru (Island)
4	**COME FE MASH IT**	Tony Tuff (Gorgon)
5	**ARMAGIDDEON TIME**	Willie Williams (Studio 1)
6	**CONFRONTATION**	Bob Marley (Island)
7	**SATISFACTION FEELING**	Dennis Brown (Tads)
8	**FOR YOUR EYES ONLY (DIVORCE)**	Yellowman (Burning Sounds)
9	**DUB ME CRAZY Pt. III**	Mad Professor (Ariwa)
10	**STURGAV Vs. LEES**	Various Live DJs (Live & Learn)

Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	**PILLS AND SOAP**	The Imposter (Demon)	2	1
2	1	**NOBODY'S DIARY**	Yazoo (Mute)	5	1
3	4	**BLUE MONDAY**	New Order (Factory)	13	1
4	8	**SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS**	Crass (Crass)	2	4
5	2	**SHIPBUILDING**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	6	1
6	6	**WAITING FOR A TRAIN**	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	4	6
7	5	**WALK OUT TO A WINTER**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	1	5
8	(—)	**EVOLUTION EP**	Subhumans (Bluurg)	1	8
9	7	**CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM**	Anthrax (Crass)	2	7
10	11	**QUAL**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	2	10
11	12	**BAD BOY**	Adicts (Razor)	2	11
12	14	**ALICE 12"**	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	2	12
13	13	**WORKING ON THE GROUND**	Shriekback (Y)	3	13
14	23	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)	2	14
15	(—)	**IT'S A FINE DAY**	Jane (Cherry Red)	1	15
16	20	**ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH**	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	2	16
17	(—)	**BAD NEWS**	Hit Parade (Crass)	1	17
18	10	**PEPPERMINT PIG**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	10
19	18	**CROW BABY**	March Violets (Rebirth)	2	18
20	(—)	**HAND IN GLOVE**	Smiths (Rough Trade)	1	20
21	9	**CATCH 23**	GBH (Clay)	3	9
22	(—)	**ARE YOU READY FOR THAT FEELING**	Virgin Dance (Probe Plus)	1	22
23	15	**BURNING SKIES EP**	Tones On Tail (Situation 2)	3	15
24	19	**THE JET SET JUNTA**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	2	19
25	28	**KINKY BOOTS**	Patrick McNee & Honor Blackman (Cherry Red)	2	25
26	22	**INVADERS OF THE HEART**	Jah Wobble (Lago)	3	22
27	17	**LOVE WILL TEAR US APART**	Joy Division (Factory)	4	17
28	21	**LET THE VULTURES FLY**	Ikon A.D. (Radical Choice)	3	21
29	29	**MEN LIKE MONKEYS**	Three Johns (CNT)	2	29
30	(—)	**SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME**	Miguel Brown (Record Shack)	1	30

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	**YES SIR I WILL**	Crass (Crass)	2	1
2	1	**POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES**	New Order (Factory)	6	1
3	2	**HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN**	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	4	2
4	4	**FETISCH**	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	5	4
5	6	**STOP THAT TRAIN**	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)	6	5
6	5	**THE WHIP**	Various (Kamera)	7	5
7	9	**PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL. 3**	Various (Anagram)	2	7
8	7	**PILLOWS AND PRAYERS**	Various (Cherry Red)	3	7
9	12	**BACK TO MYSTERY CITY**	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	2	9
10	8	**SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE**	Blitz (Future)	2	8
11	17	**MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR**	Action Pact (Fall Out)	2	11
12	20	**VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE**	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	2	12
13	11	**FIRST FLOWER**	Play Dead (Jungle)	2	11
14	15	**MACHINE**	1919 (Red Rhino)	3	14
15	13	**1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM**	New Order (Factory)	3	13
16	(—)	**SOUTHERN DEATH CULT**	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)	1	16
17	(—)	**BEGINNING OF THE END**	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)	1	17
18	21	**REBEL SONGS**	Decorators (Red Flame)	2	18
19	16	**WE'VE GOT THE POWER**	Red Alert (No Future)	3	16
20	28	**UNREHEARSED WRONGS**	Disrupters (Radical Change)	2	20
21	14	**REASON WHY**	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)	3	14
22	10	**SEDUCTION**	Danse Society (Society)	3	10
23	(—)	**NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW**	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	23
24	(—)	**A TOUCH OF CLASS**	Ejected (Revolver)	1	24
25	(—)	**ZOMBIES**	Attack (No Future)	1	25
26	24	**LIVE AT THE VENUE**	Durutti Column (VU)	2	24
27	19	**GARLANDS**	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	19
28	(—)	**A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION**	UK Decay (UK Decay)	1	28
29	(—)	**UPSTAIRS AT ERIC'S**	Yazoo (Mute)	1	29
30	(—)	**ENGINE SHUDDER**	Moodists (Red Flame)	1	30

JAZZ LPs

'Elluva singer — the incomparable Ella Fitzgerald.

1	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny (ECM)
2	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)
3	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (Warner Bros)
4	PASSION, GRACE & FIRE	Dimeola/Lucia/McLaughlin (Mercury)
5	PROCESSION	Weather Report (CBS)
6	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
7	THE GENIE	Bob James (CBS)
8	LOW RIDE	Earl Klugh (Capitol)
9	THE HUNTER	Joe Sample (MCA)
10	GENTLE FIRE	Wilton Felder (MCA)
11	FRIENDS	Larry Carlton (Warner Bros)
12	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
13	THE INCOMPARABLE ELLA	Ella Fitzgerald (Polydor)
14	LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL	Miles Davis (CBS)
15	AFTER DARK	Dick Morrisey (Coda)
16	SWINGS IN HI-STEREO	Ted Heath (Jasmine)
17	FREEDOM SONG	Oscar Peterson (Pablo)
18	DINAH WASHINGTON	Dinah Washington (I'Grande Del Jazz)
19	LET THERE BE LOVE	Dee Bell with Stan Getz (Concorde)
20	HITS I MISSED	Ted Heath (Jasmine)

Courtesy HMV Shop, Oxford Street, London W1.

VINTAGE 45s

1	LITTLE QUEENIE	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	HALF AS NICE	Amen Corner (Immediate)
3	IF YOU CANT GET HER	Pete Best (Happening)
4	CANT SEEM TO MAKE YOU MINE	Seeds (GMT)
5	VIRGINIA PLAIN	Roxy Music (Polydor)
6	CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART	Chuck Berry (Chess)
7	FINGERTIPS	Stevie Wonder (Motown)
8	SUBSTITUTE	Who (Polydor)
9	NO MORE DOGGING	Rosco Gordon (GRT)
10	GETTING MIGHTY CROWDED	Betty Everett (Fontana)

Courtesy Vintage Record Centre, 90 Roman Way, London N7

US 45s

1	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
2	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
3	TIME	Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)
4	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Columbia))
5	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
6	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
7	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
8	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME	Naked Eyes (EMI-America)
9	DONT LET IT END	Styx (A&M)
10	AFFAIR OF THE HEART	Rick Springfield (RCA)
11	ELECTRIC AVENUE	Eddy Grant (Portrait/Ice)
12	FAITHFULLY	Journey (Columbia)
13	FAMILY MAN	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
14	LITTLE RED CORVETTE	Prince (Warner Bros)
15	NEVER LET YOU GO	Sergio Mendes (A&M)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

US LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
3	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
6	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
7	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A&M)
8	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A&M)
10	1999	Prince (Warner Bros)
11	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown))
12	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
13	LIVING IN OZ	Rick Springfield (RCA)
14	THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
15	KISSING TO BE CLEVER	Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)

VIDEOS 20

"No sorry mate you've got the wrong bloke. Bowie's in that Jap film." — Gallipoli.

1	(1)	JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT	Warner Home
2	(18)	THAMES ROYAL WEDDING	EMI
3	(—)	GALLIPOLI	CBS/CIC
4	(3)	POLTERGEIST	MGM/UA
5	(—)	TESS	EMI
6	(14)	FALKLANDS TASKFORCE SOUTH	BBC/3M
7	(4)	ARLENE PHILLIPS KEEP IN SHAPE SYSTEM	EMI
8	(—)	SWAN LAKE (CHILDRENS CARTOON)	Guild
9	(—)	TOM & JERRY Vol. I	CBS/MGM
10	(—)	APOCALYPSE NOW	CBS/CIC
11	(6)	ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST	CIC
12	(11)	TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE	IVER
13	(16)	BBC ROYAL WEDDING	BBC/3M
14	(—)	CAT PEOPLE	CBS/CIC
15	(—)	FORT APACHE THE BRONX	CBC/VTC
16	(10)	MY FAIR LADY	CBS/Fox
17	(12)	OKLAHOMA	CBS/Fox
18	(—)	ON GOLDEN POND	PRT
19	(2)	ROMEO AND JULIET	CIC
20	(—)	CALIGULA	Electric Video

FRED FACT

Flash And The Pan a new band? Only a Pom would suggest as much. When Men At Work were kids at kindergarten and Icehouse were into ice lollies, prime Flashers Harry Vanda and George Young were to Oz-rock what Weir and Beresford currently are to antipodean film making. A Dutchman and a Scot by birth, they teamed up in The Easybeats and stomped into the '60s charts with 'Friday On My Mind' and 'Hello, How Are You?'. The Shadows, Marmalade, Tremeloes and Amen Corner were among those who latched onto Vanda and Young songs and, for a while, they were as big as two-up. But when the moolah ceased flowing their way quite as rapidly they returned to Sydney and began getting involved in production work for such cobbers as Stevie Wright, Johnny O'Keefe, John Paul Young and AC/DC — the latter heap of heavies containing George Young's brothers, Angus and Malcolm. In 1977 Vanda and Young became Flash And The Pan — having already worked their way through such aliases as Tramp, Haffy's Whisky Sour, Grapefruit, Band Of Hope, Paintbox and The Marcus Hook Roll Band — and cut their first single. A year later they even nudged the UK chart with 'And The Band Played On'. Now, after years of having records out on major labels, Flash And The Pan have made it with the aid of an indie label, doubtless giving impetus to Bob Hawke's aim of seeing Oz making its own way in the world without the aid of Little Queenie. Meanwhile, rumours that the next Willie Nelson picnic will take place at Hanging Rock were being discounted in downtown Austin.

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
2	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
3	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)
4	ANNIE'S SONG	James Galway (Red Seal)
5	OLE OLA	Rod Stewart (Riva)
5	MORE THAN A WOMAN	Tavares (Capitol)
7	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
8	DAVY'S ON THE ROAD AGAIN	Manfred Mann's Earthband (Bronze)
9	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
10	MISS YOU	Rolling Stones (EMI)

10 YEARS AGO

1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
2	RUBBER BULLETS	10cc (UK)
3	ALBATROSS	Fleetwood Mac (CBS)
4	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
5	THE GROOVER	T. Rex (EMI)
6	STUCK IN THE MIDDLE WITH YOU	Stealers Wheel (A & M)
7	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
8	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
9	GIVE ME LOVE (GIVE ME PEACE ON EARTH)	Geore Harrison (Apple)
10	WALKING IN THE RAIN	Partridge Family (Bell)

15 YEARS AGO

1	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
2	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
3	HURDY GURDY MAN	Donovan (Pye)
4	BLUE EYES	Don Partridge (Columbia)
5	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
6	BABY COME BACK	Equals (President)
7	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
8	I PRETEND	Des O'Connor (Columbia)
9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int)
10	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I LIKE IT	Gerry & The Pacemakers (Columbia)
2	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie & The Dreamers (Columbia)
3	ATLANTIS	Shadows (Columbia)
4	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
5	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
6	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
7	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
8	DECK OF CARDS	Wink Martindale (London)
9	FALLING	Roy Orbison (London)
10	BO DIDDLEY	Buddy Holly (Coral)

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OF GREAT BRITAIN

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The scheme is intended to help with the preparation of specific projects or longer-term development of ideas. Applicants should be professional musicians working in England. Last year, bursaries of between £300 and £1,500 were awarded for work in the jazz/improvised music area.

Last year, bursaries of between £300 and £1,500 were awarded for work in the jazz/improvised music area.

The scheme is not open to full-time students, nor is it intended to support full-time educational activities, Winners of last year's bursaries will not be considered this year.

Application forms are available from: Music Officer (Jazz), Music Department, Arts Council of Great Britain, 105 Piccadilly, London W1V 0AU.

Closing date for completed applications is 15 July 1983.

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WHAM!

•TEEN DREAMS COME TRUE•

THEY sat in the kitchen, the pair of them, sullen and miserable, unable to communicate with each other.

The best of friends always, but tonight there was a wide gap between them, something they had never experienced before and it truly frightened them.

George knew what depressed Andy. Unemployment. He could see clearly the effects upon his friend's usual ebullient nature. He felt sympathy for his friend, but he also felt confused by his refusal to fight.

Granted, the dole was no fun in any book you might care to mention. Hours of tedium, lack of funds, loss of vision all contributed to wearing your spirit down. But why couldn't Andy at least make a token effort to face up to it.

George had. He was a part time DJ by night, and a part time cinema attendant by day. In between, he went swimming and wrote songs. He'd never felt fitter. Andy, on other other hand, didn't want to know, refused to find work, *any* work, just to earn a little cash, to take up some of his time instead of moping all day long.

Andy wasn't convinced. He could see George's point, but why work at some crap job he'd hate the minute he started? What was the point? Sure, he needed the money, not least to get his nagging parents off his back. But to get it by slogging your brains out for some callous boss?

Thanks, but no thanks. There was more to it that that. He'd rather stay in bed. Keep warm. Hide from his parents. At least that way he could ignore the world.

So they sat there, in the kitchen, a painstaking silence between them, both fumbling mentally for some mutual ground and a common resolve. Then Andy smiled. He looked at George and he smiled, and in that one second, both friends knew everything was alright again. They'd survive.

"Mind you," says George Michael now — "if we hadn't have spent our time like that, 'Wham Rap' would never have happened."

HUMOUR, IT was their sense of humour that attracted George and Andy to each other at their school in Bushey.

"When we first met," Andy recalls, "I used to go round Yog's (his nickname for George) house, and we used to make these tapes from the radio stations. We used to incorporate the agony hour and they're hysterical. They're like Monty Python tapes."

Both boys came from middle class backgrounds and subsequently had a lot of pressure put upon them to succeed academically. From the age of 12, though, both ignored their parents' wishes. Instead, they fooled around a lot, discovered girls and alcohol.

"There was a summer of five or six parties," says Andy, "from the end of school to the beginning of school with everyone getting totally wrecked and it was really good, some great parties then."

In 1978 they became soul boys. At 15 punk meant nothing to them. Discos and clubs were far more attractive propositions. Until, that is, McFadden and Whitehead released 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now'.

"That was the record," says George, "that slowed everything down. It literally slowed everything down and we thought, fucking hell this is getting a bit dodgy."

AS SOUL moved into jazz-funk and resulting in serious overtones, George and Andy — apart from the odd record like Stacy Lattisaw's 'Jump To The Beat' — put away their baggy trousers and formed a ska group called The Executive.

"It was the next thing that was really good and energetic," comments Andy.

Backed by local musicians, George and Andy were the two front vocalists who wrote the material.

"We had some quite good ska numbers actually," says George. "The arrangements were really poor because they were the first songs we'd written. But a couple of them could have been really big hits. If someone had been clever enough to pick us up, organise us properly, we could have had some really big hits.

"I'm really pleased we didn't. We got very close, as far as we know, because we had a manager who took a demo that hadn't really been mixed to all the record companies and, as far as we could tell, got very close to Arista with Go Feet. We were really pleased for a couple of weeks, but then the band broke up. One of the stories from that, which is quite ironic, is that our repertoire which was on the tape, included a version of 'Can't Get Used To Losing You'.

"After the deal had fallen through I saw in a magazine, months afterwards, that it was coming out on the new Beat album. I thought, fucking hell I can't believe it. I was really pissed off.

"But to be totally honest there are two things that made me think it was pure coincidence. One is, we did it really badly. We did it really fast; and the other thing is that when Dave Wakeling sings it, he sings it so much like Andy Williams that you get the impression that he was an actual Andy Williams fan, in which case it might have been a total coincidence.

"But it was really ironic that at the same time we were in the top five with 'Bad Boys' they were there also there with that. Really strange."

Apart from "embarrassing tapes and photos" of The Executive now in the boys' possession, the band was something of a local success. They were bad, but never that bad to get hysterical reactions, and they also had a lot of fun.

"The funniest gig," says Andy, "was at my college. We had already gone on there with a band called Fizz who Imagination were born out of. Two of them, Ashley and Leee, were in it. It was hysterical because they walked into this dressing room with the big sunglasses and the wet perm, waltzing in with cashmere coats saying they'd just come off a tour of America."

"We," says George, "just sat there behind this wall killing ourselves laughing."

For this particular show, The Executive's guitarist and bassist had thoughfully decided to quit the band two days before. George had to go on bass and learn the set at a soundcheck, and Andy had to sing alone. Two numbers into the show, George had forgotten all the right notes. So he did the next best thing. He *sang* the notes whilst the crowd sang back.

Andy, meanwhile, had nipped back into the dressing room and reappeared in a kilt, his hair in a bow, wearing a baggy white shirt two sizes too big, and started dancing around, occasionally remembering to sing a verse.

They went down a storm, but success didn't go to their heads. The band broke up a month later.

"The record that put us back into a funk, get down baby, blow my mind thang," chuckles Andy, "was The Gap Band's 'Burn Rubber'. I was sitting in the bath listening to Capital Radio's *Best Disco* and I heard this track and it was such an absolute breakaway from all the rest of the real MOR shit, I couldn't believe it. I went out and bought it the next day."

Socially, they stuck to each other, plus their girl vocalist Shirley and a childhood friend of George's, David. They'd mix with others, but it was this four who comprised their tight knit circle, in the clubs and discos.

IN FEBRUARY of 1982 that all changed. George and Andy had put together a tape of three of their songs. To be exact, they'd put together a tape which contained about ten seconds each of 'Wham Rap', 'Come On' and 'Club Tropicana'. It was more an advertising jingle than a proper demo tape.

After hawking it around the usual record companies, a new company called Innervisions picked them up, and in March that year signed them. Months later, 'Wham Rap' was released — a disco, half-serious, half-joke look at unemployment. Instead of propagating one viewpoint (dole = bad, or dole = good), 'Wham Rap' put the case for both points.

"There are two very strong standpoints in it," says George. "One was the chorus which said basically, don't put me down because I haven't got a job. It's not my fault I haven't got a job and it doesn't matter anyway, as long as I'm being constructive with my time. The other half said in the verses isn't it marvellous to be on the dole and made out that it's hip; cool soul guys, got no money but you're still really cool. Which is all a load of bollocks because there's very few people like that about.

"One half of it takes the piss out of being on the dole, the idea that it's good, when it's not, and the other half is saying you should be on the dole rather than have a shit job.

"So it's a totally contradictory lyric, but each part is *right*."

The record did nothing. Zilch. It nearly killed them. Like so many artists, they blamed their record company for not promoting them well enough. No build up, no hit.

As winter approached, they issued 'Young Guns', the follow up. WHAM! A HIT!

Tongues still planted firmly in their collective cheek, 'Guns' amusingly examined young relationships and the troubles they can bring. A great dance record, Wham appeared on *Top Of The Pops* with an exhilarating dance routine that caught the eye and imagination.

But there were still problems with CBS, Innervision's distributor.

"The best illustration of the really good job CBS can do," remarks Andy, "is that when we were at 24 they ran out of records. They hadn't printed enough to meet the demand, and we know that because George's cousin worked in an Our Price shop and we always used to check. We used to check in HMV and every shop we could and they said no, we haven't got any records. They ran out of records and we were at 24!"

Bad feelings aside, George and Michael, along with Shirley and Dee on dance and song routines, had established themselves with a vigour and energy that beautifully captured their obsession with youth topics.

Five months later, after working solidly on their debut LP, the third single 'Bad Boys' was put out. Most people felt that it was a poor parody of the first two songs; that they'd run out of ideas. Rumours circling claimed that George had dried up whilst accusations of contrivance with image and song filled the air.

When their debut LP 'Fantastic' is released, a lot of people will choke on their words.

It's a stunning vindication of George and Andy's ability to produce a black based music that covers various shifts in style but loses none of its identity. The three singles apart, 'Nothing Looks The Same In The Light' demonstrates George's ballad side with touching sensitivity; 'Sunshine' his immaculate soul/pop roots; his vocals on The Miracles' 'Love Machine' are nothing short of brilliant; whilst the next single, 'Club Tropicana', with its Latin jazz-funk shuffle, looks certain to be *the* summer song. Well, at least *one* of them.

'Fantastic' is a powerful, confident debut that will shatter a few illusions and create a few more. It will establish George Michael as a great singer and Andy Ridgley as the perfect foil to his songwriting talents.

And I still think 'Bad Boys' is their best single. Yet.

A NICE sunny day in West London, Andy in his normal good mood, George a little more serious, a little more concerned. We sit outside the pub, order drinks and talk about Wham! *Are* they contrived?

"What can you do?" sighs George. "What can you tell people? We're both young. We've written about what you go through when you're young. When we get accused of things like that you'd think we were both 30 or something, walking round pretending we're 19. I do understand that people have to have a go at you when you're established. I think they could have a go at us for losing the freshness we had on 'Wham Rap', because we both realise that it's not there.

"We realise that it was a fluke or simply the excitement of getting into a studio for the first time. But it's something that you can't recapture just like that. Whenever you get inspired, as it were, you're going to come up with something. I think 'Wham Rap' was inspired. I don't think the other stuff has been inspired, but I think they've been good pop records."

With 'Bad Boys', although it's become the best seller George knew it would be, both admit that their critics might have a point.

"I think there's more energy to 'Bad Boys' than there is to 'Young Guns'. We wanted to take the energy we had on 'Wham Rap' and the commerciality of 'Young Guns' and put them together. I personally don't like 'Bad Boys' as much as I wanted to, but I knew it would sell really well."

Like all their songs, 'Boys' was concocted in the studio over a long period of time. It's an expensive process because, more likely than not, George will scrap a day's work rather than keep it if he feels, in the vaguest sense, dissatisfied.

Four songs actually recorded were scrapped at the last minute.

"It happens all the time," George admits nonchalantly. "That's why 'Bad Boys' took months and months because I was under such pressure personally to follow up 'Young Guns' and not disappoint people. At the same time I didn't want to make another 'Young Guns'. I just got totally confused and through that confusion I had to write parts for all the various things I hadn't done yet.

"It took a long time because I'd do a part and sit there and say no, it's no good. But the advantage to that is whenever I feel like that, I go for so long that whatever comes out at the end has got to be right, so right that I know it without any doubt of having to ask Andy.

"That's what happened with the album, and that's why I kept fighting and fighting, doing different things and then wiping them out completely and starting all over again."

To George's painstaking approach, which meant staying up 48 hours on the last days of recording to have the LP finished in time, Andy acts as a vital catalyst, offering advice, support and opinion. On his own admission he's "not as good a songwriter as George".

But he is a main part in Wham's lyrical technique of taking a subject matter, pertinent to youth, and blowing it out of all proportion. The sexism of 'Young Guns' for instance, or the line on 'Bad Boys', *'I'm handsone, tall and strong'* has stuck in many people's minds.

"I can't *believe* that anyone would take that line seriously," says George in disbelief.

"Some people's sense of humour," offers Andy, "isn't the same as ours and they won't get it. Simple as that. You can't expect everyone to get the joke. Most people will and *that's* the purpose of exaggerating it, to make it that much clearer. But there'll always be someone who doesn't get the fucking joke."

"Exactly," agrees George. "The whole arrogance of that kind of line is all part of being a teenager. Some of the most attractive people, the most interesting people you're ever going to meet are often the most confident. It's just part of youth. There are loads of people going round like that. Everyone knows that time when you feel really, really confident. When you think about it, it's probably a load of shit, but you just feel really good at that point and that's part of growing up and feeling you're your own person.

"A line like, *'handsome, tall and strong'* is saying it totally straight and thinking, what a wanker! I think anyone who susses the records at all knows that's not a serious line. That sexism in 'Young Guns' was all fucking tongue in cheek. People didn't get it." He shrugs his shoulders.

As long as people like his music, the lyrics are

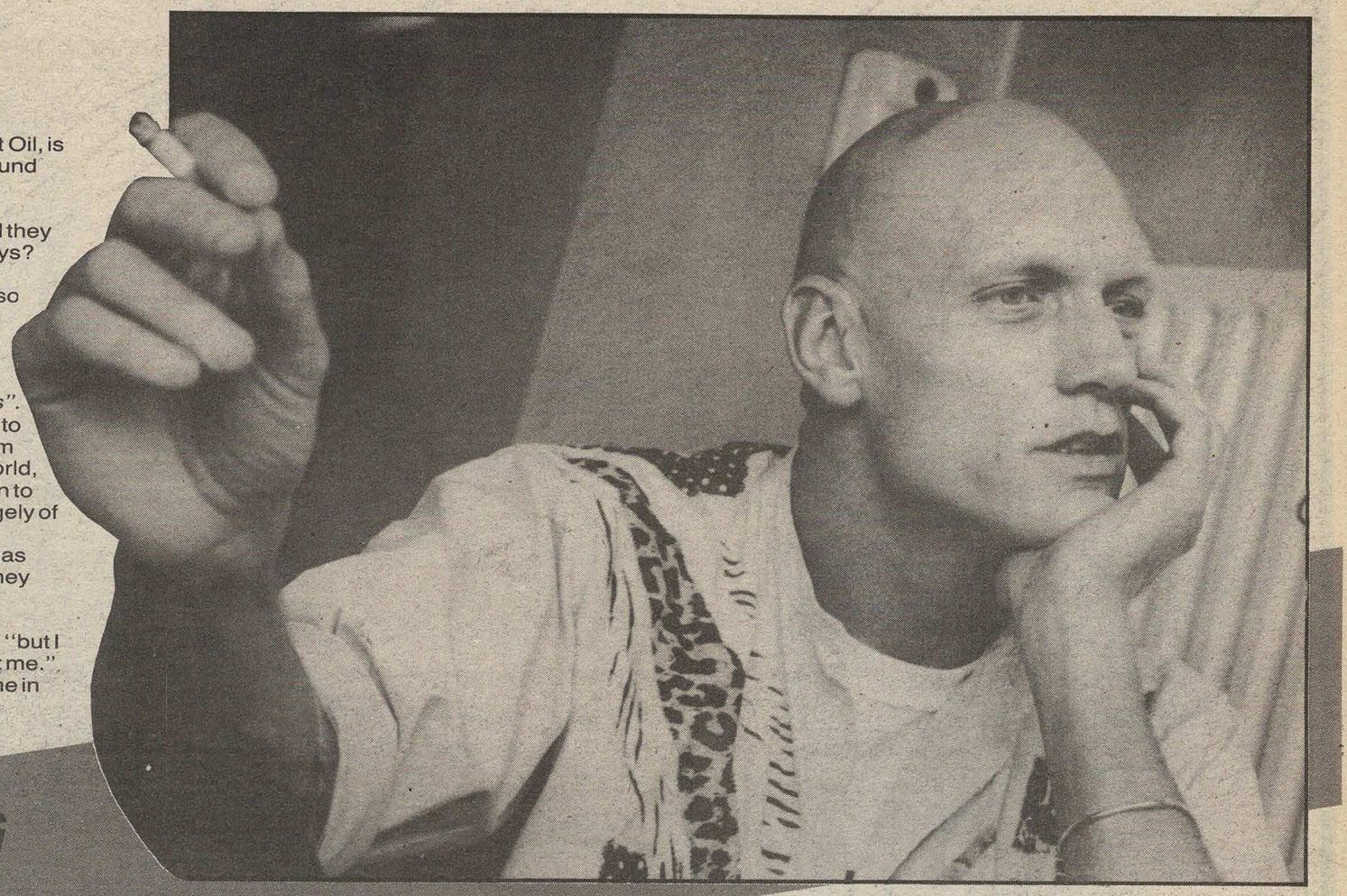
CONTINUES PAGE 34

A sense of humour? Clubs, parties and late nights? Five months to write 'Bad Boys'? What is with these WHAM! guys? PAOLO HEWITT steps into his best dance routine and checks for George and Andy's disco dilemmas. Photography and shapes: ANTON CORBIJN.

ORTON

AUSTRALIAN FLARE ● WHAT'S BUZZING ●

BURNING WITH MIDNIGHT OIL



Peter Garrett, singer lawyer and frontman. Pic: Leon Morris.

Peter Garrett, who is the singer with Midnight Oil, is very, very tall and stands topped by a gleaming round dome of a head. He smiles down at you like a benevolent Nosferatu.

Midnight Oil are a five-man hard rock group and they come from Australia — well, who doesn't nowadays? More unusually, for a group of their musical type, Midnight Oil are politically committed — so much so that back in their homeland, they've lent their support to a range of causes. And their stance might best be summarised by a rebel-rousing line from their song 'Power And The Passion': *"It's better to die on your feet than to live on your knees"*.

Just the other week, the group flew into London to sponsor and headline a CND benefit at the Lyceum — a striking gesture of support from across the world, although it's entirely in line with their career pattern to date. And the Lyceum audience — composed largely of exiled Aussies, at a guess — received them with raucous approval. Indeed, a solid live reputation has been the group's mainstay over the years, since they began as a beach bar band, playing to Australia's surfing crowd.

"People hate being preached to," says Garrett, "but I have a compulsion to write about things that affect me." He's a lawyer by training, a background that's come in useful in helping him chart the band's defiantly independent progress through the music industry. This uncompromising approach, in matters great and small, has earned them a fair amount of respect *and* a lot of aggravation — typified by their long standing refusal to play on Australia's crucial TV outlet *Countdown*. Reminiscent of The Clash's anti-*TOTP* campaign, this protest was inspired by the programme's allegedly poor treatment of homegrown talent. Midnight Oil's patriotism is symptomatic of the way that young Australia is shrugging off a cultural inferiority complex. Garrett adds that only his homeland can supply him with the lyrical impetus he needs.

The group's attitude to overseas success is that if it comes, well, it comes. They turned down an offer to support The Who across America (though they did play with him in Britain last year) as they reject the "military strategies" of Stateside corporate planning.

As for Britain, Garrett accepts that Midnight Oil will not be hailed here as great innovators, seeing their mainstream rock as closer to say, Men At Work than The Birthday Party. But their new LP, '10,9,8,7,6,5,4,3,2,1' has been picked up by CBS-UK, and they could well be in with a chance of repeating at least some of their domestic success.

In fact, '10,9,8 etc' marks a massive step forward from the three albums preceding it: produced in London by Nick Launay, it's far more sophisticated and varied than the straight ahead hard rock of yore. Paradoxically, as Garrett agrees, it matches a new musical subtlety (allied to some powerful dynamics) with lyrics that are, if anything, even punchier and more immediately direct than anything they've done before.

At the Lyceum show, Midnight Oil were introduced by no less a figurehead than veteran CND campaigner E P Thompson. The crowd's noisy impatience suggested that a lot of the group's following is more intent on good-time sweat'n'roll than social polemic. Pete Garrett's not too worried if that's the case. His philosophy is simple: "Dance first, work it out later".

PAUL DU NOYER

JULUKA BAN BY MU

Juluka, the multi-racial South African group who made 'Scatterlings Of Africa', arrived in England this week — to find themselves banned by the Musicians Union.

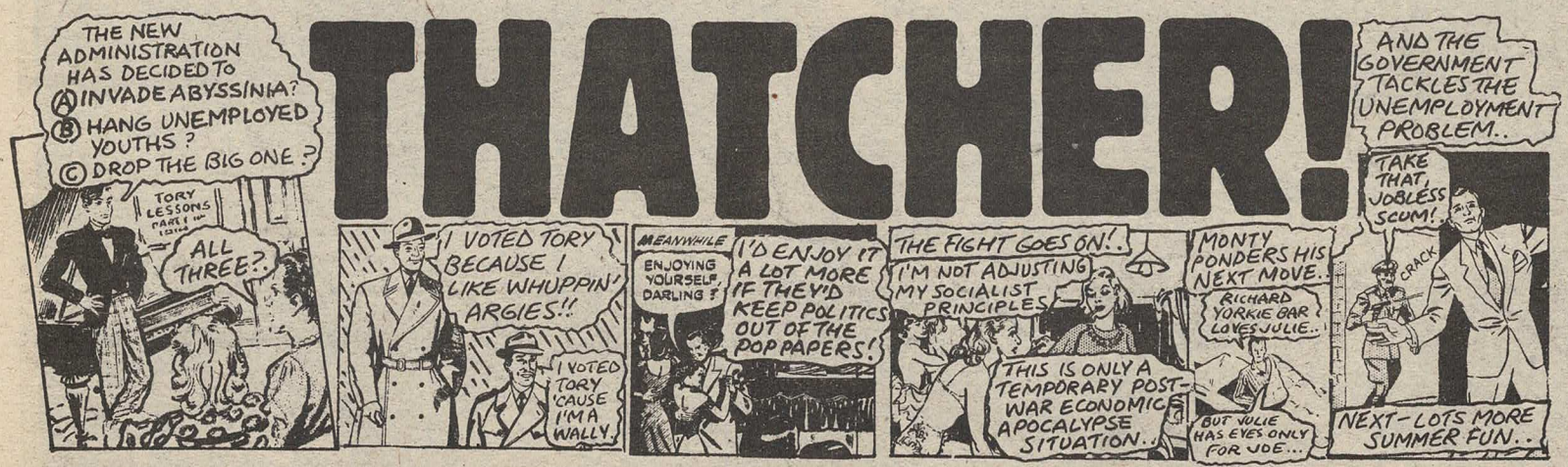
The band's UK label, Safari, say they've had to cancel three TV appearances because of the MU decision. The union has said: "Since it would not be possible for us to approve one of our bands working in South Africa there is, of course, no possiblity of an exchange and it is for this reason that we would be unable to approve the South African band working here."

Safari argue that the MU should treat Juluka as a special case, saying: "It is ironic that MU policy, based on repugnance at South African apartheid, should result in their banning a group who by their very membership and actions breathe life and hope into mere words." Despite the ban, Juluka intend to press ahead with plans for UK live dates.

While their material is non-political, Juluka have become hugely popular with integrated black-and-white audiences in South Africa, playing music that's a fusion of Zulu culture and western influences. At the same time, the group have long attracted criticism from anti-apartheid elements in their home country, who've accused them of compromise and commercial opportunism.

the lone groover benyon

note oilskin base lowry


THATCHER!
THE NEW ADMINISTRATION HAS DECIDED TO
(A) INVADE ABYSSINIA?
(B) HANG UNEMPLOYED YOUTHS?
(C) DROP THE BIG ONE?
TORY LESSONS PART I
ALL THREE?
I VOTED TORY BECAUSE I LIKE WHUPPIN' ARGIES!!
I VOTED TORY 'CAUSE I'M A WALLY
MEANWHILE
ENJOYING YOURSELF, DARLING?
I'D ENJOY IT A LOT MORE IF THEY'D KEEP POLITICS OUT OF THE POP PAPERS!
THE FIGHT GOES ON!
I'M NOT ADJUSTING MY SOCIALIST PRINCIPLES
THIS IS ONLY A TEMPORARY POST-WAR ECONOMIC APOCALYPSE SITUATION..
MONTY PONDERS HIS NEXT MOVE..
RICHARD YORKIE BAR LOVES JULIE..
BUT JULIE HAS EYES ONLY FOR JOE...
AND THE GOVERNMENT TACKLES THE UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM..
TAKE THAT, JOBLESS SCUM!
CRACK
NEXT—LOTS MORE SUMMER FUN..

CLUBS

Friday May 27th saw the opening of The Buzz Club, a venue aiming to put the unexpected back into Manchester's live scene. The club is actually an upstairs room at the Thompsons Arms, a gay kitsch emporium in the very heart of the city. The first night was surprisingly well attended — an intimate, lively atmosphere which could prove an important meeting place for the many new bands now coming through in Manchester.

The Buzz Club aims to present the maximum talent for the minimum charge — a mere 50p. With any luck it will present the hottest bands while they're still burning in this rain-sodden Manchester.

The Buzz Club happens every Friday at... The Thompsons Arms, Sackville Street, Manchester, 9pm-2am (with bar). Check NME gig guide for listings. Meanwhile down the road a piece, Liverpool's hard-hit nightlife gets a boost from Planet X. Planet X is a new Friday night club operating in Concert Street, off Bold Street in the city centre. At the moment the club doesn't run to live music, but the organisers hope to move into that line in the not too distant future.

LIZ NEER

SET THE TONE
SHIFTIN AIR AFFAIR

CASSETTE: SPECIAL LOW PRICE
LIMITED QUANTITIES ONLY.
PLUS 2 EXTRA TRACKS —
'DANCE SUCKER'
'SET THE TONE'
(PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED).

ALBUM: SPECIAL LOW PRICE
LIMITED QUANTITIES ONLY.

LIVE:
JUNE 16TH ABERDEEN—THE VENUE.
17TH ARBROATH—SMOKIES.
18TH EDINBURGH—OUTER LIMITS.
20TH LIVERPOOL—STATE BALLROOM.
21ST SHEFFIELD—LIMIT CLUB.
22ND LEEDS—WAREHOUSE.
23RD MANCHESTER—HACIENDA.
25TH RETFORD PORTERHOUSE.
26TH COLCHESTER—EMBASSY SUITE.
27TH LONDON—HEAVEN ULTRADISCO.
29TH HASTINGS—DOWNTOWN SATURDAYS.
30TH DERBY BLUE NOTE.
JULY 1ST BIRMINGHAM TIN CAN.
2ND BOLTON—DANCE FACTORY.
3RD GLASGOW—MAYFAIR.

ISLAND

May I take this opportunity to welcome you to Bloggs & Co. I'm sure you'll do extremely well with us despite the fact that you've had no training or work experience.
Thanks Dad.

Unless you're in young Mr. Bloggs' shoes, getting a good job isn't that easy. Not unless you have some skills to offer.

Once you've left school, the Youth Training Scheme is a way of getting some of the basic skills you need in any sort of job.

The scheme gives you a year of planned work experience and training.

Every 16 year old school-leaver qualifies. So do some 17 year olds. You'll be given an allowance while you're on the Scheme, and a certificate when you've completed it.

A certificate that employers will value as proof of your achievements.

What's all this worth to you?

Well, since the emphasis is on training, a year on the Youth Training Scheme will have improved your chances of getting a worthwhile job. And not just in the old man's business. How can you put a price on that?

For further details, ask at your Careers Office or Jobcentre.

Youth Training Scheme

If you don't get on the Youth Training Scheme, how are you going to get on?

SOFT DRINKS

WITH JOHNNY BULLETS

Episode 3

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

Scene: Honeysuckle Cottage. It is dusk.
Characters: John Stallone, a businessman.
Pedro, his faithful bodyguard

Raoul's rejection of my political philosophy hurt more than his glowing Havana.

Good day at the office, Mister Johnny? God fetch me a drink, Pedro. Tall vodka 'tini, plenty of rocks. No, not a good day, darling. Uranium prices through the roof. Gold going crazy. Short of petrodollars as per bloody usual. Aah, that's better. On my feet all day teaching unconventional warfare. Cuban lads, good universities. Very political, seem to regard military discipline as hopelessly imperialist.

Obedience classes eh, sir? Turned out that way. Dogs of war, ho ho — tough as dairy ice cream. Too damn sensitive to do anything but look hurt when given orders and our brief is to give them the whole Special Forces syllabus. Starting with discipline, god damn it. Just got them to Sit! nice doggies, when Destiny Angel yells through the intercom *telex from Jo'burg, Cap.* Consternation. Cubes stalk out, muttering darkly. Invoice Havana anyway, saucey buggers. And see Miss Angel gets a good beating.

Anyway it's the South Africans *again.* Will we accept Kruegers. Oh yes *please,* pas de probleme. Sent off a stiff one reminding them of our terms: bullion and uncut or you get *nuffing.* Make a note will you, Pedro. No more spare parts till they pay for those cluster bombs. Bastards used them without warning me, very embarrassing. Thing is, it was our radar let 'em through. Never even picked them up. And for why? Well, that's what the ANC boys said. Sabotage, my arse. Dishes were facing the wrong way. Don't worry, heads rolling all over Mozambique, Not Our Fault. Thought I'd better radio Revolution of July the Twenty-Sixth City or whatever it's called now. Middle of bawling compass directions down the UHF, in walk two paramilitary. Provo active service unit. Need some help with the election, do we have an RPG-7 and half a doz rockets. No thanks I says, not our cup of. Not with my K on the way, though this I didn't mention. Flogged 'em a crate of armour-piercing just to get rid of them.

May I get you another, my captain? Please, Pedro. And use *vodka* this time you ignorant Latin-American. God, nearly forgot. Bit of excitement on the top floor. Remember that new girl? Transferred to Wet Jobs, party last week. Well only topped herself didn't she, eh. Pretty little thing, sad really. Blue eyes, nice smile. We renamed her April Showers and programmed her to unearth the office traitor. Didn't I tell you? Sorry Pedro, "need to know" and all that. Well — some disloyal swine has been feeding office gossip to the Press. Not exactly A-bomb secrets, but you know, lunch hour girl talk. Who does what to whom. Some things about me — red face stuff. It's not going to Fleet Street or anyone we can control, but to an odd little beat music rag. The Enemy; bunch of rebel beards doing a bit of digging on Wicked Multinationals. Fearless investigation — *let's turn our spotlight on the Shadowy Organisation.* Out of their depth, frankly. Stick to frocks and haircuts.

On with the story: I had to photocopy some confessions, found April stark nude and naked, draped over the xerox machine. Which was set on 9,999 and still chugging away insanely. Bright green pulsating glare, made rather a lurid scene — Hammer meets high tech. Dragged her out into the light and took a dekko. She was bright green herself. Most unusual. Skin lime green. Turned out she'd injected herself with some of that Fu Manchu formula we got from Q Branch. Trust we won't have any luminous green zombies stumbling around the corridors. Bad for morale. Anyway, back to the xerox, discovered it was on copy 7,000 odd of her suicide note. Blames herself for the Press leaks, *betrayed the man I love, blah blah,* couldn't follow it, all passion and purple ink. Boyfriend trouble I expect. Usually is. But, I should have kept an eye on her.

Which reminds me: notebook, Pedro! We've got to process poor little April while she's still fresh. Do we manufacture anything green? No, it's a rather vivid green. You can't put her in frozen vegetables — they'd glow in the dark. Send her over to the Soft Drinks Division. Slimlines can work on the problem — but don't explain who she was. It goes against the grain to dissolve one's staff, makes them edgy. Tell them she's from the Narcotics lab. Experimental ingredient to enhance brand loyalty, that sort of thing. next, get someone superfluous to shred all the suicide notes, then give him a bullet. After that call up W W and give him enough gen for a D-notice, just in case. Don't mention luminous green corpses, it sounds suspicious. *If you want to avoid suspicion, do not tie up your shoes in a melon field.* Know who told me that? NVA colonel, when I was in Hanoi. Very funky lady. Only about 30, little stunner. Could have put it better, but it stuck in my mind.

Next week will be busy, Pedro, let's take tomorrow off. We'll fly up to Oslo, charter a boat. If life ever gets too complicated I find it's best to wipe the tape. Nothing like mountains and fjords to erase those nagging worries. It's a terrifying place, my dear. Magnificent scenery — land of brooding crags and snowcapped peaks, but! D for Dull, my dear. Maybe that's why the Norwegians are so paralyzing. Which reminds me, don't forget to pack the stun grenades, we must do some fishing.

Next week Mister John Stallone returns from his super holiday, tranquil, refreshed and eager to meet his first teenagers. Difficult problems will be frankly discussed in Britain's first counselling service for young people held at gunpoint. A selection of peppy low calorie carbonated mineral waters will appear as if by magic. Bowls of opium will be provided. Subsequent ignition will, we trust, conjure up an informal atmosphere. The subject for discussion will be *Beauty* and it will be decided what are the beautiful things in life.

Be there or be square.

KILLING JOKE

·VETS ALL GO (TO THE FIRE DANCES)·

NEW SINGLE-7" VETS ALL GO (TO THE FIRE DANCES)·FLIP SIDE-DOMINATOR·EGO11

EG·RECORDS

AVAILABLE ON 12" WITH THE FALL OF BECAUSE (LIVE) & DOMINATOR (VERSION)·EGOX11

THE JUNGLE

STORY: PAUL DU NOYER
ILLUSTRATION: CHRIS CHAISTY

WELL, IS Annabella Lwin all set to join that pantheon of greats which includes Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and whoever the bear is that goes *"boop-be-doo, I wanna be like yoo-oo-oo"*?

Yes she is, according to press and TV reports last week which said Bow Wow Wow's piratical nymphet had been offered a £¼ million deal by Walt Disney to star in four upcoming movies. One story had it that the films would include a follow-up to *The Wizard Of Oz!* Although the Bow Wows are currently touring America and unavailable for comment, their UK press reps confirm the reports to be true.

Oddly enough, though, the film company's offices in both London and LA deny all knowledge of the affair — while the UK record company, RCA, will only say that Annabella is considering such an offer, along with many similar offers, but that the group is concentrating more on its collective career than solo projects.

A curious business, to be sure. However, if Annabella really was to sign on Walt's dotted line, the event would be richly ironic. Who can forget, for example, that rousing number on BWW's first LP — a song called 'Mickey Put It Down', wherein our young poppet adopts the role of a randy Minnie Mouse, complaining that her Mickey spends all his time playing guitar instead of, well, catering to her womanly needs.

But even stranger is the case of 'Do You Wanna Hole Me?', off their second album. The song was recently chosen for US single release, and Mickey Mouse gets yet another namecheck in the lyrics, this time via some obscure allusion to *"evil games for cartoon demons"*. When the band came to make the promo video, which was to feature the said Mr Mouse, they found themselves blocked by — surprise, surprise — Walt Disney Inc. who refused copyright permission.

All of which lends support to *another* theory — one that's shared, incidentally, by sources close to the group in New York — namely that the whole story is a grand wind-up. Who can say for sure?

In a spirit of public service, therefore, *NME* offers you this exclusive glimpse of the sort of scene you may never get to see upon the silver screen.

NME READERS ARE DEFINITELY OFF COLOUR.

MAKERS OF ORIGINAL BLUE JEANS SINCE 1850. MAKERS OF ORIGINAL BLEACHED JEANS SINCE 1983. Levi's

AT THE END OF THE PARTY

PARTY WEARY

FOLLOWING MONTHS OF RUMOUR, THE BIRTHDAY PARTY HAVE FINALLY ANNOUNCED THAT THEY ARE SPLITTING UP. DRUMMER AND CO-FOUNDER MICK HARVEY ATTRIBUTED THE DECISION TO LACK OF ARTISTIC DIRECTION, AND AUDIENCE INFLEXIBILITY. BRETT WRIGHT REPORTS FROM THE BAND'S HOME TOWN OF MELBOURNE ON THEIR FINAL DATES IN AUSTRALIA, AND TALKS TO NICK CAVE ABOUT HIS OWN PLANS FOR THE FUTURE. PIC: PETER ANDERSON.

"This tour of Australia was done purely as a contractual obligation. We really did our best to cancel it." — Nick Cave, Melbourne,

The tour was an under-inspired debacle. Half the dates were devoted to New Zealand, where they attracted a grand total of about 1600 people — compared with 3000 people for The Fall last year.

According to the tour promoter Ken West: "All the people who liked The Birthday Party had moved to Australia."

In Australia itself, they were reasonably well received in Sydney, flopped in Perth and flopped in one of two concerts in hometown Melbourne. The other Melbourne show was a qualified success, but many left feeling cheated by the group's unwillingness to play any more than "eight lousy songs", as several patrons put it. It was certainly a tired affair.

At the Perth show, the absurdity came to a head. Cave was bitten on the leg by a hospital clerk named Sarah and knocked to the ground by the former lead singer of a band called The Shuffling Hungarians. Both said they liked Nick a lot. Afterwards Cave said Perth had read too many magazine articles about the band, and that they only did the show for the money.

Back in Melbourne a week later, Nick Cave was convalescing at home in his mother's place in the affluent, tree-lined surrounds of Malvern East. There, on a long pin-up board adjacent to the kitchen, hung Birthday Party clippings from those very magazines.

Nick himself looked carefully wrecked: dark lines under the eyes, a weary, dismissive manner, drainpipe jeans, a crumpled singlet, a swastika belt buckle...he lit a cigarette.

"I have tried to make it clear to the audience that despite what they think, I don't like being pulled under a crowd...stomping feet and so forth. Now, the British audience treats us in a very different way. It's very, very strange. In fact it's like they wait for some sort of signal from the group as to what way we want them to behave that night."

Given that The Birthday Party derive much of their newsworthiness from the way they're misunderstood, one wonders just what sort of audience response Nick *could* admire.

He grimaced and scratched. "The one thing we're interested in the audience learning...is we would like them to act entirely individually and somehow move away from acting as a mob or an audience."

The group return to their much-hated outpost of London this month — supposedly to complete a double EP which was begun in Berlin before the tour.

And that, says Nick, will be "the last project for quite a long time for The Birthday Party."

Cave's next project is the staging of 50 or so one-minute plays he's been writing with Lydia Lunch. At this point, he doesn't have too many details about the project. But he does have a philosophical position on it.

"With the plays I'm really not that interested in theatre in the sense that I find theatre the most awkward, restricting medium which you can work in. Which is primarily the reason I'm working in it and the reason why these plays are going to be put on under the banner of traditional respectable theatre rather than performance art or fringe theatre. Or at least, it will be presented under that guise. Once the audience are trapped within the doings of the plays it will no longer remain respectable."

I bet it won't.

GET ON THE RIGHT TRACKS

DON'T MISS

THE D TRAIN

From the heart of the Bronx, into Harlem and down Sixth Avenue, the D Train express service hurtles through the spine of Manhattan before turning east towards Coney Island, shuddering through the subway stations like a midsummer thunderstorm. It shakes, rattles and rolls in the same way that James Williams used to charge at his opponents while playing defensive tackle in the school football team at Erasmus High...or the way the he now bursts his lungs as one of the best young soul voices in America.

Though still only 21, James Williams is built like a man mountain. He is also one half of D Train, a Brooklyn duo who have hit new heights of sophistication in combining the electronic trickery of the soul sonic studio with a classic rhythm and blues vocal style.

With the electronic contributions coming from keyboard player Hubert Eaves III, who also lends an experienced ear in the producer's chair, D Train have already completed two Prelude albums plus a string of fine singles — 'You're The One For Me', 'Keep On', 'Walk On By' and the current 'Music' — which have established them as New York's premier dance duo in little over twelve months.

The pair met when James was helping a friend out with some backing vocals on a demo tape and Eaves — who had previously worked with Stephanie Mills, Phyllis Hyman, Roberta Flack, Donny Hathaway and James Mtume — was roped in to produce the session. Williams takes up the story.

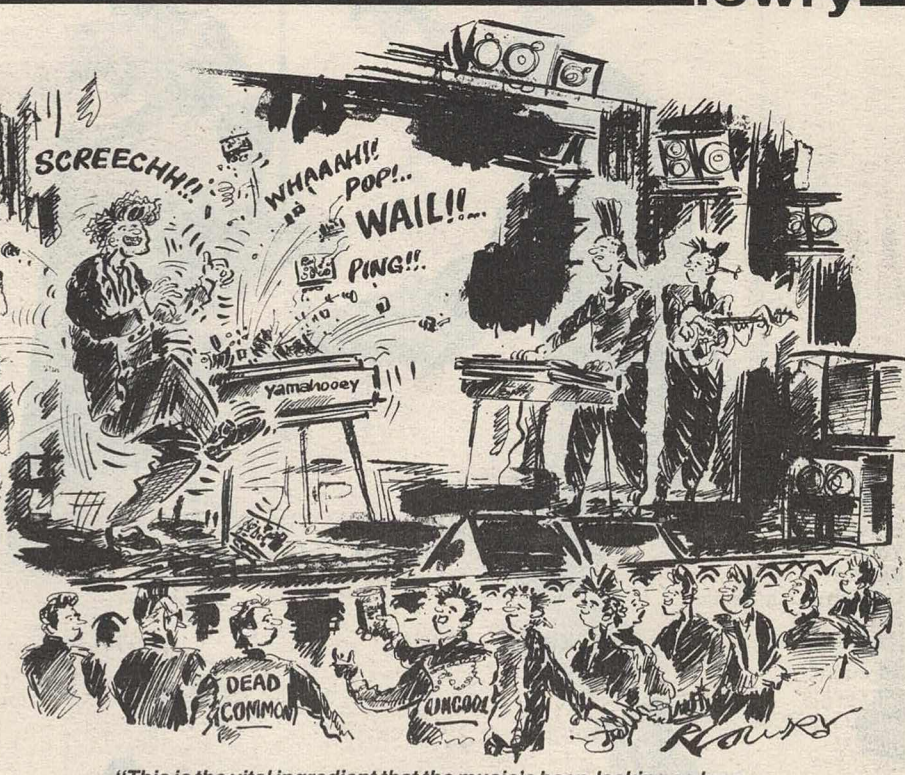
"The only singing I'd done before I met Hubert was in school and church. That was where my head was at around the time. Hubert was very formal when we first met. He seemed more interested in his take-away Chinese meal than me, but when I started singing, he dropped his fork and sat up. He liked the way I sounded. He had been looking for a singer with my kind of voice for ages."

The record that broke D Train in the clubs on both sides of the Atlantic was last year's debut single 'You're The One For Me'. It was also the first single to announce the re-mix talents of French New Yorker Francois Kervorkian, until then just a house engineer at Prelude but now acknowledged as one of the world's foremost surgeons of sound with credits that stretch from West Coast medium wave through the Manhattan hardcore dance jungle to British bands like Yazoo, Blue Rondo and U2.

"That single had everything," says Hubert. "It had the right combination of sound and feeling, but most importantly it had the right re-mix. Francois heard the song once and he fell in love with it. He was really hyped by it and he saw where he could take it to the next level."

Nothing D Train have done since quite matches all the sparks that flew on 'You're The One', their albums being a peculiar mix of barnstorming dance fare and slushy balladry, although the chart success of the current single augurs well for their future. Like the best of their work, it revolves around an incisive electronic groove without

lowry



"This is the vital ingredient that the music's been lacking so long. The Jerry Lee Lewis of the synthesiser world!"

FROM THE ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK 'DOCTOR DETROIT'

DEVO

12" SINGLE

THEME FROM DOCTOR DETROIT
(Dance Mix)
B/W
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losing the human element — something that Williams' deep, driving tenor ensures is always there.

Eaves, who has been around long enough to know the importance of the soul roots of black American music, has mixed feelings about the current electro boom. As a synthesiser player, he is obviously all for grafting the new technology onto the old styles, but not at the expense of emotion.

"A lot of bands are beginning to make music with an assembly line mentality," he says. "All the music I hear on the radio in New York sounds like a computer to me. It doesn't sound like music! First just the drums were electronic, but now every instrument is electronic. I'd rather listen to a player putting some feel into his instrument. A machine has no feel if it is pre-programmed like most of the electronic music on the radio. I think somebody should turn off the electricity for a while and then we'd see who the real survivors are."

When the power cuts come, at least one train will still be on the right tracks.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Brooklyn duo (left) Hubert Eaves III and James Williams Pic Peter Anderson

HOW TO KEEP YOUR COOL ●

Hipster Saint Robert Mitchum

COOLER THAN THOU

"It's not hip to be cool..." Bowie told *Rolling Stone* recently. "I've seen so much cool, it's just left me cold."

I guess somebody's wishing the man had kept his gob shut — that somebody being writer Gene Sculatti, who's edited a book called *Cool: A Hipster's Directory* (Vermilion, £6.95). Sculatti's opus, you see, is dedicated to the idea that the pursuit of cool is among the noblest callings known to man.

This proposition has certainly taken a knocking lately. The twin concepts of Hip and Cool have slowly been debased from their original connotations of sharp, shrewd, self-controlled awareness: in modern parlance, they're more commonly taken to denote the merely faddish, with a further unwelcome suggestion of unappealing snootiness.

This *Hipster's Directory* goes some way towards restoring due respect for the art of living at a low temperature. In truth, it's not an overly *earnest* tome. Its many fact-filled sections include: Cool in clothes, TV, cars, "the most sunglasses worn in a single movie", a rather eccentric list of hip music (I mean, Sinatra, sure, but *The Yachts?*), profiles of assorted "Hipster Saints" such as Robert Mitchum and Lenny Bruce and much more.

There's a valuable phrasebook at the back, as well: I for one shall make a point of saying "douse the Edisons" in future, instead of "turn out the lights". (The true coolster is ever unafraid of squares who may regard him as a complete plantpot.)

Although I'd quibble with many of the book's apparent abberations of taste, the only major drawbacks are (a) rather poor visuals, which do scant justice to the subject matter, and (b) the American basis of the listings, rendering them of limited interest to the overseas reader.

Cool is 99 parts self-conscious neurosis that contrives to appear casual. But the one-hundredth ingredient of true cool — so often, alas, neglected — is the inner knowledge that, really and deep down, none of it matters a fuck anyway.

PAUL DU NOYER

The World's Famous Supreme Team Challenge Gary Crowley for the world record of words spoken over the airwaves per minute.

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A CONSUMER

GARY CROWLEY
CAPITAL DJ

LOVES
Enthusiasm
Young people
Dancin' and romancin'
London in summertime
Adventures

HATES
Boredom
Old cynics
Soap operas
Hippies
Greyness

RESPECTS
Paul Weller (The Responding Cool Cat)
Michael Jackson (The Song And Dance Boy)
Malcolm McLaren (Pop's Indiana Jones)
Alan Whicker (Mr Entertainment)
Elvis Costello (A Man Of Distinction)

TEN MASTER BLASTERS
Every Way But Loose — Oneness Of Ju Ju
Confused — Spandau Ballet
Wanna Be Startin' Somethin' — Michael Jackson
Sugar Bridge — The Bluebells
Move Up Starsky — The Mexicano
Letters Of Love — Steve Walsh
Up Against The Wall — Fatback Band
Fickle Public Speaking — The Main T Posse
I'll Be Doggone — Marvin Gaye
No Feelings — Sex Pistols

BOOKWORM CORNER
Within Whicker's World — Alan Whicker
Generation X
Oliver Twist — Charles Dickens
To Kill A Mockingbird — Harper Lee
Lillian — David Emery

REMEMBERS
1975 — youth club discos and dancing to War's 'Low Rider'
1977 — punk, ripping up my school uniform and starting a fanzine
1980 — visiting New York and having the time of my life
1982 — being 19 and given my own show

TUNES INTO
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Pete's Party — Capital Radio
Roundtable — Radio 1
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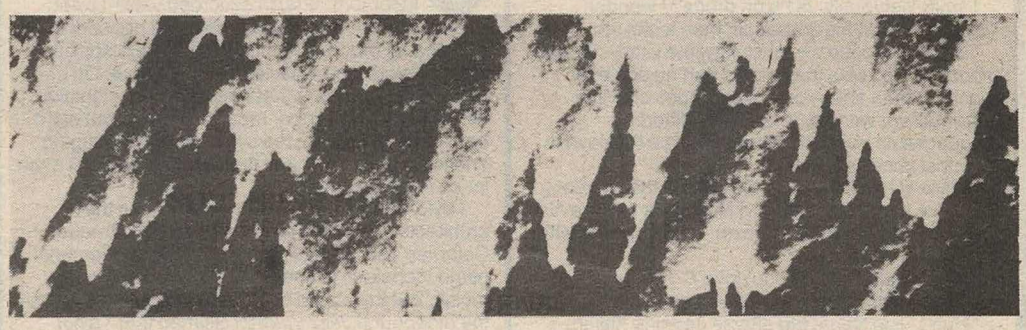

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JULY 1st: Manchester Gallery 6th: Middlesbrough The Crypt (Town Hall) 7th: Leeds Brannigans 9th: Coventry General Wolfe 14th: London Rock Garden Others T.B.A.

OUT TO LUNCH WITH A JAZZ

GRAHAM LOCK GOES THE FULL THREE COURSES WITH JAZZ GENIUS CECIL TAYLOR — THE WORLD'S FASTEST PIANO PLAYER AND MOST INVISIBLE MAN!

1. "The Invisible Man is coming! The Invisible Man!" **(H.G. Wells)**

THE FACE is hidden. A dark blue hat, tight over the skull, flares into a floppy brim that shades the cheeks and overhangs the dark glasses which reach down almost to the Zapata moustache.

The only bits of the face I can see are the tip of the nose and the chin.

Is it really him?

This elfin figure that moves with a feline grace and speaks in a quiet purr, as fastidious with his language as he is with his dapper dress — is this really the great misunderstood genius of modern jazz, the most awesome pianist in the world?

If it is, why is he giving me such a hard time?

"Hmmm, this grapefruit is *bitter,*" declares Cecil Taylor. "It's like life, *bitter!* " He leans towards me. "Are we not forgetting your interview? Proceed."

My interview is not going well. We're lunching in a hotel restaurant, and the conversation is constantly interrupted by a stream of waiters bringing bits and pieces of food and cutlery. Even more frustrating, Taylor counters every question I ask by asking me to define what I mean.

I decide that a brief, factual inquiry about his own record label, Unit Core, is a pretty harmless way to proceed. How wrong I am.

Have you still got your own...

"I have *nothing!* " Taylor exclaims.

Er...your own record label? You set one up?

"No! No, I don't; yes, I do. Somewhere in between lies the truth in that statement." He grins at me.

Ah...so, what happened to it?

"Well, I'm not quite sure. What do you mean?" He affects surprise.

Why did you start it and, if it no longer exists, why did you stop it?

"Well, you see, I'm saying it's somewhere in the middle of all that. It's an imaginary line that's crossing space right in this room, right now. You wouldn't believe that, would you? Look!" Taylor points dramatically over my shoulder. "There it goes. You see?"

I smile nervously. Is he on drugs? I wonder. Taylor pokes at his grapefruit, then looks up.

"But in any case we must struggle vainly, I mean *gloriously,* to scale the heights that no one ever reached. With shoes on or with shoes off. With fingernails or without. In as many different languages as possible. It seems to me that love is the most important thing."

I stare at him incredulously. This is the weirdest thing I've heard since Robyn Hitchcock told me his ambition was to live in a bucket. Am I lunching with a genius or a fruitcake?

"How would *I* know about love?" Taylor continues softly. "How would you define love, Isio?"

"Huh?" Isio Saba, the affable, leonine Italian who's managing Taylor's European tour, looks up from the large beef salad he's happily munching.

"Oh, Isio, you're not listening to us," Taylor purrs. "Do *you* believe in love?" he asks me.

Er, yes, I venture apprehensively.

"You do? How extraordinary! Why? How would you *define* this love?"

My heart sinks. Well, I say, I think it's indefinable.

"Why is that? How do you know it exists if you can't define it?"

You can *feel* it.

"What does *that* mean?" Taylor persists. "What is it that you experience when you are *feeling* something? Is that not a fair question?" he adds innocently.

Yes. No. I don't know. I flounder in irritation. Taylor *knows* all about feeling; one of his most famous quotes is that "to feel is the most terrifying thing one can do in this society". Look, I say, it's you the readers want to find out about, not me.

He arches his eyebrows. "Is it not possible for them to find out something about me by the way I answer your questions by asking you other questions?"

Possibly, I say, desperately trying to remember what *my* question was.

"But you still haven't answered my question," he insists. "How do you know that you're alive? How do I know that I'm eating this grape? Hmm, the grapes are good. Want one?"

He offers me a bunch of fat, black grapes and I pick one with shaking fingers. How can Cecil Taylor *not* know he's being a prize pain in the neck?

"Don't be shy, take several," urges Taylor. "I think I'm a very generous guy, but I might be wrong. Who knows? Isio, what do you think?"

"Huh?" Isio is again disturbed from his beef salad.

Taylor chuckles. "Isio is being very philosophical today. *I'm* the one who has to be philosophical because *I'm* the one that's in jeopardy.

"Did you *know* that?" he demands. "That artists are always in jeopardy, that we're out there alone, we're beacons of light in the most desolate blankness ever existing in the life of mankind. Ha ha ha. You don't believe that?"

Why do it then, if it's *so* difficult? I make an irked attempt at sarcasm.

"I don't *do* anything at all," Taylor hisses gently. "I simply have found a way of existence that is very satisfactory for me. I live for my self-preservation. That's about all I can really tell you.

"My life is an open book." He smiles and opens his palms towards me. "The reason it's open is because there are no pages in it."

2. "I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me." **(Ralph Ellison)**

OF ALL the musicians living today, few have had to face the hostility, abuse and incomprehension accorded Cecil Taylor.

Back in the '50s, critics denied that his work even counted as *music;* when he joined in jam sessions, other players would pack up and walk out. On one of the rare occasions that he played in a nightclub, bassist Buell Neidlinger recalls: "After about eight bars of Cecil's piano, the owner came running up and told him to get out of the club. He wouldn't even let us finish one song."

Taylor is now acknowledged as one of the architects of modern jazz, on a par with Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane, and his phenomenal piano technique is unequalled in any sphere of music. But the abuse still continues. Just last year, the hidebound *Jazz Journal* claimed that Taylor sounded like a monkey doodling on the keyboard. Thirty years of racist jibes leave their mark: life gets *bitter.*

Cecil Taylor was born in Long Island, New York, in 1933. His was a musical family; his father sang the blues, his mother played piano and violin. Taylor began piano lessons at the age of six; by the time he was nine, he was writing his own music.

He studied at the New York College of Music and the New England Conservatory in Boston, a formal training which some critics have cited in 'identifying' a European avant-garde influence in his music. Taylor, though, has played down this influence, pointing out that he never got to study composition at Boston because a racist teacher wouldn't allow him into the class.

He places himself firmly in the *Black* tradition of music, naming Fats Waller, Erroll Garner, Bud Powell, Horace Silver, Thelonious Monk and Duke Ellington as his sources of inspiration.

In fact, Sonny Greer, the great Ellington drummer, was a family friend; and one of Taylor's early jobs was with a combo led by Ellington's alto saxist, Johnny Hodges. "It was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Taylor told critic Nat Hentoff in 1958, "the next best thing to sitting in the Ellington band."

Ironically, Taylor was so nervous he could barely play, and five days after joining the band he was sacked.

It was at this time — the mid-'50s — that Taylor began to work out his own musical ideas; and in the decade which followed the release of his debut LP, 'Jazz Advance' for Transition in 1956 (the first example of the 'new jazz' to get onto record), he became the most revolutionary and controversial talent of the era.

He was offered few recording dates, but those LPs he did make, like 'Looking Ahead', 'The World Of Cecil Taylor', 'Into The Hot', 'Nefertiti, The Beautiful One Has Come', 'Unit Structures' and 'Conquistador', have become vital markers in the evolution of jazz. Many of his sidemen — Steve Lacy, Sunny Murray, Archie Shepp, Henry Grimes — went on to become leading voices in their own right. (More recent Taylor graduates include Sam Rivers, Andrew Cyrille and Ronald Shannon Jackson.)

Though a technical innovator — he was the first notable figure to introduce atonality into jazz — Taylor's profound impact on musicians touched deeper levels. Eric Dolphy *dreamed* of being ready to play with Taylor, and also dreamed he would die before it could happen.

His friend Jeanne Phillipe told A.B. Spellman: "It was the weirdest thing. Before Eric went to Europe he told me about a dream he had had. He dreamt he was on the bandstand with Cecil...and he was waiting for his turn to play. He said he kept saying to himself, at last I'm going to play with Cecil. And before he could play, he fell down dead on the bandstand. This was the last time I talked to him before he went to Europe, and the next thing I heard, Eric had died of a heart attack on the stage in Berlin."

Albert Ayler, then an obscure saxophonist wandering through Europe, heard Taylor play at Montmartre in 1962 and leapt to his feet, shouting, "I finally found somebody I can play with! Please let me play!" Taylor did hire him later, and the two played together a few times back in the States. But gigs were hard to come by and, thanks to the racist obduracy of the US music business, no recording was ever made of this unique musical pairing.

Taylor had trouble hassling any kind of gig: a couple of week-long engagements plus the odd festival was his yearly average. So he played dances and took a string of menial jobs to make ends meet — one, particularly galling, was as a dishwasher in a trendy restaurant that regularly played his records over the PA.

Because he was Black, articulate and *serious* about his music nightclub owners shunned him. As Buell Neidlinger told A.B. Spellman, "They want to sell drinks. But when Cecil's playing, people are likely to tell the waiter to shut up and be still."

Pianos were another problem for Taylor. He is a hard, physical player, which means his piano needs to be retuned, and keys perhaps replaced, after every performance. But, to quote Neidlinger again, "You know club owners — they couldn't give a damn about how in tune the piano is. Like, there's a piano there, you play it."

The result was that a man whom many consider the world's greatest pianist had to spend years playing only on beat-up bar-room uprights.

When times were really hard, only Taylor's last-ditch determination pulled him through. According to Nat Hentoff, "I remember him telling me once — after he had been out of work for months — that he had been playing in his room for an imaginary audience. He needed that contact, even if it was just in his head, to re-energise his will to keep on keeping on."

In 1965, by which time he'd been playing music for nearly 15 years, Taylor remarked that he'd yet to earn enough money in a year to have to pay income tax. At one point, he became so enraged at the conditions in which Black artists had to work that he called for "a boycott by Negro musicians of all jazz clubs in the United States...let's take the music away from the people who control it".

That call went unheeded; but Taylor was also involved in musicians' organisations like the Jazz Composers' Guild and the Jazz And People's Movement, both part of the wave of radical politics which swept through jazz in the '60s, and they *did* achieve a limited success in winning due reward for their members' work.

It wasn't until the 1970s, though, that Cecil Taylor at last found a modicum of financial security. He became a Visiting Professor at the University of Madison in Wisconsin and later spent two years with his regular trio — saxist Jimmy Lyons and drummer Andrew Cyrille — as Artists In Residence at Antioch College, Ohio.

But even his academic tenure was turbulent: one year he caused a rumpus by failing nearly all his students for not trying hard enough, and the college authorities, no doubt nervous for their reputation, stepped in to upgrade them all.

Though there are no recordings of Taylor's music for the years 1963-65 and 1970-73,his recent work has been relatively well-documented: there are group records from 1976, 1978 and 1980, and a superb series of solo LPs from 1973-1981, including 'Indent', 'Silent Tongues', 'Air Above Mountains', 'Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly!' and 'Garden', which confirm Taylor's status as one of the leading composers, improvisers and performers of the current jazz age.

But if Taylor has found life easier in recent years, his native America still accords him less recognition than Europe. Most of his LPs in the '70s and '80s have been released on European labels like Enja, MPS and Hat Hut . The latter in particular, with its top quality recording and pressing standards and lavish packaging, has treated Taylor's work with the care it deserves.

The label's reward has been three of his best LPs: the fiery ensemble blows of 'It Is In The Brewing Luminous' and 'One Too Many Salty Swift And Not Goodbye', and — especially — the brilliant solo set 'Garden', perhaps the most scintillating, majestic music Taylor has yet made. Its breathless

ECCENTRIC

Pic Jak Kilby

beauty and daring is a dervish dance along the outer limits of jazz; 100 minutes of rapturous, rampant genius.

3. "We try to be invisible at all times, even during interviews." **(Cecil Taylor)**

CECIL TAYLOR once said that "anybody's music is made up of a lot of things that are not musical. Music is an attitude, a group of symbols of a way of life."

So I ask him what non-musical things make up his music.

"I don't remember saying that. Jesus, that was pretty good," he muses. "But that was the other me."

The other you?

"Yes. Now I'm an artist with a swollen finger." He holds out his left forefinger. Between the nail and the top knuckle the skin is taut and angry pink over an eruption of pus. "I'm on the verge of a great tragedy," he sighs. "My finger is swollen. Can I go on tonight?"

I try rephrasing my question. Do you ever try to incorporate external events in your music like, say, Steve Lacy's 'The Woe' was a response to the Viet Nam war? Is there anything like that you try to *deal with* in the music?

"Just getting up every day," Taylor smiles.

That's it?

"Well, you know, if you are alive and open to situations, you have the whole materialist world to deal with — and that simply means that things of the spirit are not thought to be important, because they can't be *seen*. So we try to be invisible at all times, even during interviews."

He picks at his salad. "I mean, if you make a commitment to beauty, then everything becomes material which can be used...That wasn't said too well." He pauses for thought.

"See, the situation that we continually run into is a misunderstanding of what this music is really about. This piece, 'Children In Air', which I'm working on now, is involved with three things which are preoccupations of mine.

"The whole search in life, it seems to me, is to find out who one is — historically, in an investigation of one's religion, and,uh,searching for a kind of language — in writing words, in speaking — a language that could only be defined by its poetic essence.

"'Children In Air' combines poems, ritualised chants, references to American Indians, to voodoo, and it becomes important because American culture, as I perceive it, is *that*."

He breaks off to sip his tea. "Bleah! He's put enough honey in here to drown a whale. Shit, it's terrible!...I'm sorry, you want to ask me another question?"

Presumably, you find it easier to get work now than you did in the '50s and '60s?

Taylor stares at me. "Whoever works, whoever worked, is unlucky, unfortunate, a victim, dispossessed of a privacy related to the time continuum that is, after all, all we have, which is life. So I don't work. Who wants to work? I don't work, I never have. I don't like the idea of lifting anything. Sometimes I lift my feet, but then it's simply that I trip the light fantastic."

Ho hum, here we go. Luckily, I remember that Taylor is not only an expert on ballet and modern dance but also has a reputation — at the age of 50 — for being a *very* nifty disco dancer.

So what's your favourite dance record? I ask. To my surprise, I get an enthusiastic reply.

"There's a track on Marvin Gaye's new record, I think it's the first track on side two, which is *really* vintage Marvin Gaye. I *love* to dance to that."

4. "Listening to Cecil is a catharsis — an onrush of emotional hailstorms, sunshowers, great winds, cunning breezes, forest fires, avalanches." **(Nat Hentoff)**

CECIL TAYLOR'S most famous description of his playing style — "I try to imitate on the piano the leaps in space a dancer makes" — suggests a source for both the *dramatic* quality of his music and its rhythmic core. Other people hear other metaphors: critics like Gary Giddins and Val Wilmer have noted the *percussive* elements of Taylor's playing — the latter describing his keyboard as "88 tuned drums" — while Buell Neidlinger has remarked on Taylor "trying to get the vocal sound out of the piano — you can almost hear the piano scream or cry".

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

JAZZ

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Taylor has also spoken of yet another approach: "I try to think of the piano as an orchestra", and voiced a wish "to get colours out of sound the way Ellington did".

The common thread in these analogies — dance, drums, vocal and orchestral textures — is their *physicality*, a quality which Taylor sees as *the* basic component of the Black tradition.

He draws a contrast with the lightness of touch admired in both white jazz and European classical music, saying acidly of one well-known pianist "he's so detached he ain't even there", and allying himself, at least implicitly, with that less respectful approach represented by Willie 'The Lion' Smith, who boasted he could "play Chopin faster than any man alive".

"We in Black music think of the piano as a percussive instrument," Taylor told Val Wilmer in her book *As Serious As Your Life.* "We beat the keyboard, we get inside the instrument...the physical force going into the making of Black music — if that is misunderstood, it leads to screaming..."

Just *how* physical Taylor's playing can be was related to Val Wilmer by drummer Rashied Ali, who invited Taylor to break in a second-hand piano he'd just bought: "He sat at the piano and we played from about 12 at night close to about five in the morning. Straight through without any let up. Every now and then I would look over at the piano and Cecil would make like a run down the piano, man, and the keys would be shooting out of the piano like bullets! They were just flying past me...I had to get a whole new set of keys but he really broke that piano in for me."

Taylor's stamina is as phenomenal as his technique. Five-hour rehearsals are a common, almost a daily, occurrence; and his sets rarely last for less than two hours, yet another bone of contention with club owners.

The day I interview Taylor, he devotes the afternoon to a two-hour, non-stop rehearsal, still playing even while he confers with the rest of the band, his hands scampering up and down the keyboard as if with a life of their own. A little later in the evening comes the two-hour, non-stop performance. After the gig, Taylor is so exhausted he has to be helped to his car, and is literally unable to speak for several hours.

This ability to give his *all* is part of his genius. As he told A.B. Spellman back in 1966, "When James Brown goes into his thing, he goes...Every fucking thing goes and there ain't no holding back. And it's beautiful."

5. "Well! I've often seen a cat without a grin," thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in my life!" **(Lewis Carroll)**

"THIS FOOD is abysmal." Cecil Taylor pushes his salad aside with a quiet groan, and looks around for a waiter. "Could you bring the fruit trolley, please?"

The waiter scowls at Taylor's half-eaten salad. "Have you had your main course yet?"

"Oh yes, I've finished."

"You've finished? When you're ready, sir, when *everybody's* ready," he glares meaningfully at Isio Saba, contentedly munching his beef salad, *"then* we'll bring the sweet around."

"OK," Taylor shrugs.

"Unless you're in a hurry." The waiter grudgingly plays out his role.

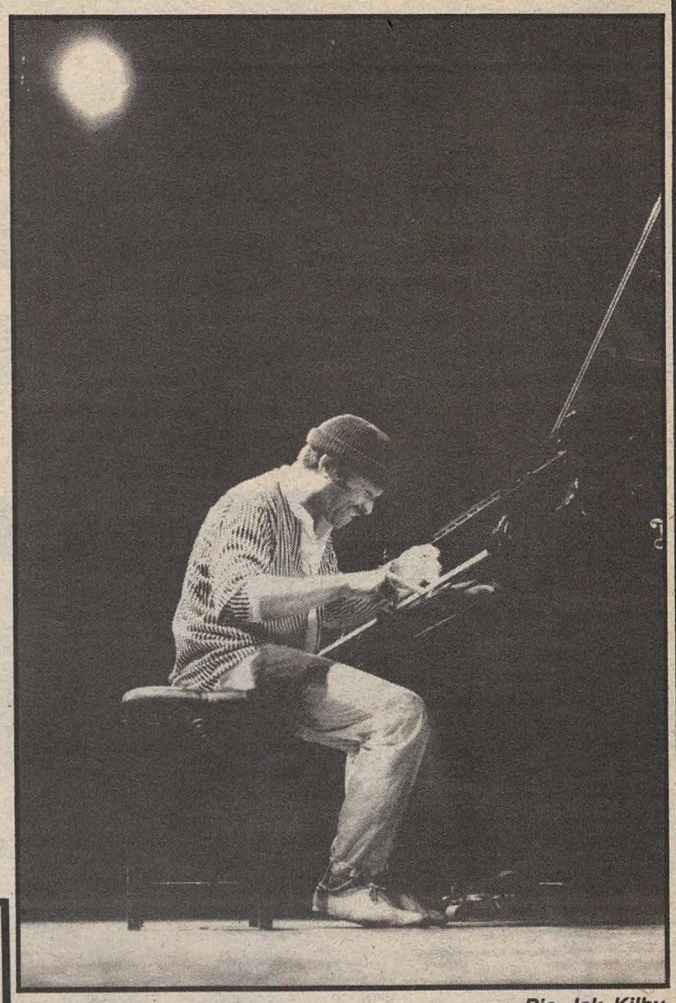
"As you like." Taylor's voice hardens into a steely sarcasm.

"As *you* wish, sir," the waiter sneers.

"I'm ready now, actually." Taylor's smile is knife-sharp.

"Then I'll fetch the fruit trolley." The waiter flounces off.

Taylor shakes his head. "You see the games we have to go through.



Pic Jak Kilby

You chuckle? I thought you were a *serious* journalist."

To oblige, I try another serious question. Suppose, I say, an unknown Black musician is playing a new kind of jazz in the US now, would it be as hard for them as it was for you? Is the establishment still against innovators?

"You've answered your own question. The minute you say 'establishment', that really tells you everything."

So things are as bad as they ever were?

Taylor leans across the table towards me and speaks with a quiet insistence. "The music is simply *not* encouraged. Its growth is not encouraged, its place in the American culture is ignored, there is no *real* information made available as to the aesthetic principle within the structure of the sound.

"One could say that given the world recognition of the kind of constructions that Black Americans have given the world, for it *not* to be enshrined in America is the indication that the establishment has problems dealing with the rituals involved.

"It is, if anything, *more* difficult today to find one's centre because of all the defections within the music, the perpetual mountain of false idols, the propagating of values attendant on the most *shallow:* and because of the menial attitudes of most executives in the music, the refusal of these men to recognise anything beyond their economic reasoning — which at the same time allows them to assault the integrity of some of the most creative people in the world — indeed, in this area, this music, *the* most creative.

"It is always an *embarrassment* to realise that one has to live in spite of perpetual harassment, and it's at a point where their insensitivity is simply *there* — they don't even recognise their inability to think, feel...and that to me has to do with the development of one's sense memory.

"The problem is that in the West we have two poles — intellect and passion — and people say that intellect is great and passion must be kept under control, and that they're separate. But that is not at all true. It seems to me, if anything, the pictures in realising the first intuition, the first pulse of sense, inform your mind what to call it, because it is *in* the body, like the intellect is in the body, and they're both invisible. That's what I've been saying all day, talking about *invisible* things.

"It is an *embarrassment* too, because there's nothing you can do about it. We do it in spite of...for our resistance, and we get better, too. Because, as Abbey Lincoln said, the music is like the earth: the more you shit upon it, the more fertile the earth becomes. And, like, the more they try to defecate upon us, the richer we become."

Taylor leans back in his chair, and suddenly grins. "Well, did you like that? The last part was pretty good, huh?"

For all his arrogance, his wit, his abrupt insights, this is the image I retain of Cecil Taylor: mocking, elusive; the mind-dance behind the mask of shades and inscrutable smile.

Cecil Taylor playing in full flow is the most spectacular sound in music, a crashing torrent of passion and power, the fastest, hardest, most relentless playing imaginable. Yet he is also capable of great delicacy, a richness of melody, the emotional resonance of the blues. A compleat piano genius. To quote Buell Neidlinger, "That man is capable of playing ten different notes with ten different fingers, ten different dynamics, ten different attacks, and at ten different tempi."

"Oh God, how can I play with *this?"* He stares at his swollen finger in dismay. "Can I go on tonight? Isio, can I go on?"

Isio looks up from his salad with a serene smile. "Of course-a you can. Is there anything better for the artist than a-dying over the piano?"

"But so soon!" Taylor exclaims softly. "I've just begun to live."

6. "This is not a question, then, of 'freedom' as opposed to 'non-freedom', but rather it is a question of recognising ideas and expressions of order." **(Cecil Taylor)**

"HEY," SAYS Cecil Taylor, as he introduces me to the rest of his band, "I've just given this guy the strangest interview he's ever gonna get. Man, he'll *never* forget it."

Acknowledgements. **Thanks to Val Wilmer's *As Serious As Your Life,* A.B. Spellman's *Four Lives In The Bebop Business* and Nat Hentoff's innumerable sleevenotes for many of the above facts and anecdotes.**

Basic Discography.

Early Records
In Transition (Blue Note)
The World Of Cecil Taylor (Jazz Man)
Solos
Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! Fly! (MPS)
Garden (Hat Art)
Cecil Taylor Unit
Conquistador (Blue Note)
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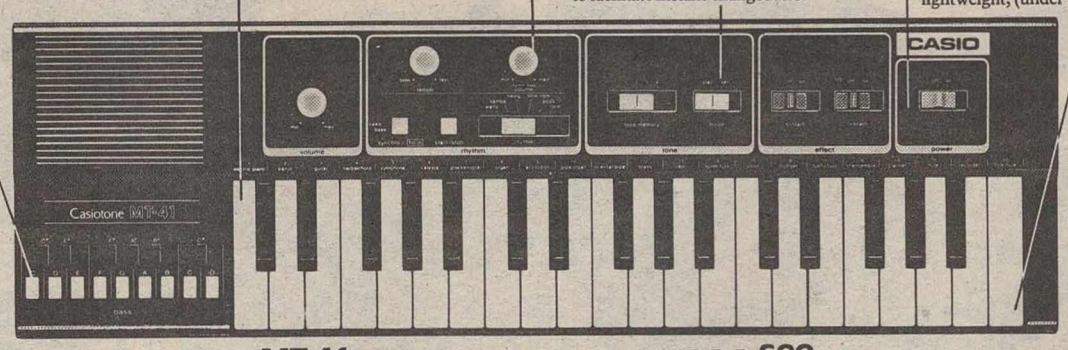

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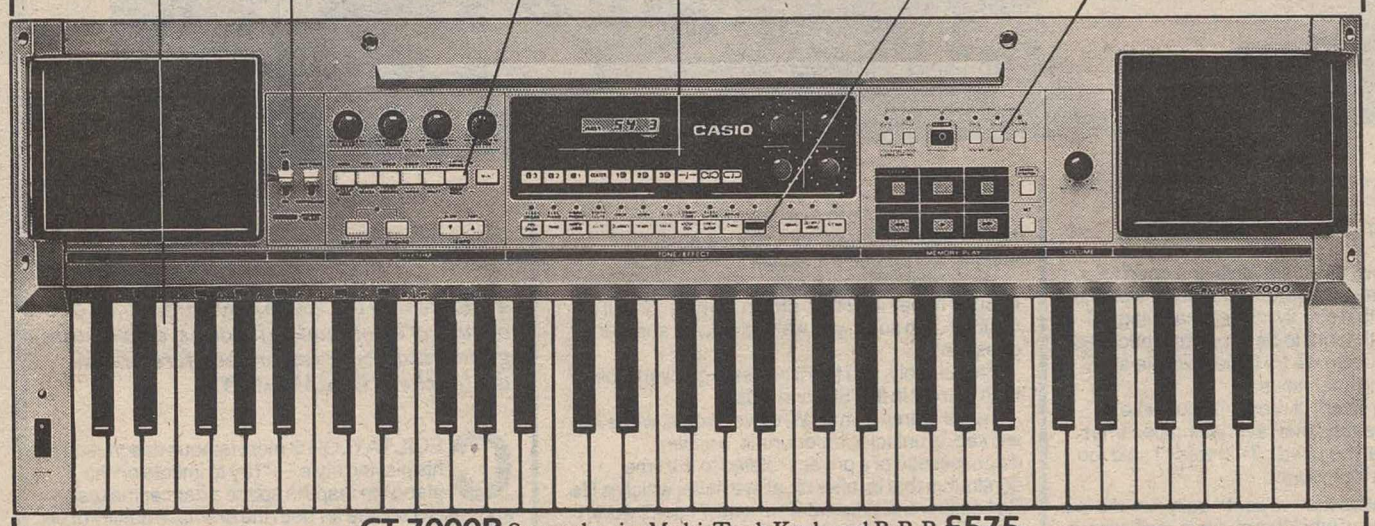

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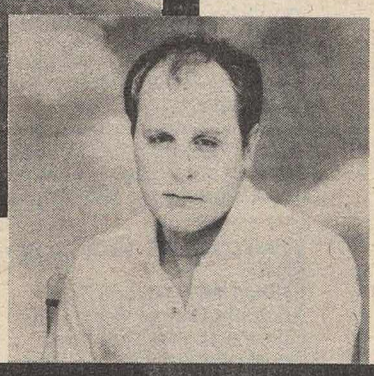

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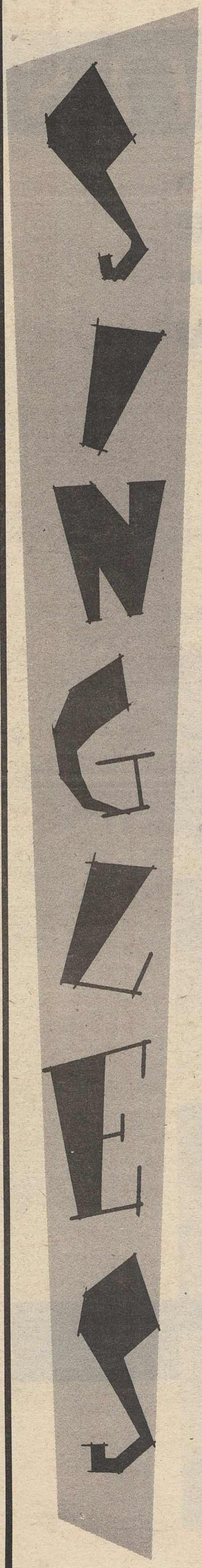


THE TRUTH: Confusion *(WEA).* This week's singles column is full of survivors from the post-punk tail end of the '70s struggling to come to terms with the new pop values and techniques. What this usually means is a band with a rigidly traditionalist approach roping in some of the more celebrated and successful chart producers to give their grimy old wave workouts a touch of the modern sheen. Thus The Truth — a band put together by one time Nine Below Zero frontman Dennis Greaves — enlist the aid of Steve Jolley and Tony Swain (Bananarama, Spandau, Imagination) to polish up their basic R&B base.

Like the Paul Young single, 'Confusion' harks back unashamedly to Tamla for its inspiration, but this is a straight revival of form as opposed to Young's splendid revision of content. The guitar shimmy and dazzle as the rhythm section pumps out the irrepressible four-square backbeat, but nothing strays too far from the original Motown blueprint. Though the song is an original, the sound is far from such. It's not a bad record, all in all, but hardly truly inspiring.

The liner notes do the group few favours either, being jamful of all the usual '83 cliches about "passion, pride and soul". The Truth should just get on with business and forget the bullshit if they want to be taken more seriously.

ROMAN HOLLIDAY: Don't Try To Stop It *(Jive).* More of the same. A gang of mutant billies who have dropped the 'rock' and decided that swing is the thing. Roman Holliday might lack the musical dexterity and durability of their obvious peers JoBoxers, but 'Don't Try To Stop It' still chugs along convincingly enough, a new pop producer (Pete Collins of Musical Youth and Belle Stars fame) again giving a traditional sound a more contemporary sheen. The weak link, however, is the song: *"We're driving out on a motorway tonight!"* Really...it takes more than a cruising anthem for pop credibility in 1983.

HEAVEN 17: Come Live With Me *(Virgin).* If they had the intuition to match their intellect, the boys from the BEF stuff would a far more convincing pop group make. As it is, their starched one-dimensional synthesiser doodles and essays on Sexual Politics and the Seduction Process never really make the transition from the drawing board to disc.

If 'Temptation' was stuffy, this is practically stagnant. The executive chic first modelled on 'Penthouse And Pavement' is now being taken to almost ludicrous extremes, with Messrs Marsh, Gregory and Ware now coming across as middle-aged boardroom lechers: *"I was 37, you were 17/ You were half my age, the youth I'd never seen."*

The matter is ripe for the moralising that is a speciality of the corporation, but they still lack the sense of camp to carry this kind of subject in the first place.

DEAD OR ALIVE: Misty Circles *(Epic).*
ENDGAMES: Waiting For Another Chance *(Virgin).* Yet more thoroughly modern pop records and the patience of the reviewer begins to wear thin. Why do all these records sound alike? The answer would appear to be that cloning is alive and well and has been lurking undetected in the country's record racks for months. Perhaps it is down to the production or maybe the shrink-wrapped veneer that parcels current pop, but genuine individuality is becoming an increasingly rare commodity. And when the mavericks do emerge, they are often swamped and homogenised by the aforesaid cloning process.

Endgames hail from Glasgow, where they once made a career out of stagecrashing Blue Rondo shows, and have landed at Virgin Central after a disastrous sojourn with an unsympathetic Phonogram. However, they might as well have rolled off the Portobello Road conveyor belt, so well stepped are they in the Simple Minds/Magazine/Japan school of sound. Their saving grace is the favourable balance they strike between pretension and a rampant teeny pop sensibility: the vocals might be pure Kerr but the hooklines are even purer Kemp and the overall impression not that far from a contemporary Cufflinks. Beneath the package....some promise.

Pete Burns of Dead Or Alive is another white dread with a sense of humour and an axe to grind. *"What do you do when you don't seem to fit?"* he bellows, the answer, of course, being that you *"blame it on your lack of confidence."* Dead Or Alive possess insolent resilience, but to Epic they appear to be just another bit part aimed in the direction of the burgeoning Boy George growth industry. How Pete Burns sees himself and how Epic would like to view him seem to be two different things. Still, it should be up to *him* to use them. There is still time for the tide to turn.

I LEVEL: Teacher *(Virgin).*
DAVID JOSEPH: Let's Live It Up *(Island).*
CENTRAL LINE: Surprise Surprise *(Phongram).* Britfunk is dead...long live Britfunk! Long gone are the days when British soul bands could get away with dressing up the going US disco rhythms of the day with some clipped guitar lines and diluted sax. Homegrown jazz-funk had its crowning moment with Beggar And Co's 'Somebody Help Me Out' and has been slipping downhill ever since, scarred and superceded by the newly charged dancefloor sensibilities of every popster and his producer.

Which is not to say that bands like I Level, Central Line and David Joseph are among the casualties of the shift. They all ally their J-F roots to a growing awareness of what it takes to make good pop records and aim their singles at the charts first and foremost and what remains of their cult audience second.

Best of the bunch is the I-Level single, a worthy follow up to the neglected duo 'Give Me' and 'Minefield', the latter one of the biggest British records on NY radio during the spring. 'Teacher' deserves to do better on home turf — and let's not beat about the bush, these bands want hits! — but the suspicion nags that I-Level, despite the production finesse of Jo Dworniak, could be too clever for their own good.

Not so David Joseph, whose appeal is more conventional and closer to the old Britfunk (yeuch!) mould, although 'Let's Live It Up' will do well to emulate the surprise success of that last hit.

And so to the great enigma of the genre, Central Line, admired and respected by their more successful peers, but unable to translate the musician's musicians tag into more solid success despite two great singles in 'Walking Into Sunshine' and 'You've Said Enough'. It took a cover version of 'Nature Boy' to give them their one and only sniff of the big league, which suggests that 'Surprise Surprise', forceful and meticulous as it is may yet again sink.

MONSOON: Wings Of The Dawn *(Mobile Suit).* That ludicrous Indi-pop boom that loped into our sights about this time last year was mercifully short-lived, but the legacy lingers on, although this summer's Monsoon season comes hither in more humble guise. This time around there are no protestations of cross-cultural fertilisation or any waffle about breaking down the walls of pop prejudice, just Monsoon themselves sounding a lot less urgent than on 'Ever So Lonely' and a lot too close for comfort to Judy Collins whinging 'Amazing Grace'.

NEW GUYS ON THE BLOCK: On The Dance Floor *(Sugarhill).*
MONTANA SEXTET: Who Needs Enemies *(Virgin).*
MARY JANE GIRLS: All Night Long *(Motown).* Protege's Place...three young talents unearthed by three of the more alert, active minds in the wilderness of the black American music mainstream. New Guys On The Block are a pair of Michael Jackson soundalikes unearthed by Grandmaster Flash in a Harlem discotheque, Nadiyah is a young female vocalist who was discovered by Philly veteran Vince Montana and sings lead on his Sextet's latest single and the Mary Jane Girls are already on the road to notoriety as a Vanity Six to Rick James's Prince.

Best of the bunch is undoubtedly the Montana record, his second scorcher of the year in the wake of the marvellous 'Heavy Vibes' virtuoso performance. The groove is mighty real and not a million miles away from MJ's 'Billy Jean', although for a Jacksonesque vocal performance it would be hard to beat the New guys, themselves a sure sign of Sugarhill's sensible move away from the run-down rap spectrum and towards more fertile hardcore dance field.

The Mary Jane Girls sound torn between two stools. Should they stick with the mildly suggestive innuendo of 'All Night Long' or go the whole hog and get downright dirty like the Vanity girls? At the moment the answer lies in the hands of their mentor Mr James, who writes, arranges and produces all their stuff, where the more aggressive tomes of Vanity Six are largely self-penned. And there must be a moral there somewhere.

SHAWNE JACKSON: Person To Person *(Loose End).* Written by Kashif and originally recorded by Tavares, this is the dance mix equivalent of the average lover's rock standard, sensually sung by a young up-and-coming Canadian *femme*...pretty unremarkable really.

ASWAD: Roots Rockers *(Simba).*
RICKI AND THE MUTATIONS: Crisis *(Cool Ghoul).* The best British reggae remains on the small independent labels that flourish, largely in London, outside of the mainstream. With their relationship with CBS always seemingly beset with problems, Aswad return on the Simba label, displaying their smooth, soulful underbelly as opposed to the more abrasive vintage of their last outings in indie-land, their epic series of singles on Grove. The single, incidentally, made a poor showing on Gary Crowley's people's choice on Capital last Saturday when not all the listeners votes were counted due to a telephone hitch — the Ladbroke Grove lions would seem to have a strong case for electoral reform and a re-count!

The Mutations, featuring electric toasting by the mysterious Phantom, are rougher, revelling in their salvo of rap wit and vitriol that provides a perfect emcee-style riposte to the cockney charm of Laurel And Hardy. Go to it!

VIRNA LINDT: Intelligence *(Compact).* As an aural advertisement for the cliquish kitsch of the Compact Organsation, Virna Lindt has always been far more convincing than the Singing Kettle, the key to her appeal being the title of the single. She was also first on the block with the Bond chic that is now gathering momentum in pop circles further afield than Onslow Gardens. Her latest high-IQ mix continues the spy thriller theme first broached on 'Attention Stockholm' — still the best single ever released on Compact — to a fitting europop throb: *"International times are tight/ IQ levels aren't too high/ In your cabin in the sky..."* Whether or not John Barry receives royalties, however, is not stated on the sleeve. Next week: The return of *The Persuaders...*

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

REVIEWED THIS WEEK BY: ADRIAN THRILLS

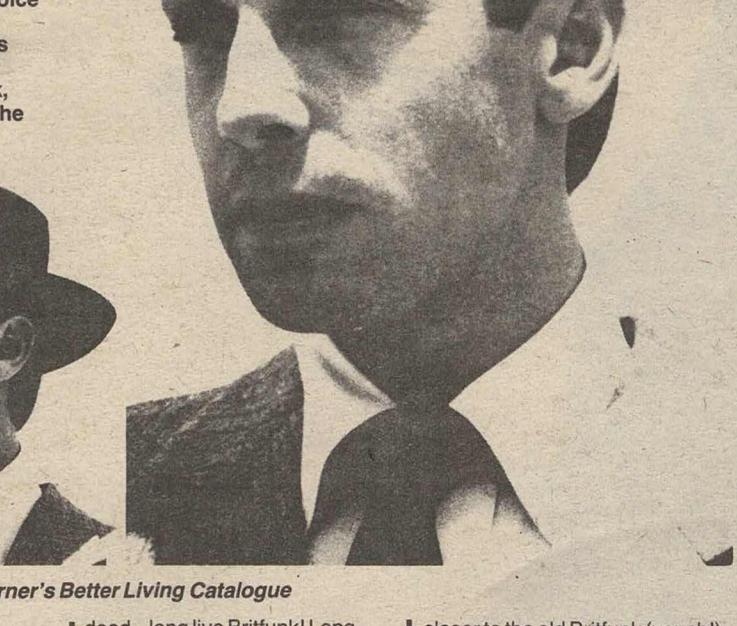
PAUL YOUNG: Wherever I Lay My Hat *(CBS).* This is the modern world...with just 140 shopping days to 1984, the sound that came of age in Motortown US circa 1963-67 remains as pervasive a musical influence as ever. But while some young plunderers utilise a touch of Tamla as little more than a quick leg-up onto the ladder of chartdom, there are still a few stubborn kinda fellows who prefer to delve deeper and get down to the heart of the matter.

Paul Young is a case in point. For three years he supplied the gritty lead voice for those otherwise-unremarkable Home Counties soul copyists Q-Tips. Now he is poised to strike out on his own as one of the purest, most moving male singers in Britain.

'Wherever I Lay My Hat' was originally cut for Motown by Marvin Gaye as long ago as 1963, although Young's vocal delivery owes more to Otis, his phrasing brilliantly understated and his feel for the lyric perfect: *"I'm the type of boy who's always on the roam/Wherever I lay my hat, that's my home..."*

When Gaye first sang the song, it was practically a macho boast, a bragging sequel to Dion's 'Wanderer', but Young turns it into something approaching a rueful lament as he reflects on the emptiness of a stud's lifestyle with the melancholy realisation brought on by a chilling dawn. Whereas most white soul pretenders usually drown in their overbearing desire to project a sense of epic, Young sounds sufficiently hurt and humble to give his soul creed some real credibility.

Neither too obvious a choice nor wilfully obscure, his interpretation of the song is one of the few recent cover versions that actually work, adding something new to the original without stooping to the predictable 'modern' cliches, which really is no mean achievement. The earbud has bloomed...and how!



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THIRD CUT IS THE DEEPEST

Halloween III

DIRECTOR: Tommy Lee Wallace
STARRING: Tom Atkins, Dan O'Herlihy, Stacey Nelkin (EMI)

I REMEMBER when trash was *trash*: what Mom made Dad take outside after dinner and nothing 'aesthetic' about it.

It was the alternatives to that dinner, that garbage and their adjunct — military service in foreign parts, getting to meet people you otherwise wouldn't and killing them — which eventually marshalled themselves into a 'trash aesthetic'. Living through a horror film (high school or Vietnam) elicited sympathy for any celluloid simile. Our right to celebrate the stuff our elders were ready to junk came with the territory of leftover '50s hormones and '60-'70s we-won't-go-ness.

In 1973, Lester Bangs nailed the conspirators behind Good Taste as "the very same Fascist nebbishes that keep you from buying juice in high school, diggin' sounds after hours, smokin' your bamalam and walking down the street stark noble savage naked to the world! So fuck those people who would rather be watching *The Best Years Of Our Lives* or *David And Lisa*. We got our own good taste!"

Allowing for a little period flavour, that still stands — except for a change in nebbishes: now, just as in horrorpix, some of Them are masquerading as Us.

Horror films were once the quick divider when it came to subcultural celluloid cool — everyone bar morons could agree on the 'greats', from *Vampyr* through *Night Of The Living Dead*. And most people you'd prefer to know had a hip take on nonsensequies, from *Teenagers In Outer Space* through *Phantasm*. So, when *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* burst upon us, most vets realised it constituted a return to the 'classic' horror fiat: setting up a moral universe of its own; just one policed with a chainsaw rather than a 'normal' monster.

So far so good — better and better as films from de Palma's *Sisters* to Romero's *Zombies* managed to punch home radical socio-political insights along with their shocks, while the likes of Roger Corman and John Sayles held the fort on the lighter side. Sure there was a slew of gratuitous, derivative, purely exploitative rubbish (*The Hills Have Eyes, Motel Hell*). But what worried me was not these films — it was their *viewers*.

Suddenly there sprang up people who somehow didn't get bored by ANYTHING: *Parasite* was OK by them, even *Zombie Flesh Eaters* (a non English speaking Romero ripoff). I know you can crank ersatz social insights out of a tin of shoe polish if your life or (more to the point) your journalistic ambitions decree it but Jeez, I *also* know enthralling from BORING.

And what 99.9% of these peons are spouting off about as 'splatter' is as dull, thick and near-depthless as the mega-gallons of red paint required for its manufacture. The mind that *really* prefers the boring acting of the director's friends in *The Evil Dead* to the boring acting of the director's friends in *Plan 9 From Outer Space* represents the sort of insight which accepted Maggie's de Millean millenium so uncritically last week.

Enter *Halloween III*, from which — given the tedium-drenched drivel that meandered around as *Halloween II* — I expected similar shame. But no! In *Halloween III* the horror is once more true horror, inseparable from man's real state: it's a growing awareness of existential helplessness, this time in the face of technocracy. More than all that, tho', it's a rabidly alive spinecrawler in which writer/director Tommy Lee

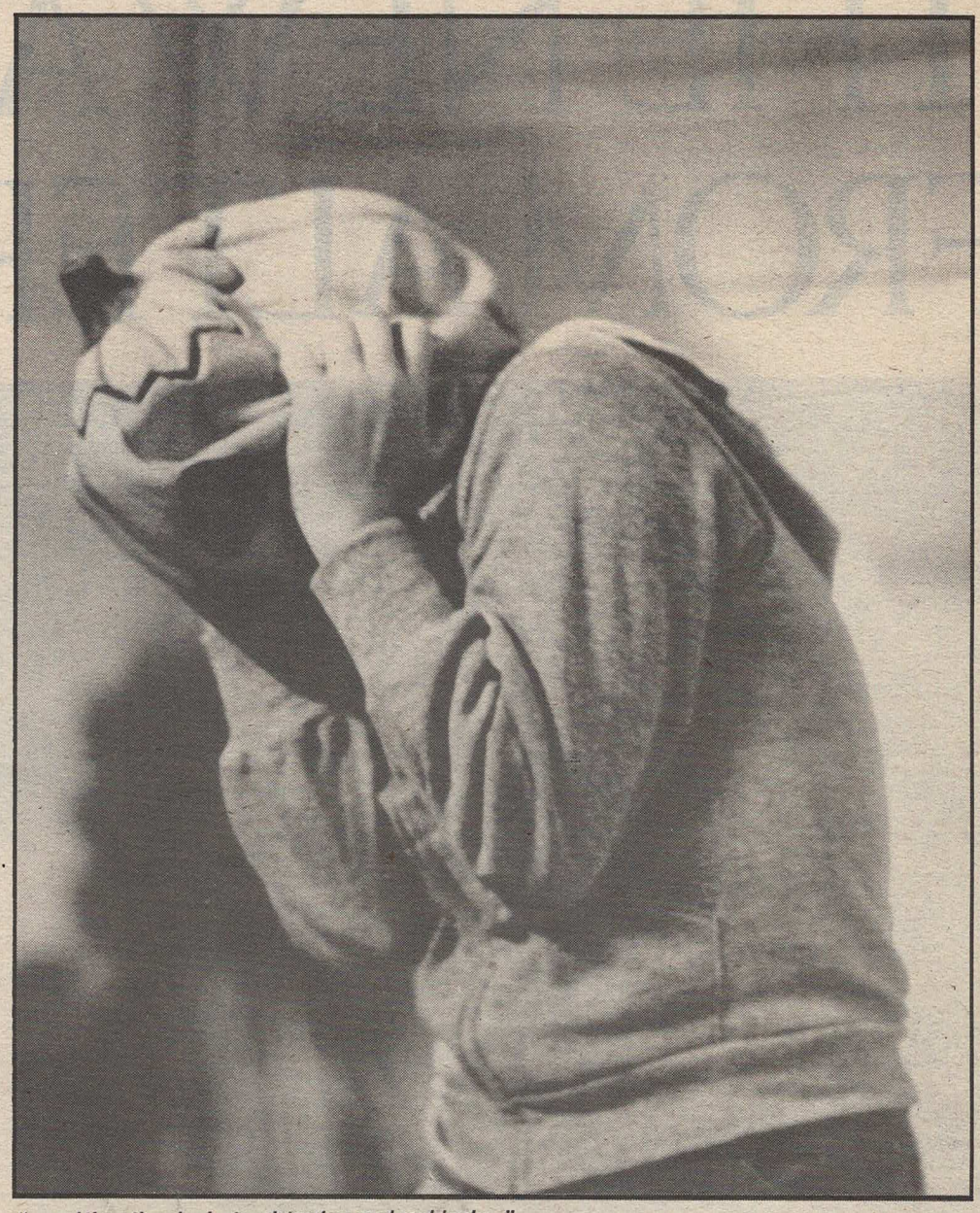
CONTINUED PAGE 32

THE TACKY publicity poster shows a busty, khaki-clad girl flanked by phallic tank-guns, but even the coy dirty mac brigade are, I fear, in for a let-down with Roaz Davidson's *Private Popsicle*.

This follow-up to the appallingly bankable *Lemon Popsicle* is a cheap'n'silly Israeli import about a group of guys who sign up for their compulsory national service stint and get (you guessed it) a lot more than they bargained for. Atrociously dubbed — the Sergeant Major is given an Indian affection, the Colonel is a bustling Lancashire hotpot — the jokes come from anal fixations, scatological nonsense and anything that concerns the male genitalia. It's a grossly inept attempt at teen exploitation and how on earth it ever got north of the Nile is beyond me, especially when infinitely superior movies like *Diner* are afforded only a small distribution.

The odd bosom pops up here and there, but for the most part the squaddies amuse themselves by hiring stroke mags for two dollars a throw. Having exhausted an unremitting catalogue of puerile swear-words and antics, the big laugh is saved for the close, when one of the chaps falls into the latrine and emerges covered in shit and toilet paper. That seems to sum the film up rather well. (Cannon)

Gavin Martin



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Malou

DIRECTOR: Jeanine Meerapfel
STARRING: Ingrid Caven, Grischa Huber, Helmut Griem (Cinegate)

JEANINE MEERAPFEL'S film is about repression, something that ruins the life of one woman and bequeaths a doubt and unrest to her daughter. I thought it episodic and tedious, and while appreciating the argument found its focus hazy and execution clumsy.

Malou was a French cabaret singer who married a German Jew. Her life—straddled between a pre-war Berlin, Holland and Argentina in a manner that surrenders her spirit to vermouth and brandy — is recalled by her taut, vaguely embittered offspring as she goes through a self-consciousness crisis with her own husband.

Family relics conjure memories of dark days of Nazi threats and the abandonment of Malou by her husband in an alien land. Two contrasting figures emerge: one a blonde, uncaring punchbag of a woman resigned to dependence, one fiercely nervous in a liberation she cannot go the entire way with.

Ingrid Caven is statically dispairing as the mother, and Grischa Huber aggressively overwrought as her daughter. Although supposedly study of two women, what rather ludicrously shrivels the film is the ineffective use of the two husbands.

The elder Paul seems a kindly patriarch whose mortal hurting of Malou is made unfathombale by his minor role; Martin is established as tetchily chauvinistic but finally a decent bloke. Two women come shakily to terms with their needs — this is a feminist tract?

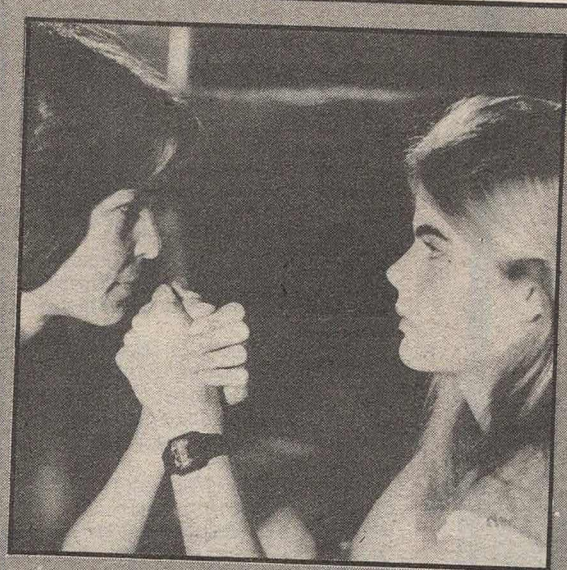
Meerapfel has kept it mercifully short but the film is aimless, sloppily unkempt. She's retained an open-ended feel to something that badly needs a disciplined grip — flashbacks are hard to integrate, and the narrative is muddled and arbitrary. It feels dull and preachy without having anything to say. **Richard Cook**

'RELATIONSHIP' FILMS invariably furrow their brows over matters that only become problems when pondered over.

Robert Towne's *Personal Best* tackles the age-old 'war between the sexes' from what it no doubt sees as the radical feminist stance of lesbians. Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly play two female athletes who meet at the 1976 Olympic Trials. The film follows them through the ensuing four years in which personal and professional lives become tangled, catalysed by doubt and competition.

There's an air throughout that the climax will offer some profound conclusion, forcing a choice between ambition and sentiment, but it fizzles out into the (in retro, inevitable) happy ending that leaves all loose ends hanging. Apart from the obvious echos of *Chariots Of Fire*, if there was a message it escaped me. (Warner Bros)

Leyla Sanai



ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 16

Get Smart. Maxwell stumbles on a ticking A-bomb. We're still here, so he must have defused it. **(C4)**
King Kong (Ernest B. Schoedsack & Merian C. Cooper 1933). Fifty years have diminished the grandeur but time has also accentuated the legend. A fable that now looks mistily beautiful, a picture-book come to magical, flickering life — and one of the saddest films ever made. **(BBC2)**
Alter Image. Main point of interest is the profile of fabulous San Franciscans The Residents. Let's hope they get more out of them than I did at their recent press conference. **(C4)**
Second Sight. Mari Wilson in concert. **(BBC2)**
Red Monarch (Jack Gold 1983). The newest offering from David Puttnam's stable, fresh from Cannes and here getting its British premiere. It *sounds* peculiar — a black comedy in the Kremlin with Colin Blakely as Stalin and David Suchet as Beria — but we must wait and see. **(C4)**

FRIDAY JUNE 17

Switch. A bright start — with Nick Heyward, Nona Hendryx and Coati Mundi. **(C4)**
Silk Cut Jazz Festival: Blossom Dearie. Anyone familiar with her '50s Verve albums will know how Blossom would stall foolish hearts and reduce strong men to softies. The most perfectly charming singer there ever was. These will probably be autumnal reflections on a singer's life — unmissable. **(C4)**
In Praise Of Older Women (George Kaczender 1977). A curio but not especially successful. Tom Berenger is the love-hungry adolescent who amuses himself with the persons of the title and the director is the man who misses the ironies — Walerian Borowczyk should have filmed Stephen Vizinczey's book. **(C4)**

SATURDAY JUNE 18

The Mark Of Zorro (Rouben Mamoulian 1940). What was it about Tyrone Power? The smarmed fringe, the terrifically painful smile? The straitjacket technique? Observe Mamoulian's energetic romp and figure it out. **(C4)**
Pop Quiz. Bev Bevan, Glenn Tilbrook & Sarah Bananarama against Robert 'Grow Your Own' Plant, Dave Gahan & Andy McKay. **(BBC1)**
Le Cheval D'Orgeuil (Claude Chabrol 1980). The French may given us Bresson and Godard but they also inflicted Resnais and Chabrol on us too. Peasant life in Brittany dealt with at his usual mordant pace — the Italians (Rosi, Olmi) deal with this sort of thing ten times better. **(BBC2)**
Scorpio (Michael Winner 1972). Winner's film is desperately routine CIA stuff but the cast is so strong — Paul Scofield, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon — it just about stays afloat. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY JUNE 19

Never Say Die (Elliott Nugent - A very early and scarce Bob Hope vehicle to gladden the hearts of connoisseurs. Hope is a hypochondriac millionaire who marries Martha Raye, gets mixed up with Sig Rumann and Monty Woolley...sounds terrific. **(C4)**
Fanny (Joshua Logan 1960). Pagnol's trilogy has fallen fairly disastrously out of favour but Logan's film — staged as a dramatic rerun of *Gigi* — works because it is so resolutely Hollywood. Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer in the Marseilles of the 1930s, customised charm with a breezy undercurrent that enlivens a melancholy tale. **(BBC1)**
On The Waterfront (Elia Kazan 1954). Kazan's politics have shed a suspect light on his masterpiece, but a masterpiece it is all the same. Brando's performance as the union slugger who grows into a figure of liberal destiny remains the stuff of greatness and a thousand lesser impersonations; the location photography sets up an unforgettable memory of a New York tarnished by poverty but as resilient and poetic as a fallen Xanadu. If you haven't seen it, prepare yourself for a classic movie. **(BBC2)**
Joni Mitchell. A recording of her Wembley concert that seems to have disappointed most of the faithful. After the disastrous 'Wild Things Run Fast' it should hardly have been a surprise. **(BBC2)**

MONDAY JUNE 20

The Spiral Staircase (Peter Collinson 1975). Who is doing for all the handicapped in a little New England town? Jacqueline Bisset and Christopher Plummer in a competent shocker that isn't a patch on Robert Siodmak's spendidly eerie original version. **(BBC1)**
Ear To The Ground. Yet another current affairs show for young people. Hazel O'Connor and Sophie Ward quest in the first edition. **(C4)**

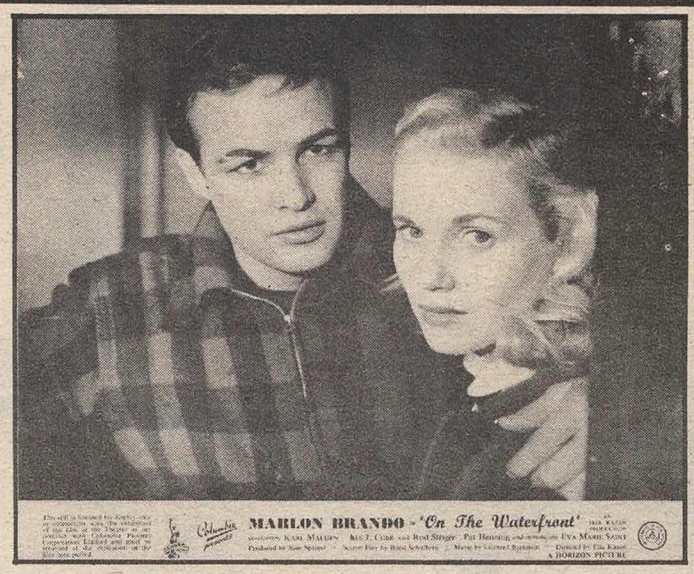
TUESDAY JUNE 21

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Still the best of C4's reruns. **(C4)**
The Men (Fred Zinnemann 1950). Brando's amazing debut as the embittered war casualty who uses his paraplegic condition to all but emotionally destroy his girl as well as himself. Zinnemann's patient observation only underlines all the cruelty — a gruelling but compelling tract on the bounds of human love. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY JUNE 22

The Munsters. Grandpa and Herman in all manner of hospital trouble. **(C4)**
The Return Of The Secaucus Seven (John Sayles 1979). Sayles — basically a hack horror scriptwriter — surprised everybody with the subject matter of this debut, a gentle look at the little problems of the post-Woodstock generation, although the treatment is extremely lame. If you identify with these people you're a wimp. **(C4)**

Richard Cook



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Settle back in your couch and listen to Lydia Lunch — former New York No Wave sewer queen, would-be agony aunt, chanteuse, The Bette Midler of the gothic underground expound on the vileness of life, love and why she continues to exist. Since her last solo project 13.13 ended, she has played Dame Edna to The Birthday Party and Baby Jane to X's Exene. These activities and a reading tour of the US aside, she has been leading a quiet life in a West London suburb. Are you sitting comfortably? Then let's begin. A lunchtime revue by Chris Bohn. Pictures: Bleddyn Butcher.

ON MAKING BIG BUCKS

REALLY I would just like to be a storyteller where I could have the odd individual who hires me to amuse them for an hour so so in the privacy of my own home or theirs.

Since I've never got any money for the...*(cough)*...art I've done in the past, which doesn't particularly bother me, I'd like to do something totally ridiculous for very huge amounts of money just for the joke of it.

THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE

I ONLY do things in public for documentation. Whether five of 500 or 5,000 people see it doesn't matter. Only the documentation is important for my personal satisfaction.

The point is not particularly to get across to these individuals, ignorant or intelligent as they may be. Basically I prefer conversation to any other kind of artistic endeavour I may stoop to create.

Conversation is my forte. Well, that's what I prefer to do — one to one. Just because I do things that eventually reach the public doesn't mean I care for them. They only get to see something once it's over, once it's exorcised from my person. The important thing is to relieve myself of the burden of my *vision* and be done with it. Once that's done I don't have much use for it. *That's* for the public, the leeches...

No, I don't mean that as a negative term. Just once the blood is let they come to suck it up. At least when you have a conversation you can suck simultaneously. Hopefully.

WHY I FIRST SWAM THROUGH THE SEA OF VILENESS THAT IS THE MUSIC INDUSTRY

WHY THE fuck was I ever chosen in the first place? I mean, when I first started doing musical enemas, musical exorcism, I thought, c'mon, Teenage Jesus And The Jerks! Who's ever gonna put out a record by this horrible...

My first endeavour was the furthest away from the mainstream I've got. It couldn't get any more brutal to the listener's ear than Teenage Jesus. It wasn't a very big thing but, in retrospect, a lot of people seem to revere it, so I'm thinking: give me a break! Obviously if you're revering it you had no concept about what I originally meant.

The original intention had nothing to do with the format. Music was the most convenient format at the time to first pursue the spit in the eye of the public, the fuck you to people in general; it was not intended only for a musical audience. I never had any presumptions that I would get any further than that first step, but I keep getting away with it, and so long as I keep getting away with it, I'll continue. Or at least until I can maybe just whittle it down to conversations...

ON THE PERFECT BOY

THE *50 One Page Plays* I wrote with Nick Cave? You mean you want some information on them, some dirt? Let's hear about it! Spill the filth!

We wrote *50 One Page Plays* not to have a book made of them, not to have them put on, but just to do them because we enjoy so much the pleasure of each other's company. But since I have *Adulterers Anonymous* — the book of poems I wrote with Exene (from X) — come out on Grove Press, they might publish these plays. Someone's also offered to stage them.

It would entail having four stages. The audience would be herded like cattle to the centre, where they would be hit over the head one after the other with these vile little ditties about truth, beauty, lurve, each lasting from 10 seconds to a minute.

There are 50 plays in there, each one depicting a different content, but hopefully there are some threads of emotion that runs through them. They are all different, but because they are written by the same persons they may have the same stink...

They'll probably be narrowed down to 30 for publication because when Nick Cave and I get together the monstrosities that may strew forth can only obviously be larger than life. Do we appeal to each other's worst instincts? He appeals to my worst instincts, but he doesn't like to admit it. Yes, this is a marriage made in hell, I think.

Well, it could be. He's *the perfect boy*. Not necessarily for me, but he's the perfect one in my opinion. I guess I'm the perfect girl, too, though for who, that may be questioned. However, all applications can be sent care of your magazine.

ME AND EXENE

WE HOLED up together in a little bungalow in *Hell.A*. She had a little notebook full of junk, which she decided to scrap, so we just got our notes together and started writing; saying gimme that one, trading and sort of commenting, sort of like, you know how it is when girls are talking. They go, like, Nehnehneh, sort of bickering, except it's on paper; well, not bickering, commenting, talking.

We've also made a cassette of conversations which will be unreleased to the public, only privately available by mail order to those we individually give the address to. It's sort of girl talk, basically. Exene and I have suffered a lot of the same slings, so we can appreciate each other.

On the other hand we are different, something like the difference between a cat and a mouse, simple as that. Let's say she's a nicer person than I am, which is not to say I'm mean. She is more moralistic than I am. I act more like a man then she does; I take a male viewpoint, a bit of a female chauvinist in a lot of ways. Maybe she just has different goals. She's happily married and I'm not.

A BOY IN EVERY PORT

I HAVE very satisfying relationships with quite a few men, all in different places, of course, *a boy in every port*. I wish! But that's what I do strive for, a bit of variety.

But no, I do have very intense emotional relationships with men, although most of these relationships I have are with people who are attached or in different cities from me. That's just the way I am.

I don't compete with females, I have no jealousies in any way, I am not competitive, which a lot of people will not believe or understand. You can exist without jealousy or competition, which are just very aggravating. I just prefer things this way.

It's more convenient — you can get to the *meat of the matter*. Intense, involved, *true love*, without the mundanieties of every day life.

Without getting too philosophical, that's what ruins love. The everydayness of it is what spoils things. Why concentrate on one small individual in the huge sea of men? You can float freely, picking and choosing.

THE BIG HURT!

ME? DO I allow people to hurt me? I *never* get wounded by anyone else. I'm the only person capable of breaking my heart and I do it continually, thank you, I don't need anyone else. I would never have pain in love in the sense of *pining* and breaking, because that's not the way I view relationships. I don't have possessive urges, because that's where things get ugly and hurtful and I won't get hurt in relationships with men. Emotionally, that is. I'm too easy to get along with.

I am! Really! I don't need any horribleness in a relationship, any irritation that could cause discomfort or displeasure of emotional sorts. Although *severity* in situations I am fond of, and violence and all...But no! C'mon! Men break my heart? It's ridiculous!

RATIONS AND RATIONALE

I VERY rarely find the perfect mate for myself because I am so calm at this point. I haven't always been this way. I have had incredibly disgustingly melodramatic relationships, of course, but from my present sensibility and sobriety it is all very amusing.

I do like to witness ridiculous and extensive outbursts from other individuals. Boy, do I love it! I may even cause these things. I have been known to aggravate the situation into that of an explosive one, but like I say, I never let it burn my hair or singe my fingers.

I'm just too sensible. Which is why I prefer the individual who is already preincarcerated, because they accept me and they appreciate that I'm not trying to take the whole hog...I'll have ten or 20 minutes or X amount of time.

People don't think I'm rational. But anybody who meets me personally for just five minutes will know there is truly nothing too much to be scared of. Not too much. Trust me. Please. If people knew how rational I was they would flock to my doorstep for advice.

THE ROCK AND THE SPONGE

I'M NOT a cold individual at all, I had a great capacity for that once. But it's like the difference between a rock and sponge. I've learnt that fucking lesson so well. A rock is so simple to maintain, the effect of rockdom, it's really easy to be cold an cut off, anyone can do that. I've perfected that. I don't need to perfect it further. So I've changed.

Now I try to perfect other strains of these emotional diseases.

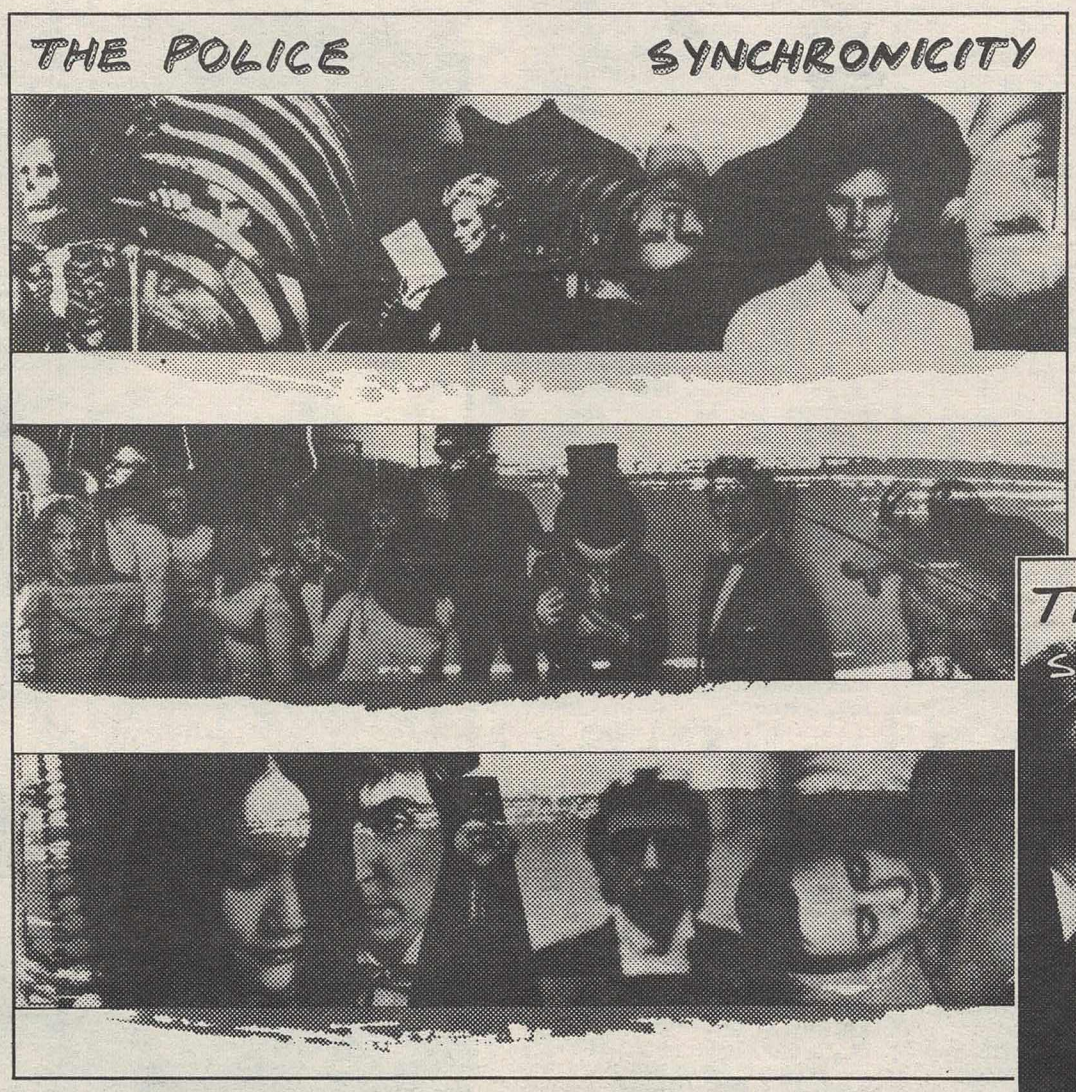
ME THROW IN THE TOWEL? NEVER!

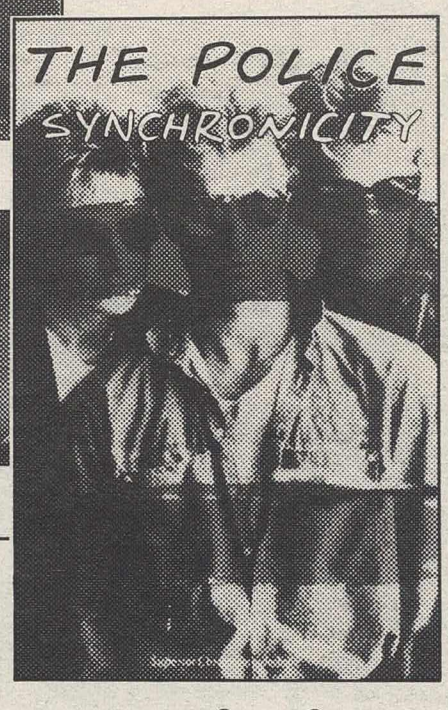
I'M NOT that curious but things like, for instance, that *Arena* TV special on William Burroughs, who I don't like. I think he's a pretty pisspoor writer in my opinion for the acclaim he's got. Then I saw this thing on TV and saw he's 70 years old. And I thought, come on! Lydia Lunch is never gonna be 70 years old. I can't envisage myself that old, but what if I could? It would be quite humorous in retrospect, so I thought, due to my great sense of humour, I will persevere through life's sludge and ugliness etc and then I could look back and laugh. Ha! Ha! Ha! And say I've made X amount of records, I've written a few books, I've made this many movies. Yet my attitude to the whole thing, I would look at each thing as being quite ridiculous.

A FINAL WORD ON ART

ART. SPLUTTER. I think art in all forms is a load of shit in general. I don't respect it whatsoever, it is a gross term. My opinion of art is: if in New York, you are unemployed you are an artist. If you are unemployed in LA you're an actor. In London everyone's unemployed so it doesn't matter.

Just out





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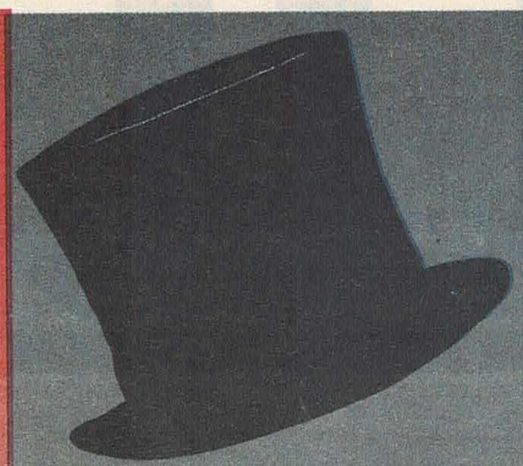

"The great days of the herd are gone..." — Wolfgang Hagen

THE RESIDENTS have finally gone public. The group which outraged the modern rock world with 'Third Reich'n'Roll', 'Commercial Album', and a version of 'Satisfaction' that made Devo look weedy, last year performed the first scheduled concerts of their shadowy ten-year career in San Francisco and Los Angeles. And this month they play for you in the UK.

The *Mole Show*, based on the trilogy of which 'Mark Of The Mole' and 'Tunes Of Two Cities' are the first and second parts, marked a significant step in the group's evolution. While of late there seems to have been a marked dwindling of the Residential cult, the longer they survive the harder it becomes to assess their position (relative *or* absolute) in the game.

People have long worshipped The Residents without really knowing why. The fact that it remains almost impossible to take them seriously has not prevented compulsive cultists the world over from doing precisely that.

Like Thomas Pynchon, or Goddard in Jerzy Kosinski's dire novel *Pinball*, they attract an obsessive, incestuous following by concealing their faces and identities. They isolate themselves from their audience to ensure that their music is the result of their own unmediated desires.

For all we're supposed to know, The Residents could be a group of alien scientists or even real Soviet "moles", programmed to sew mistrust and confusion — loss of faith — into the codes and languages of Western pop. "The Residents" might even be a computer, (like "their" record company's Frank Johnson.)

The mystique, however, runs a high risk of ingrown petrification. It wears thin, partly because a large proportion of The Residents' collected *oeuvre* is unlistenable, but also because their reverse emulation of rock systems — in the form of Ralph Records and the Cryptic Corporation — has become too affectionate a parody.

It is a sad fact that many notable cranks and innovators lose their combative instincts along the jolly old rock highway — see 'Song Of The Bailing Man' for the most depressing proof. The Residents take their hallowed place in a long line of para-cultural pranksters stretching from Beefheart and NRBQ to Can's Ethnological Forgery Series and 'Another Green World', and few in this heritage have managed to survive the burdens of subversion without being politely swallowed into the music business.

Because they've always had independent money on their side, The Residents have never needed to fear financial compromise. The only danger lay in their running out of ideas, and while the 'Commercial Album' was choc-full of pearls that glittered for a second (like the heavenly gliding samba of 'Moisture') the experiment implied that The Residents had reached a new zero degree of pop.

Fortunately the group then siezed on the age-old conceit of the concept album and dreamt up the *Mole Show*. Despite previous experiments on the plane of narrative ('Not Available'), even an experimental ballet score ('Six Things To A Cycle', the "progressive bunny-hop" from 'Fingerprince'), the *Mole Show* is The Residents' first real venture into stage performance.

THE SHOW concerns a community of moles who are uprooted by a storm and forced to migrate to a new land. Here they must adjust to a different lifestyle in the mechanised society of the so-called Chubs, where inevitably they are exploited as a source of cheap labour. Nonetheless, as 'Tunes Of Two Cities' testifies, the clash of cultures results in some intriguing ethnological hypotheses.

While Z'ev is still covering 'Wipeout' as a scrambled outtake from 'Third Reich', 'Tunes' displays a newfound delight in the textures of ezy-listening muzak. Illustrating "the globe-wrenching power of DIFFERENCE", the album contrasts the brooding hymns of the Moles with the psychedelic waltzes of the Chubs. 'God Of Darkness' and 'Serenade For Missy' are like 'Pet Sounds' on 'Let's Go Away For Awhile' transposed into another musical epoch — an alien's emulation of hallucinogenic wallpaper music, or 1966 Brian Wilson fed through Todd's 'Wizard'.

While in an obvious manner the *Mole Show* parodies the conventions of rock theatre, its theme — not only combination of biblical and political mythologies but a bizarre fusion of *Metropolis*, *Fidelio*, and *Watership Down!* — is so basic as to be unsettling in this context. It sounds like a Disney epic gone wrong, yet it is a work not of electronic images or animation but of strange mimes and cardboard cutouts.

A further idiosyncratic element in the proceedings is the role of disc jockey Penn Jillette. A veteran of *Asparagus Valley* and *The Mike Douglas Show*, this obviously disturbed man was once locked in a motel room for six days with nothing but Residents albums for company. Although by the fourth day (so the story goes), he was feeling decidedly unwell, when finally released he claimed to have seen the light and become the world's premier Residents fan. A touching parable.

In the *Mole Show*, a kind of adult panto for the diseased and dispossessed, Jillette acts as MC-cum-narrator-cum-bemused spectator, giving the performance an inbuilt air of self-deprecation and perhaps even lending some credibility to Chris Cutler's sub-Brechtian theory of "spectatorship". (Although Cutler's account of The Residents' *anakalypsis*, the "revealing of the sacred object", was about as convincing as, say, Paul Willemen on Max Ophuls, his general point that they provide the instrument by which our culture's music can examine itself had some application to a veiled Marxist-surrealist aesthetic.)

While The Residents perform in obligatory disguise behind burlap curtains, and girls with plastic Groucho Marx face-kits cavort their way through fertility dances bearing illuminated orbs, Jillette summarises the movement as merely "rather flashy in a low-tech sort of way", and informs you that "all you have to know is that the moles do appear to enjoy working below", concluding, "I'll be back out here when we're all lost again."

After we've survived the "bothersome section of the show" (the Chubs doing the dirty on the Moles), a concerned scientist invents a machine to free the Moles and a happy ending looms into view in the form of cultural reconciliation.

"The Residents wanted another ending", pleads Jillette, "but they just signed with Devo's management!"

Before he can steal the show outright, however, he is tied, gagged, and handcuffed in a wheelchair at the centre of the stage — a simulated version of his ordeal in the Ramada Inn. For an encore, The Residents all but unmask themselves for a perilous though Snakefinger-less encore of 'Satisfaction'.

SO WHERE does this quaint entertainment leave the only real post-Fab Four quartet? Have they finally earned the right to call themselves the New Beatles?

And by the way, if you ever felt cramped by the idea that possibly there was no terrestrial musical life beyond the legacy of The Beatles, then you too can revel in the vinyl patricide of 'Beyond The Valley Of A Day In The Life'. Up till now this masterpiece has encountered inextricable copyright problems — consisting as it does of Beatles records dubbed, spliced, chewed and mangled into a nightmarish collage, eg eerie echoes of *"yeah yeah yeah"* from 'She Loves You' and end-of-take banter 'twixt John and Paul — but now it appears, along with the ghostly remix of Tuxedomoon's 'What Use?' and other classics of the Cryptic catalogue, on the commemorative 10th anniversary album 'The Best Of Ralph'.

Even if I did cringe hearing some muggins in the Roxy's toilet explaining the relevance to the *Mole Show* of Kafka's *The Burrow*, The Residents still alienate in a discreetly inhuman way which isn't far removed from the Kafka scheme of things. As one musicologist remarked, "In a sense they have reinvented the art of arranging from the ground up."

What continues to disturb about their withering whimsy is that every "human" sound characteristic of pop is distorted to a point verging on the unrecognisable.

With 'Tunes Of Two Cities', The Residents have gotten two steps and two cultures closer to Todd Rundgren's "interstellar appeal" — an interplanetary deal for a music that should have been the jukebox soundtrack for the *Star Wars* bar scene.

SIDENTS' MEN

And while the sinister foolishness of the *Mole Show* may not explode the limits of Western theatre, if you (like the ideal Residents fan) are someone who has "never been particularly able to relate to anything", it could just be the perfect night out.

COMPÈRE: BARNEY HOSKYNS

Beyond the valley of a day in the life of a mole: The Residents struggle overground in their first formal public performance. Is the Mole Show a tunnel in the right direction?

CAMERA: ANTON CORBIJN

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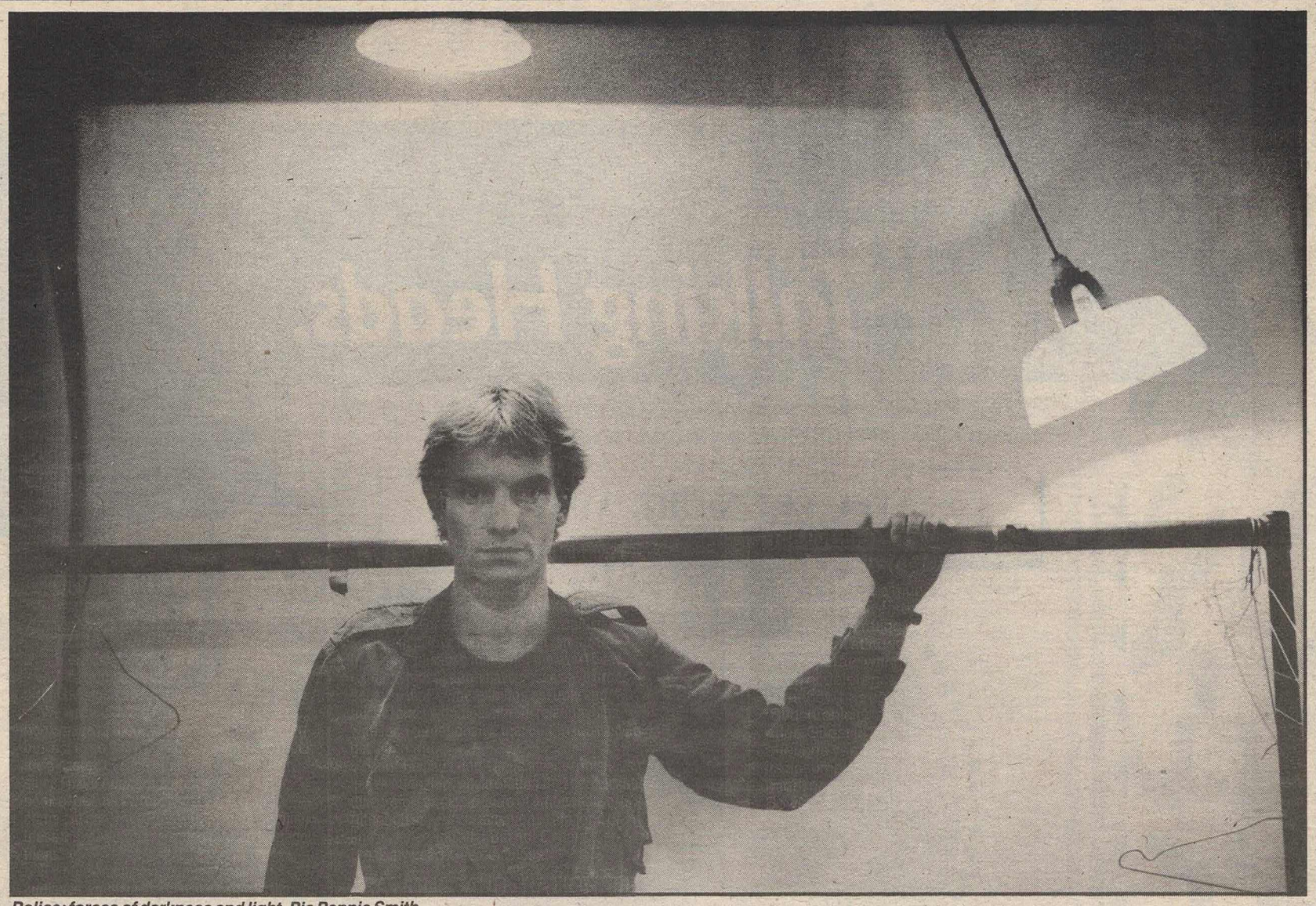


Police: forces of darkness and light. Pic Pennie Smith

JUNGER THAN STINGTIME

THE POLICE

Synchronicity *(A&M)*

THE POLICE are much like Gods to their pop universe, not only in their worship rating but in their omnipotent attitude to their work. They operate without any lead to earth or deference to schedules. It somehow has no relevance that 'Synchronicity' appears two years after 'Ghost In The Machine' and after one year of public absence: its assumptions are such that they might never have been away. Like Bowie, Sting has the ability to orientate this world to his own pace.

'Every Breath You Take' is a Number One that jolts a chart full of counterfeit sophistication with an injection of the real thing. The sinister flavour of the lyric, professing an obsessive love hooked up to a devouring domination, is one of Sting's long suits; the vaguely threatening undertow of the sound is another.

When the golden archangel voice suddenly soars, polished by the finest recording money can buy, it's as if brilliant floodlights have been turned onto a moody, malevolent little song. The communion between darkness and light in pop music has its supreme incarnation in The Police.

Though Sting has worked on that for a long time it wasn't until 'Ghost In The Machine' that it came good. The opening salvo of 'Spirits In The Material World', 'Every Little Thing She Does Is Magic' and 'Invisible Sun' was the most ambitious and expansive music they had made, at once concentrated and inquiringly diverse; but from there the record turned in on itself until it wound up desiccated. When you compared the bottom-heavy chug of The Police's 'Demolition Man' with Grace Jones' version — which sounded like cold steel ripping the skin off pulpy flesh — you wondered if Sting's group were misleading their chief.

'Synchronicity' sets them right without bonding them closer. Although it magnifies the differences between Sting and Summers and Copeland it also evolves the group into a unique state: a mega-band playing off glittering experimentation against the sounding board of a giant audience. It's the record of a group coming apart and coming together, a widescreen drama with a fascination at a molecular level. Some of the music fuses intuitive pop genius with wilfully dense orchestration so powerfully it stuns. It is occasionally sensational.

The effusive gallop of 'Synchronicity I' sets the first tone, a revision of 'Message In A Bottle' dynamics to sweep aside the cobwebs of inactivity. If the song is about as meaningless as its title, a mere galvanising exercise, the following 'Walking In Your Footsteps' focuses the character of the LP: a fresh response to being wealthy global citizens in a world on the brink of termination. Or, how to reconcile the lush streamlining of technology with the simple sandals of liberalism.

'Ghost In The Machine' hit that note with particular cunning — the pop polemic against *"our so-called leaders"* and *"government charts"* in pleasurably digestible form. Sting's jungle fatigues may not have been any more convincing than Strummer's urban guerilla outfits but they appeared a sight more classy. 'Walking In Your Footsteps' is more of the same minus the obvious sloganeering: man's atomic armoury, ready to duplicate the dinosaur's course. Yet the music has a startling inner energy The Police are new to.

As 'Synchronicity' progresses it further dawns that Sting is using his unremittingly public life to retreat into a private propriety. There is something personal about 'Oh My God' and 'Every Breath You Take' that lonely chest-beating like 'Message In A Bottle' was never privy to. And in 'King Of Pain' Sting enters a realm he never dared before.

'King Of Pain' guys his image while simultaneously dismantling the mythic conceptions that hold it together. *"There's a king on a throne with his eyes torn out/There's a blind man looking for a shadow of doubt/There's a rich man sleeping on a golden bed/There's a skeleton choking on a crust of bread"*...and as the privileged minstrel to this court of lunacy, Sting *is* a King Of Pain. That he sites this intriguing meditation in a sumptuous pop melody and sings it in multi-tracked voices of chill purity is no more than a skilled writer/performer fulfilling his dues, but that he does it at all is remarkable.

The ambiguities persist in 'Wrapped Around Your Finger', a naif's trip to Costello country, aswirl with luxurious harmonies. The record seems to grow more sensual and multi-faceted as it progresses, and it fittingly closes with 'Tea In The Sahara' — overtones of another apocalypse wedded to an atmosphere that is gold leaf and quartz gleam. The Police have always been good with air and space — remember the chiming distances of 'Walking On The Moon' — and this is a fruitful visiting of those talents.

It's an engaging collection. Summers and Copeland have their own desultory moments on the first side — the guitarist's 'Mother' is a foolish *Psycho* scenario set to obvious programmatic music, and Copeland's 'Miss Gradenko' follows as a throwaway interlude — but it's their proficiency as players that keeps them afloat 'Synchronicity' is all big, vibrant, complex sound performed with great clarity, even grace. If it is Sting's record it still requires their expertise.

It is also nearly inscrutable. While his companions look guileless on the sleeve, Sting's eyes are secretly murderous. He smiles with a mouth that looks like it's about to bite the head off a baby doll. There are five songs that suggest he is working out a perplexed and vexed persona through his pop music, and the result is fascinating. But while the monolithic and hollow grandeur of 'Let's Dance' is trounced by 'Synchronicity', this record implies that Sting will grow as chameleonic as the other white demi-god of pop. A performer of greatness taking veiled risks. A record of real passion that is impossible to truly decipher.

Richard Cook

MIGHTY MUNCHKINS

ALTERED IMAGES

Bite *(Epic)*

Altered Images show their teeth. Illustration Ian Wright

I HAD a great last line for this critique: "But how can you bite when you don't have teeth?" What do you know, this record is so good I had to scrap it; I could scream, but I couldn't tell a lie.

Poor Clare Grogan; she seemed to have been designed by some malicious god in a fit of pique — small, sweet, Scots — for the sole purpose of being patted on the head, talked down to and generally condescended to. About a year ago, no one could mention Altered Images without chucking in the token tired reference to "wee Scotch lassie Clare" or some similar gibberish; myself, I dubbed her and Nicholas Haircut the Lollipop Madonnas, which I thought was rather more on the ball.

She did play up to it too — remember when she stuck out her tongue on *Top Of The Pops?* The siren of the sandpit doing a Jim Morrison circa the Miami Flash — there really were a few moments when I hoped her hair ribbons might get caught in her wheels (*pace* Isadora Duncan's scarf) and she'd be quickly and mercifully garrotted.

Old Pamela Stephenson — normally a star victim of that terrible modern disease Chronic Ambition Minus Talent — really got it right for once when she pranced around a *TOTP* mock-up in bobbysox chortling; *"Happy, happy, happy/I still wear a nappy."*

But now the Disney blonde is a Bond girl who's escaped from some Hitchcock nightmare — see her on the sleeve, magnificently alone, in her Barbara Goalen drag, looking as if she's about to take delivery of a cargo of Black Magic. Why, you could be forgiven for thinking that jelly and ice cream had never been invented. And her voice has changed too, from coquettish chipmunk to glossy growl. She really has pulled it off.

Those of the old Altered Images who left the band in jealous anger because they were never asked to model taffeta party frocks for glossy magazines are *extremely* inconspicuous in their absence; the band still sound the same. Some silliness has been talked about strings, Love Unlimited and the sound of Philadelphia but Altered Images are still closer to Barry Blue than Barry White.

The demure, finger-popping cynicism of 'Bring Me Closer'—beautiful, the best single so far this year and the perfect antidote to Miss Grogan's touch-me-not, cold shoulder black plastic past — and 'Don't Talk To Me About Love' — which would have made a great here-comes-summer Coke advert in the days when Coke adverts were aimed at youngbloods rather than Mom, Dad, Airstrip One and Middle America in general — are not the norm, but there are other secondary swooners.

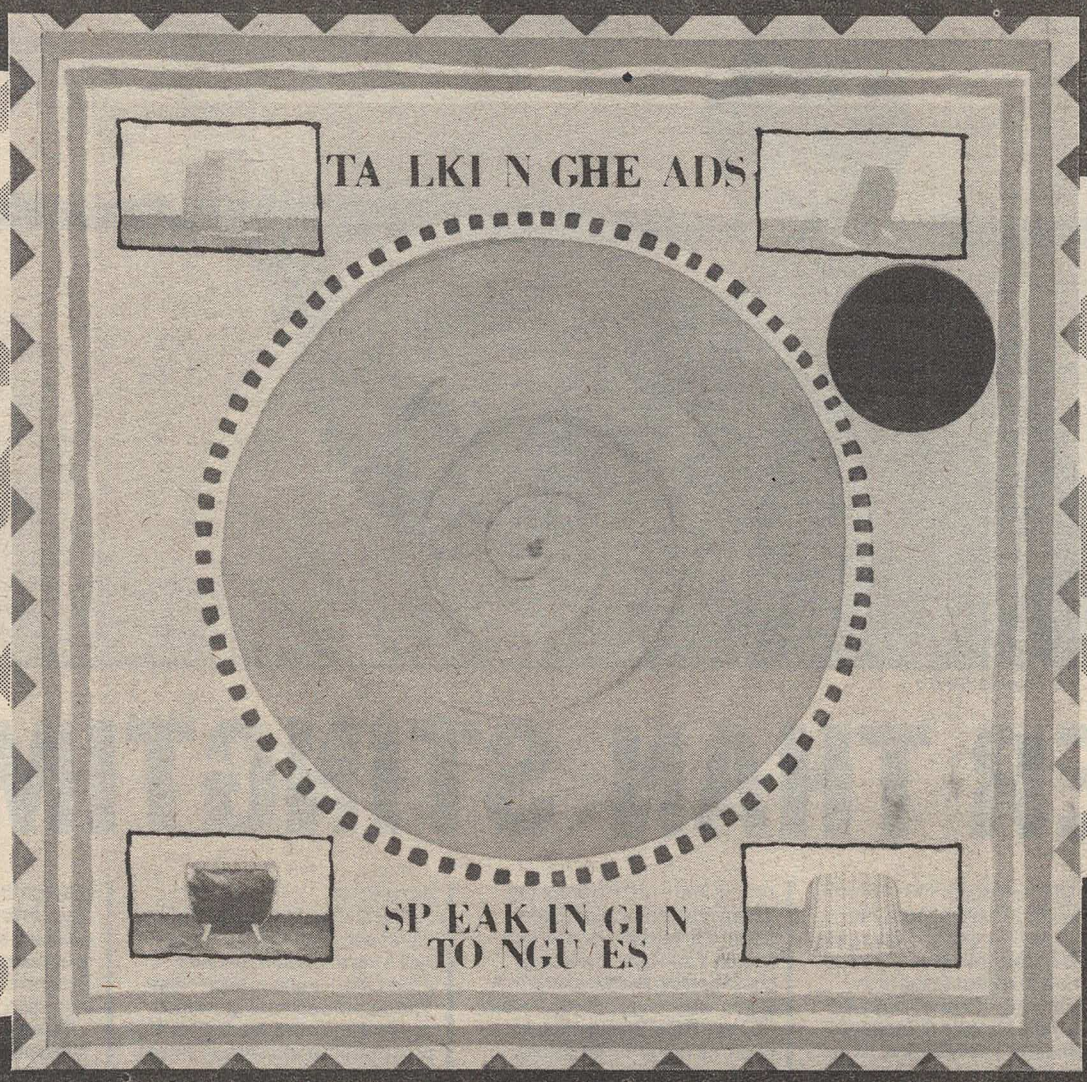
'Change Of Heart' is the grotty bottom of the barrel, and 'Stand So Quiet' isn't quite quiet enough — ie silent — for my liking, but 'Thinking About You' is dreamy — jungle muzak regarding the world through Gordy-tinted glasses — and 'Another Lost Look' could be a gold star on one of Blondie's bombshell's back pages. Altered Images old influences used to sound like Fox, Fox and more Fox (you must remember Noosha); now they sound like everything good from Chris Montez to Charles Aznavour.

Well, my great last line was my first line, so what can I say now? Probably something madly pedestrian like; I'll give it B+ for content, B for fancy dressing, A for political soundness (the McElhone connection), oh, and a definite C– for team spirit (Clare alone on the sleeve, on the label, in the video). But entertainment is not the place for the team spirit — if you want that go and watch a Gang Show — and Miss Grogan is probably the most obvious star to come down from Scotland since Ramsay MacDonald; conceit *and* talent rarely walk hand in hand, but in the case of the few of us who do pull it off, I think it makes a refreshing change from all this mock humility.

Of course Maurice Chevalier should be here telling Miss Grogan how beautifully she's grown up, but as the old collaborationist is rotting in his grave somewhere, the task falls to *moi*. Go for it, Gigi!

Julie Burchill

Talking Heads.



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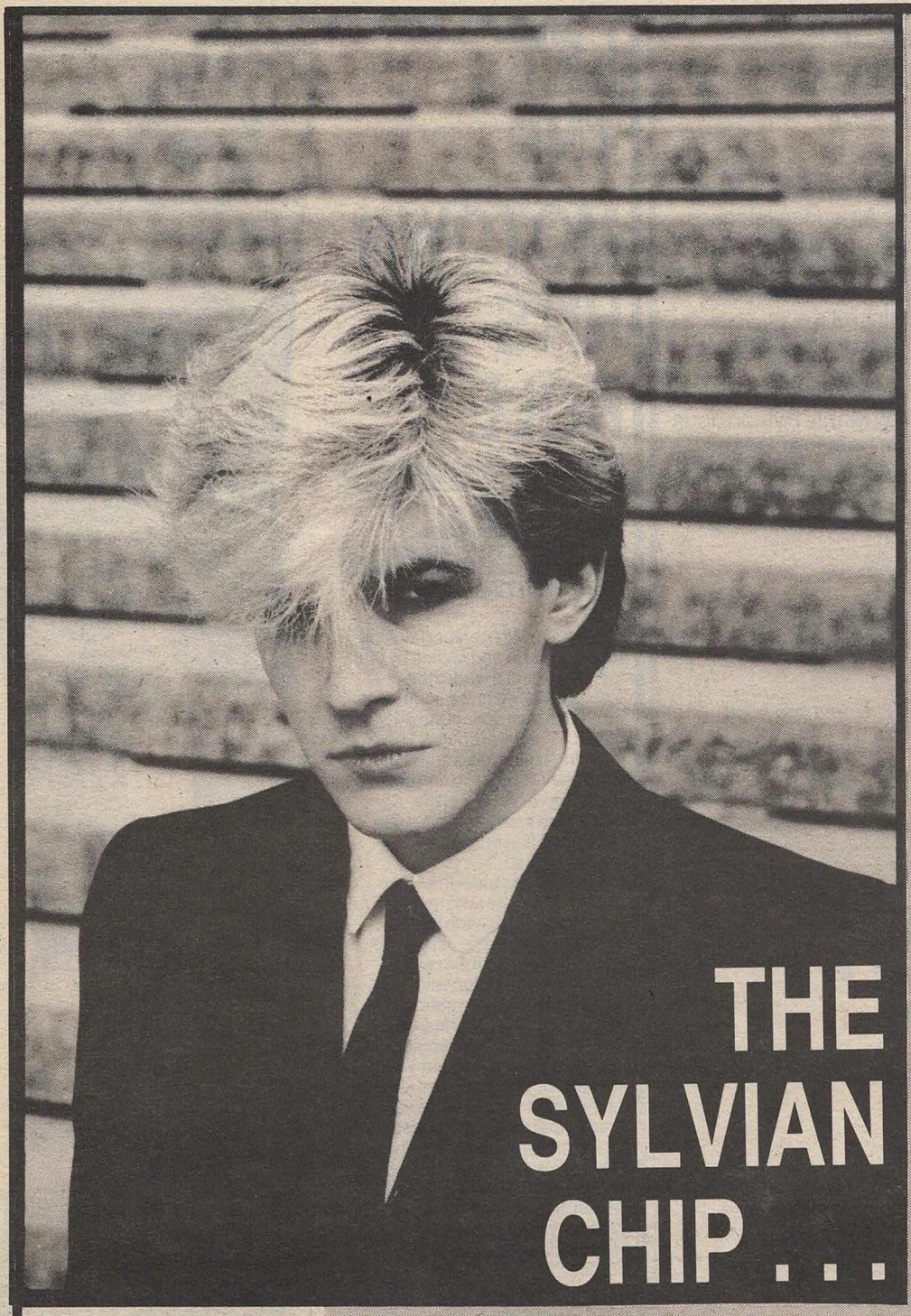

THE SYLVIAN CHIP . . .

Pic Anton Corbijn

into the rush of born-again but still pasty-faced futurists with 'Life In Tokyo' (ironically enough, a song they'd written some years previously and mercifully absent here), Japan went on to become the most unconvincing and unconvinced teen bops of the new romantics.

But to be quite frank (and I'd rather not be earnest about this), the last tour saw Sylvian and Co. looking as pissed off with the girl screams as they had been with the catcalls that heralded their original surrogate New York Dolls entrance. Consequently, 'Oil On Canvas' is nothing if not 80 minutes of disinterested gestures and token panderism: there's stubble showing through the foundation cream, girls, and the boys' disposition is more hung over than delicate.

You know all the maudlin symphonies: the facile exotic exhortations of 'Canton', the claustrophobic imagery of 'Visions Of China', the dodgy uptempo swing of 'Still Life In Mobile Homes' and the tiny microchip soul of 'I Second That Emotion'. And most of them sound just as they did on their third re-release.

Peel away the massive sweeps and dry-cleaned rhythms, the entrancing carnival syncopation and washes of generally guitarless electronic harmony, and Japan's beauty really does seem to be skin deep: knee deep in stately but vapid muzak.

In fact,from the skinny introduction of the title track — stripped down to the tinny patter of a Prophet 5 — to the desolate chiming, the terminating gong of 'Temple Of Dawn', only 'Ghosts' and 'Nightporter' succeed in evoking any worthwhile memories of Japan. The sleazy introspection of 'Ghosts' is an emotional oasis amongst the generally arid electronics and the seven minute soliloquoy of 'Nightporter' is a quiet but towering lament.

Probably because they're his own personal favourites as well, Sylvian's ex-catarrh sufferer's voice feels for the songs with an intuitive rather than ostentatious passion and the end result is a breathtaking, surreptitious scream of distant vowels and curdled consonants.

'Oil On Canvas' had me looking for mistakes and malfunctions, spontaneity and, in desperation, even idiosyncratic patter...anything to remember Japan by. But all I found was a band (not even a group) going through the motions and that, as you may remember, was Japan's last tour: nothing too extraordinary asked for and nothing given.

Amrik Rai

THE TUBES

Outside In (*Capitol*)

ONCE UPON a time, men wore the trousers, women were called ladies and spades were called spades (when you saw one), and then Bowie made a dog's dinner of sartorial styles by wearing a man's dress.

Even more becomingly, that era (nicknamed by some wag Glam Rock), had something to *say*. "*I'm a phallus in pigtails*", sung Bowie in 'Unwashed And Somewhat Slightly Dazed' (he was never one to mince his words), and a whole generation of nice suburban dreams shattered into golden fragments. Glam Rock put the male body on display, and it was a pretty sight. Masculinity could never again be played straight in the suburbs.

Men's dresses are back in fashion. Boy George leads the way and Dustin's Tootsie drags behind. But below the line of decency lurks The Tubes latest offering. These crustaceans of the '70s are the Emperor's new clothes of Glam Rock, and they should have been revealed as imposters years ago. They have nothing to say, nor anything pretty to wear.

Don't waste your money on this album: put it towards a new dress instead.

Amanda Root

MIKE OLDFIELD

Crises (*Virgin*)

THIS MAY well be the *nth* LP from the former 17 year old genius, but it's the first I've bent an ear to since 'Tubular Balls', as it was affectionately known, the foundation stone of Richard Branson's millions. And how has Virgin's golden boy progressed since 1973? Not an inch. Indeed, if anything, his knack of writing a nifty tune has diminished somewhat, and his grasshopper mind still can't develop an idea beyond its first statement. The soundscape evokes a fluffy, Christmassy Home Counties Englishness, except for those portions where Mike makes one of his justifiably rare forays into singing, when he drones on about watchers in the tower and similar rubbish.

Mat Snow

JAPAN

Oil On Canvas (*Virgin*)

FUNNILY ENOUGH, I've just been listening to The Style Council's 'Money-Go-Round' and here we are with yet another Japan record.

Somehow you just knew you could trust Virgin to do the decent thing and leave Japan to go their separate ways without having these 'live' retrospectives and photo-shot compilations of the good old last UK tour thrown back into their blushered (and hopefully blushing) complexions. Believe me, it comes as no surprise that they've re-issued 'Anarchy In The UK'.

Dubious though these artefacts generally are, 'Oil On Canvas' is an essential buy provided you were thrilled by Japan's last tour and haven't bought any of their records (a rare feat seeing as the whole kaboodle have been recycled at least a few hundred times each). An economically packaged double album, it throws perfunctory glances at most of Japan's multi-chequered, melancholic heads: from the close season glam of 'Quiet Life' to the high class muzak of 'Tin Drum'; from Catford to Canton.

But for my money, Japan's last live moments just weren't worth the confetti they were showered with. Having slipped inadvertently

COMATEENS

Pictures On A String (*Virgin*)

'PICTURES ON A String' aims to tap the heady chart glamour of the last few years, but instead melts it down to a stodgy amalgam of other people's trademarks and soundscapes.

Take 'Ice Machine' — the loping beat and jaunty guitar clip is lifted straight out of Kid Creole's 'Stool Pigeon', whilst New Yorkers Nic and Oliver North further acknowledge their hometown with an effete stab at rapping. And that's the harder side of The Comateens. They're more properly lumped in with a whole gaggle of British electro-popsters, drawing from them the standard vocabulary of sounds, stance and subject matter.

"You see reflections in pieces of glass...The music fades like your last cigarette" ('Comateens') is almost a parody of video-orientated synth-pop. The whole album bristles with such conceits. People also accused Blondie of wallowing in cliche, but the ironic yet still romantic affection they had for their sources made for a playfulness, daring and enthusiasm totally absent from The Comateens' ditties.

Instead, what shimmers from the coolly Pop Deco sleeve and wafts from the grooves inside is an air of perfumed nothingness.

The Norths are not on any account to be compared with Ron and Russell Mael. Their tunes are as thin and predictable as the words, and though singer Lyn Byrd tries to sound gum-chewingly deadpan, she winds up merely dead dull, period.

Producer Norman Mighell has sought to slap on layers of gloss to add colour and substance to pallid working material, but the inevitable result is 40 minutes of contrived friskiness brought to its knees by a sticky lump of studio overkill.

This is pop?

Mat Snow

Window on a Monochrome world *Pic Peter Anderson*

ECCENTRIC SETTERS

THE MONOCHROME SET

Volume, Contrast, Brilliance....(*Cherry Red*)

CLEVER CLEVER or just plain clever? I've never known whether to be amazed at The Monochrome Set's capacity to rustle up brilliant hooklines, or to be appalled when they eschew commercial aspirations by overlaying them with (albeit occasionally wickedly funny) lyrical gibberish posing as profound satire. And this long playing medley of sessions and singles — complete with anecdotes and interruptions from various radio hosts — does little to convince me either way.

'Volume etc.' is a reminder that The Monochrome Set's lackadaisical cream-teas-at-high-noon drollery just didn't work within the shifting units ethics of a major label. There's no comparison between the exuberance of such seminal post-punk pop gems as 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauens', 'Lester Leaps In' and 'Alphavillle' and the lacklustre gleam of their mid-period 'Love Zombies' and 'The Man With The Black Moustache'. From being a Rough Trade band that sparked off a spate of more successful imitators (Orange Juice and The Farmers' Boys being the first to come to mind), The Monochrome Set's decline into drab self-parody is clearly illustrated in their DinDisc/Virgin recordings.

Now back within the independent embrace of Cherry Red (for whom they will shortly be completing a fourth album). 'Volume...' shows that, if nothing else, the eccentric Setters have at least retained their taste for painful irony. The first spoken words come from Sarah of Capital Radio as she introduces: "A track from The Monochrome Set's debut album, 'Strange Boutique'. It'll be interesting to see how it fares in the charts." That particular record, as with all subsequent recordings, did rather less than nudge the top hundred with a bullet.

Amrik Rai

Business as usual for Rod. Pic Chris Walter

'NEANDERTHAL' ROD

ROD STEWART

Body Wishes (*Warners*)

1983, AND a new Rod Stewart album to be followed by his biggest ever world tour. Why does he remain so popular? Why do the paparazzi and gossip-hounds so assiduously log his abjectly boring life? Fame has its own momentum, but you would have thought the rags to riches to ridicule story of our lovable Jack The Lad had exhausted its potential years ago.

It just goes to show how dumbly loyal the public can be, but in my book five-million Rod fans can't be right.

Co-producer Tom Dowd "came in on the project at the last minute and saved it from going down the toilet," admits Rod revealingly in the sleeve credits, and certainly the veteran knob-twiddler has spruced up what sound like very lacklustre sessions into something approaching contender material. There's a style to suit every mainstream taste, but the dominant mood is the rock/soul/disco synthesis currently bestriding the charts in the shape of Michael Jackson's 'Thriller'.

First off is 'Dancin' Alone', a routine raunch *a la* 'Hot Legs', that is so chock-full of Stones clichés you might even call it a tribute. It's one of those songs that reiterate the preposterous myth of our favourite scruff adrift in the plush world of Lear jets and mansions with nothing but his rebel soul to protect him. This poor boy pose continues on the new single 'Baby Jane', where Rod is losing the love of the lady in question and so tries a little emotional blackmail: *"Now you're movin' in high society/ Don't forget I know secrets about you."* It's a metallic disco ballad not a million miles from Michael's 'Billie Jean'. Even the titles are similar.

Rod's attitude to women, it must be said, is neanderthal. In 'Move Me' he demands conjugal rights from his recalcitrant mate with the bleating justification *"I work hard in the factory/ To keep you in the luxury."* Most priceless of all is 'Satisfied' where he generalises his own piggishness into a plea to all womanhood: *"Tell him you really need him/ Tell him you're always there/ Tell him you'll never leave him/ He'll be satisfied."*

Ladies, I'm sure you're grateful for that advice, the importance of which is emphasised by a full-blown delivery, bloated with swelling strings and heavenly trumpets. A solid-gold turkey.

Weirder still is 'Ghetto Blaster'. I was wondering what Rod knows about ghettoes until I remembered he lives in Beverley Hills, and it's from that vantage point that he pronounces upon the world's ills. It's well-intentioned, I'm sure, but it still comes across as facile and ultimately self-serving as 'Ebony And Ivory'.

The LP's title track 'Body Wishes' shakes a forlorn tail-feather — not a patch on the gloriously narcissistic bump'n'grind of 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?' — and 'Sweet Surrender' is an innocuous Eagle-ish country-tinged shuffle. The rest is filler.

Those familiar vocal mannerisms still sound in good shape, but whilst for some his voice is the last word in soulfulness, it hasn't moved *me* since 'Every Picture Tells A Story'.

PS. The inner sleeve depicts Rod in full tartan regalia sitting mournfully on a rocky shore. Business as usual.

Mat Snow

HALLOWEEN

FROM PAGE 22

Wallace makes a grab for your **hearts and** minds as well as your **gut.**

The plot is fast, tight and **self-referential**: it closes with a **nihilistic** reprise of its opening (itself a bit of homage to *Invasion Of The Body Snatchers*). But it holds no heroes, just a fine performance from *Fog* vet Tom Atkins as a doc roused from '80s disaffection by nubile Stacey Nelkin — whose father is bizarrely slain after lurching into frame one clutching a Jack O'Lantern mask.

The couple backtrack Dad (a toy merchant) to an isolated town dependent on the single industry of Silver Shamrock Halloween masks. This thoroughly policed hamlet houses a supposedly benign benefactor (Dan O'Herlihy), the man behind a ghoulish TV promo jingle in which a child's face dons an SS — geddit? — brand mask, then spins into a skull. This TV spot is serving as the lead-up to a 9 pm tune-in Halloween eve, when all across the States kids will don their masks for 'The Big Giveaway'. *I* won't give away what's set to blow, but O'Herlihy chuckles "This is a great joke — on the *children*" as he coldly appropriates their future.

If this rings metaphorical bells, you're hearing right; *Halloween III* is mucho 'modern'. Taut and sophisticated, its plot suggests that the bonds people form from survival instincts honour and safeguard their essential humanity in a way the outmoded nuclear family no longer can. But its major concern is the question of whether or not man can still vindicate that humanity by fighting back at forces which already control so much of his life that they can destroy his chance of *any future.*

A lot of this film's humour and references are re-visions of ideas from other horror faves; references to *Halloween* itself are both broad (a clip) and subtle (the it-which-will-not-die scene recurs). But *Halloween III* is original on its own terms. It even embodies its own critique of the *Driller Killer* school, both explicitly and implicitly (critical relaxation about home viewing is the sin on which the Shamrock scheme hinges). And that moral universe into which it takes you — particularly in an apocalyptic climax — is more similar to our present one than you could imagine without seeing it. This is no trash; it's a genuinely subversive *find.*

Cynthia Rose

Next week in *SILVER SCREEN*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

ONE FROM THE HEART: Francis Ford Coppola's first major feature since *Apocalypse Now* eventually arrives in Britain, a year and a half after its American release. Starring Frederic Forrest, Teri Garr and Nastassia Kinski, and featuring a soundtrack by Tom Waits, it received the biggest critical panning since *Heaven's Gate* in America. Richard Cook thinks it's a masterpiece. See why — in glorious Nostalgicolour — next week.

THE MEANING OF LIFE: The new Monty Python opus is upon us, garlanded with plaudits from the Cannes Film Festival. "Revolting", "nauseating", "obscene" and "brilliant" are just a few of the phrases which spring to Andy Gill's mind as he grapples with the really *big* questions. See why — in glorious carrot-and-tomato-skin colour — next week.

ALSO: Find out what happens when Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee and Vincent Price find themselves locked in *The House Of Long Shadows.*

PLUS: Reviews of Robert Bresson's *L'Argent* and Allen Fong's *Father And Son.*

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LET THE MOTOWN HITS ROLL . . .

Stevie Wonder

Marvin Gaye (1964)

The Supremes (1965)

VARIOUS ARTISTS

The Original Motor Town Revue *(Tamla Motown)*

THE SUPREMES

More Hits *(Tamla Motown)*

THE MOTOWN genius machine was created in and fuelled by the recording studio where the elements themselves seemed to be summoned up around a glorious citadel of sound. The resulting noise was a soaring exuberant pop music nurtured through every stage in the production line until it burst into full, proud, flowering magnificence.

Outside the studio the same care could not be lavished and the sound could not reach those breathtaking heights. In a Motown Revue, however, there was ample compensation with a super showbiz style performance — Las Vegas with its flabby heart ripped out and replaced with youthful spirit and hunger. A rapid succession of names and faces flashed past the audience with a display that generated the same anticipation and excitement as the records.

The 'Original Motor Town Revue' features The Temptations, Kim Weston, The Marvelettes, (Little) Stevie Wonder, Marvin Gaye and The Miracles in edited highlights from a few of the revues. The songs and the singing are generally fine — a little more ragged than on disc but nothing too drastic — but it's poorly recorded and the backing track is often little more than a dull thud that seems to be coming from the parking lot outside. Perhaps suitably accompanied by some old film it wouldn't sound so bad but as it is it hardly preserves sweet memories.

If the live record is genius without the spark then the Supremes album puts everything in place, fires it up and lets it loose — it is the girls' sweet, frothy vocals wrapped in a lustrous bouquet and showered with cascades and thunderbolts — it is the genius machine at full throttle. 'More Hits' is The Supremes in mid halcyon period when the rough edge of their early recordings had been smoothed out, before they blanded out on the white schmaltzy standard circuit (Las Vegas with its flabby heart replanted...)

Everything about this record from the marvellous kitschy pictures on the back cover ("First taste of fish and chips in London, England") through to a shimmering collection of custom made Holland Dozier and Holland songs shines like a pure erotic sheen.

Has there ever been a more innocent, more brazen betrothal than when sweet young Diana Ross comes gliding through the haze to sing *"I'd rather have one minute of his time/ Than all the gold in the Fort Knox mine..."*? Doesn't your heart just melt when the opening glistening glissando strings of 'Ask Any Girl' sweep you off your feet? Isn't this the sort of tonic you could do with?

Gavin Martin

MODERN ROMANCE

Trick Of The Light *(WEA)*

A YEAR ago, Modern Romance were almost ideally suited to compete in the most Ethnically OK Latin Band stakes. Almost because despite their Central American chart success, their paeans to dancing and elks, and their obvious ease with salsa, they still had Geoffrey Deane. Deane not only looked like a travelling salesman, he sang with a nasal twang so pronounced it went "T.W.A.N.G." I didn't mind (you can forgive a lot of the man who rapped, *"I'm mean, I'm clean, I'm Geoffrey Deane"*), but Deane lacked the I-coulda-been-a-method-actor look of his contemporaries.

Deane's successor, Michael J. Mullins, admittedly looks like the porky blonde in any one of a thousand Bucks Fizzes, but he has a vocal talent all his own. Yes, he does; he can do different voices. The man is a positive Mike Yarwood at times. He affects a lovely Perry Como on 'Cherry Pink And Apple Blossom White', an agreeably naff '40s pastiche on 'Don't Stop That Crazy Rhythm', and he is in his *element* when it comes to fake soul ballads.

It's easy to fault this album...most of the tunes are highly derivative, the lyrics follow paths so well-worn they've got slippers on their feet, and Mr. Mullins' attempts at rapping are hindered by his apparent desire to declaim in waltz time. As a new and valid contribution to '80's music, it's a pile of used pocket handkerchiefs. That said, they seemed to have had fun making it.

Anyhow don't buy it (he said, climbing up from between two stools) — you'll be hearing enough of the latest single to drive you doolally — but get it out of your local hip record library. It's probably fab to annoy hippies with.

David Quantick

NOT TONIGHT NICO!

NICO

Drama Of Exile *(Aura)*

SAVE THE Nico! This pale creature (Latin: Doomus, gloomus, lugurbrious ad-bloody-nauseum) was last spotted in the rather unlikely setting of the concrete jungles of Hulme, Manchester, and, on the evidence of this latest wildlife recording captured by our man in the green wellingtons and deerstalker, is even more gloomy and self-absorbed (ie boring) than ever.

Having missed out on most of Nico's solo career to date, my only real knowledge of her work is that she was responsible for the tedious, teutonic interpolations on the early Velvet Underground records. The really lousy bits in between the pretentious and silly but bearable bits in between the really great bits where Lou Reed took the wheel and roared off into rock and roll history riding the most nauseatingly persistent and devious backbeat heard till then.

Away from the Underground, Nico would seem to have attempted to pursue a viable career selling these same boring offcuts as full blown collections! This latest, offered for our consideration, contains seven self-penned dirgettes entitled 'Genghis Khan', 'Purple Lips', 'One More Chance', 'Henry Hudson', 'Sixty Forty', 'The Sphinx' and 'Only Flight'. I honestly can't fathom what most of them are about and lack the patience and a wide enough masochistic streak to listen one more time.

Also included for our listening delight are Nico's version of the VU's 'Waiting For The Man' and David Bowie's 'Heroes'. May I be allowed one more twist of the knife, pop pickers, by wishing fervently that she had left both songs well alone?

On the positive side, the guitars sound real nasty and I'm off out for a few beers and a belly laugh or two later this evening. Some of you may prefer the prospect of lying in a coffin in a darkened room straining to read a slim volume of French verse, and while I respect your right to pursue such diversions, like this record, it ain't MY bag.

Ray Lowry

POMP WITHOUT FRONTIERS

PETER GABRIEL

Plays Live *(Charisma)*

ALONG WITH David Bowie and Brian Eno, Peter Gabriel is one of those curiously *English* rock figures who, armed with pith-helmet and tape-recorder, have gone forth and explored, dabbled in and collected a variety of musical exotica.

Paradoxically, Peter Gabriel seems both *most* committed to bringing these musics to a Western audience — remember WOMAD? — yet of the three he is *least* able to use them well in his own stuff.

The reason for this is the ponderous rigidity of his style, as four sides of the new live album tediously reveals Gabriel appeals to the sort of audience which feels that pop must be validated by some 'intellectual' content in order to justify enjoying it.

They love his old band Genesis for the same reason, and though Gabriel has shed a lot of pompous bullshit, he still sounds overweeningly self-important. This fault is shared with that tiresome old bore Pete Townshend, whose thinking rocker's whines are diluted these days in a similar kind of vinyl *ordinaire*.

Gabriel's persona is still suffused with a theatrical mysticism. Like Ariel or Puck, he's fabulously other-worldly, and habitually descends from the heavens to lead you on a journey into the recesses of the mind or the outer limits of gnomic wisdom. Even his name — half saint, half archangel — enhances that pseudo-magical *schtick*.

His dramatic role-playing manifests itself in corny internal monologues; the psycho ('Intruder'), the assassin ('Family Snapshot'), the Red Indian ('San Jacinto'). The last-named, boasts a facile, dreary sense of mystery which was the stock-in-trade of so many British post-hippy mega-bands. Similarly blighted are The Rhythm Of The Heat' and 'The Family And The Fishing Net'. His god-like omniscience turns to moralising angst in 'D.I.Y.' and 'Not One Of Us'.

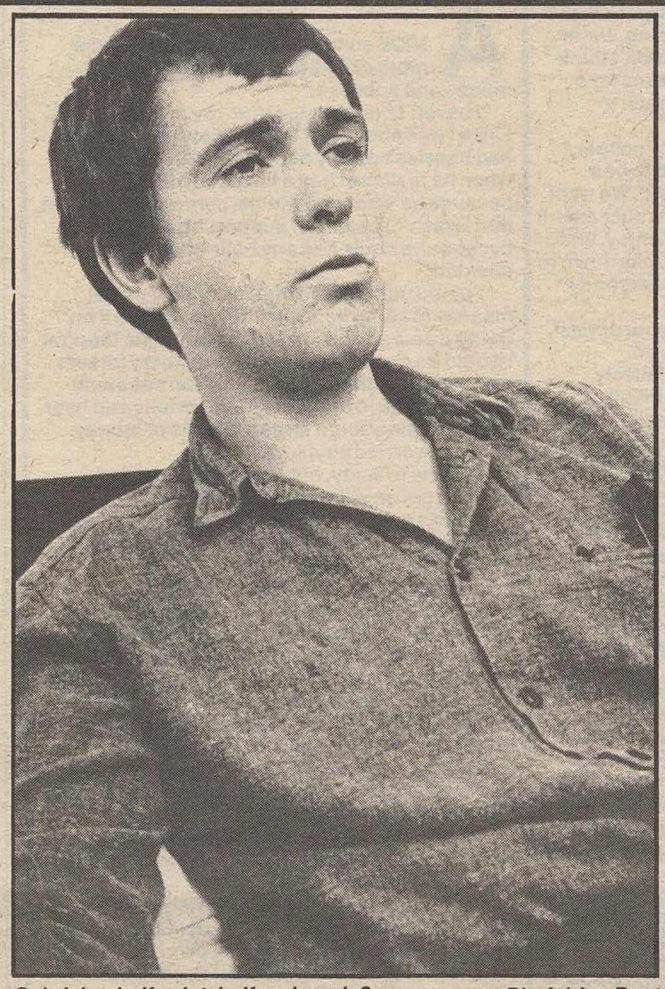
The texture and feel of these songs hardly varies. Melodically they resemble second-rate national anthems, and the pomp and circumstance are exacerbated by the persistent presence of synthetic string sounds discreetly heaving with emotion. Most monotonous of all is his voice, always urgently impassioned, yearning to express the inexpressible.

When Gabriel tries to introduce a novel, eclectic element into the proceedings, it's swiftly crushed by his routine stem-rolling style. A pity — the shimmering African poly-rhythms of 'I Have The Touch' and the Steve Reichian intro 'San Jacinto', are pretty good as far as they go, which is not long.

Two redeeming features: 'Solsbury Hill' and 'Biko'. I find the first touching, even uplifting, and the second is great, by far Gabriel's best song. It's as if he's finally got something worthwhile to inspire him — the murder of Steve Biko by South African security services in 1977. For once the epic sweep of the music serves its purpose, and *"You can blow out a candle/But you cant't blow out a fire"* is as stirring a message as any in pop.

'Biko' towers above everything else here, a giant amongst dwarves.

Mat Snow



Gabriel — half saint, half archangle? *Pic Adrian Boot*

NIKKI SUDDEN

The Bible Belt *(Flicknife)*

A SUNNY day in the city; warm stone turning white in the glare; and everywhere the hip young jiving things are taking off their little peaked caps and walking over to the record player. What shall it be, they think, some blistering New York funk? Some Gary Glitter? No, they decide, time for our new Nikki Sudden albums. The perfect record for this urban warmth.

Sudden, as we all know, used to sing and write bop classics in Swell Maps. Songs like 'Dresden Style', with fab riffs and gear words; The Buzzcocks rehearsing in that garage The Clash never quite got back into. When the Maps went defunct (on haircut grounds), life was never quite the same. Now Nikki Sudden has a new band, called The Bible Belt, like the new album. He writes song titles like 'Six Hip Princes', 'Bethlehem Castle (Suicide Scarves)' and looks like a cross between Patrick Troughton as 1966 Dr Who and Johnny Thunders as a well man.

The real best bit of 'Bible Belt' is that Sudden can write very good songs; simple melodies, atmospheric and memorable. Not only that, they are put to arrangements for decidedly basic acoustic and electric guitars, piano and bass. Not for young (well, youngish) Nikki the bored Linn-drums of today's jolly pop stars, not for him the Habitat sound of New Order; this record is pure 1983 garage band. Melodic like everyone said they wanted to be last year, ironic like everyone's scared to be this year, and individualistic like everyone's going to be next year ('Oh, yeah, it was the ***record company*** said we should do fake Motown songs').

Other best bits; an opening instrumental called 'Gold Painted Nails (A Few Scarves And A Satin Jacket)' that lives up to its name; the voice of a woman seemingly named Lizard.

Who says they don't make records like this any more?

David Quantick

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WHAM!

FROM PAGE 6

secondary in many ways. Although he won't insult his or Andy's intelligence by writing clichéd disco lines.

THIS APPROACH, however, surely disguises anything George or Andy might want to comment on, their true intentions. 'Bad Boys' for instance could leave the listener in doubt.

"But then half those macho blokes," argues George, "would think they're one of us, but the other half you're being a lot stronger with them. You're saying, we're not just criticising, we're taking the piss, so it balances out. I don't think we're disguising things, I think it makes for a funnier record. We don't want to preach to anyone."

"We've tried to stress it to so many people," Andy interrupts, "that we don't want to be a UB40 or that kind of, eh, left field band. We want to make pop records; we want to be a successful band and make records that people enjoy, and not essentially for the lyric. What it boils down to is popular tunes are the tunes that everybody finds easy to hum along to."

But lyrics still play a large part in your appeal.

"Exactly," Andy agrees, "but they're secondary to the melodies. We're relatively intelligent people, so it would be an insult to ourselves to write shitty lyrics. We want to write a lyric that's interesting to us *and* amusing. We could try and write heavy political lyrics, but we wouldn't get any enjoyment out of it. What it boils down to is the main thing Yog and I have in common: our sense of humour. That's what interests us and that's what goes down on record."

The next single, 'Tropicana' follows a similar method. Using the press hysteria to the Beat Route last summer, it inflates the myth of a perfect club.

"I don't think anyone is gong to see it," George remarks, "because I don't think it means anything to anyone but us. It was written about the Beat Route and at the time the press were making so many things out of clubs, as though a club was suddenly a paradise when it's just another way of spending an evening, probably the best way of spending an evening, but it's not *that* brilliant.

"So I thought I'd make one about the Beat Route and that is what that line about *'rub shoulders with the stars'* was all about. Everyone was saying you can go to the Beat Route and see Spandau! Steve Strange! So we made out that you could get a suntan there, there was a beach there and your drinks were free. *Everything* was in this club."

With the release of 'Tropicana', Wham will also be undertaking a new skin. For a start Dee and Shirley will be absent.

"I think that 'Bad Boys' is definitely the last thing that they'll go on *Top Of The Pops* and do because one, they've got other things that they want to do, and two, because people have got to see us as less of a dance troupe and more as a band. I think it matters."

Why? A dance troupe is far more interesting than a band these days.

"Because," George explains, "we're being seen by so many people on a visual level. We're like a very young version of Bucks Fizz. Two blokes and two girls who worked well visually, only we had the credibility that we were club dancing and we were very young. So that was different. When we did 'Young Guns' everybody said it was so different and that's why the record sold so quickly afterwards. But when you do something so different it gets boring twice as quickly."

FROM THE outset it was always Wham's ambition to present themselves in a different light to others. In a lot of areas they've succeeded, in some they've failed. Simple matters like all three singles being present and correct on the LP grate somewhat. Both were against the idea, they claim, but opinion shifted their objections.

"So many people said it," George says. "People who had no interest in telling us that we've got such a large kids audience and they really want to hear the whole catalogue. I would feel guilty about it, only I think there's much more quality on the album."

And similarly, their video for 'Bad Boys'. Isn't it a bit Michael Jackson circa 'Beat It', boys?

Not intentional, they claim. Various mistakes by the video people ensured that their idea to parody *West Side Story* ended up as a straight Jackson copy. It won't happen again. Promise.

What will happen, however, is that later on in the year Wham will undertake their debut tour. They speak with enthusiasm of their ideas to have a 15-piece accompany them, how a DJ (current hot tip Capital's busy Gary Crowley) will open the show with an hour of disco, and then, after the group have played, keep spinning so the show becomes more of a disco event, and how unseen Wham videos will be shown throughout the evening.

"We've got to be cautious," says George, "to the extent that we've never done it before. So you can't be arrogant about what you're going to do on tour before you get out there. But if it goes the way we plan, and everything else has so far, then it will be great."

Also on the horizon is a solo offering from George Michael which will be released later this year. It's a song that has been written years (and talked about in these very pages eight months ago), a soul ballad that wouldn't suit Wham in their present format.

"It's probably going to be bigger," asserts George, "than anything we've done before. The thing is, I just love the idea of being able to keep the identity of the band consistent singles wise. We've already got plans for the single that comes out next year as the first 1984 Wham single, and it will be a really stark contrast to my single; apart from which — I don't want to sound calculating — but if we had released this song at the end of the year as Wham, you can lose your audience when you don't need to. You can turn them off the records you do afterwards by changing direction totally."

A NICE sunny day in London. We order more drinks and talk about parents, money and success.

"I haven't had hassles from my mum for years, since I was about 14," admits George. "But I've had hassles with my dad, and it only stopped when he realised I had a financial future, because he's a very financial person. He thought that I wasn't capable of supporting myself because he never had any belief that I was talented.

"I could understand that because he's not musical at all, so he's got nothing to base it on. Being a parent, and fearing the worst, he thought I would be one of the thousands who try forever and never get anything. Now he can see some result, see me in the papers and on telly and hear people talking about large amounts of money. He's not worried anymore."

He turns to Andy, his closest friend. "You seem to get on worse now, don't you."

"Yeah, I get on well with my mum...I don't get to see much of them actually. It's not so much my parents; I don't like home."

Is money important to you, George?

"It's not at all, actually. I was talking to someone about our deal, we've got a terrible one, and I was saying I could get really stubborn with the record company over finance. I'm doing it because I hate the idea of the record company ripping us off, but I don't really give a shit about the money. As long as I'm comfortable.

"Like Andrew enjoys luxury a lot more than I do. It matters to him that the places we stay in, he notices all the trimmings."

"I think," says Andy aghast, "I ought to enlarge on this otherwise people might get the wrong impression."

"I don't think so," says George laughing. "I think that's fairly accurate. You do. Come off it! You're really excited about a lot of money."

"There's certain things, but it depends on what you call a lot of money. I want to be comfortable, I want to do the things I want to do and half of those things take a lot of money."

"Oh yeah, but it does excite you a lot more."

"But only because it allows me to expand that much more."

"But look at your car, Andy! Look at the car. Listen to this. Tell him what you're going to have done to your car. Have you got the guts?" taunts George with a smile.

"Actually I had one of the wheels sprayed gold," Andy says a little ashamedly, "and it doesn't look too good... I was going to have the wheels sprayed gold and have AJR monogramed on one side."

"You see what I mean? That is fairly indicative of Andrew."

Andrew protests. "It only applies to cars because I have an absolute fascination for cars. I don't understand them, but I love cars. One of the things I'd like to do is try my hand at motor racing because I love speed. I love that sort of thing. But I'm not an avaricious person, incredibly ambitious or incredibly greedy, I just want to be able to do some of the things I want to do."

"I think you'll eventually be a lot more extravagant than me," muses George. "You'll probably have a much nicer house where I probably won't have the time to find one."

"He's right in saying that I will enjoy the money aspect more. I'll probably utilise it a lot more than he will."

"But the point is," says George, "you've spent the money on that car. You've got no money now; you're skint. You've got an overdraft. He's got an overdraft. You've got your car, but to me it wouldn't be worth the hassle of having an overdraft."

"But I also know that my overdraft is so minimal that it doesn't matter. I'm not the sort of person to get into a bad financial position, and I don't regret getting my car because I'm so happy with it. It's not a large overdraft by anyone's standards."

He looks sheepishly at George. How much is the overdraft, Andy? He looks over with a grin.

"It's only a few hundred quid."

And both George Michael and Andrew Ridgley start laughing. A sense of humour. A common bond that has moulded their friendship and produced an exciting vigorous band with music to boot.

WHAM ARE a bright, colourful splash of arrogance, an enormous sound that reflects perfectly the garishness, sweat and excitement of disco.

They've tried to capture the essence of youth and come as close as you can get and they've grown up considerably in the process.

"I think it's brilliant," says Andy of Wham, and he might just have a point.

Meanwhile, a kitchen door is closing softly in Watford.

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Friday 22nd July — CLUB NIGHT EVERY FRIDAY & SATURDAY 9 till 3

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 16th June £1.00
BARNEY'S 50's DISCO
Friday 17th June £1.50
THE ESCALATORS + Fear
Saturday 18th June £1.50
SAD AMONG STRANGERS + It's A Tightrope
Sunday 19th June £1.50
INFACTION + Bone Structure
Monday 20th June £1.00
RHYTHMIC ITCH + Farenji Warriors
Tuesday 21st June 50p
IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY
Wednesday 22nd June £1.50
KISSED AIR + Nervous Days
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00

MANOR PARK PAVILION
Malden Road, Nr. A3, New Malden, Malden Roundabout.
01-399 6553

Friday 17th June 8.00pm
THE SOUND
+ The Trudy £2.00

Thursday 23rd June 8.00pm
RECRUITS
+ Second Sight £2.00
A.K. Charity Promotions

The BRAVE Moons
HAVELOCK SQUARE, SWINDON Tel: 31384
Friday 1st July 9pm–1am
ORANGE JUICE
Supported by
THE SCREAMING NOBODIES
Plus D.J. SANDY MARTIN
Admission £3.00 Pay on Door

SOME BIZZARE *in association with* FINAL SOLUTION *presents*
SOFT CELL

BLACKPOOL (The Pavillion Theatre)
Tuesday, 5th July 1983
Doors open 7.30pm Tickets £5.00, £4.50 and £4.00

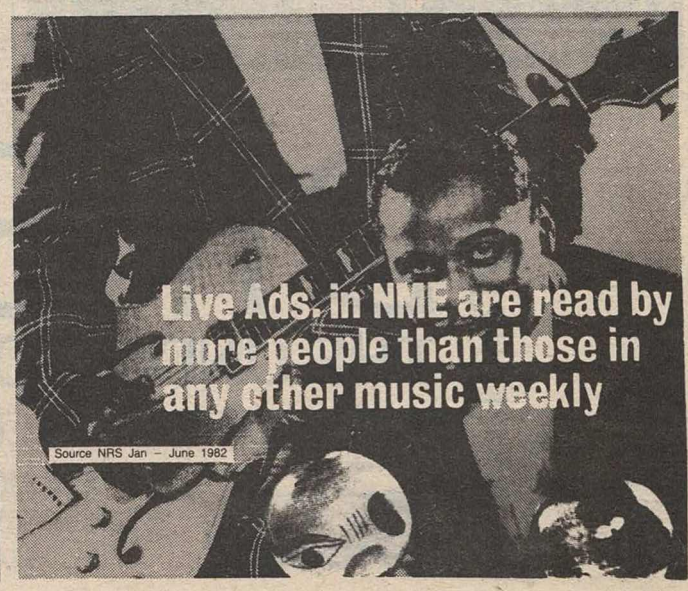
GLASGOW (The Locarno, Tiffanys)
Sunday, 10th July, 1983
Doors open 7.30pm Tickets £3.50

EDINBURGH (Coasters)
Monday, 11th July 1983
Doors open 7.00pm Tickets £3.50

Tickets available from Box Office and Local Outlets

FAC 51
THE HAÇIENDA

Thursday 16th June
FUNBOY THREE
Friday 17th June
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS
Wednesday 22nd June
CURTIS MAYFIELD
Thursday 23rd June
SET THE TONE
Friday 24th June
SOUL APPRECIATION SOCIETY'S NORTHERN SOUL NIGHT
Open 9.00–3a.m.
Wednesday 29th June
A CERTAIN RATIO
+ Quando Quango
Friday 1st July
MATT FRETTON
+ The Porch Party
Coming Soon In July
THE SMITHS CENTRAL LINE
DEFUNKT HOWARD DEVOTO
N.B. members door prices back to 82'
Members Free Monday-Thursday
11-13 WHITWORTH ST., WEST, MANCHESTER
061-236 5051



LIVE ADS (01-261 6153)

U.B.U. ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
at BRADFORD UNIVERSITY
Saturday 18th June
MARI WILSON & THE WILSATIONS
+ guests
In Great Hall
Tickets £3.50 Adv £4.00 Door

Thursday 23rd June
THE BOOMTOWN RATS
+ Guests
Great Hall
Bar Till Midnight
Tickets £3.00 Adv £3.50 Door

Tickets for the above events are available from Bostocks Records (BFD) Union Shop on campus or by post.
ENQ (BFD) 734135.
Open to the public. No Dress Restrictions.

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS
Curtis Mayfield
FRI/SAT 24/25 JUNE 7.30
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE / HIGH ST. KEN
+ SUPPORT

TICKETS £5.00 FROM: ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (229 7403/602 3083/603 4535 Ex228) / LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371) / PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240 2245) / KEITH PROWSE (630 2184) / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / RYTHMN RECORDS / DUB VENDOR

Derek Block presents
JOBOXERS COMING ON
THE PHOENIX THEATRE
CHARING CROSS ROAD, WC2
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
Saturday 25th June 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3.75
Available in advance from APOLLO VICTORIA Box Office (01.834.6177), London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office, Keith Prowse and usual agents, or by post from Phoenix Theatre

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MONSTERS OF ROCK
DONINGTON PARK
SATURDAY 20th AUGUST
Tickets are now available from the following outlets :-

ABERDEEN: Other Record Shop
BEWDLEY: Greyhound Records
BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall
BRADFORD: Bostocks Records
BRIGHTON: Subway Records
BRISTOL: Virgin Records
BURTON: R. E. Cords
CARDIFF: Spillers Records
CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
COVENTRY: Apollo Theatre B/O
DERBY: R. E. Cords
EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre B/O
GLASGOW: Apollo Theatre
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre
GOOLE: Peter Hall Music Shop
HULL: Gough & Davy
IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre
LANCASTER: Ear 'ere Records
LEEDS: Barkers Records
LINCOLN: The Box Office
LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records.
MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Records Agency
MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
MIDDLESBROUGH: Hamiltons
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall
NOTTINGHAM: Select a Disc
OXFORD: Apollo Theatre B/O
PETERBOROUGH: Wirrina Stadium
PLYMOUTH: Virgin Records
POOLE: Setchfields
PORT TALBOT: Derricks Records
PRESTON: Guild Hall B/O
READING: Lazer Recordscords
SHEFFIELD: Virgin Records
SOUTHAMPTON: Virgin Records
SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disk
SWANSEA: Derrick's Records
SWINDON: Kempster & Sons c Shop
WAKEFIELD: Record Bar
WOLVERHAMPTON: Gould's T.V.
YORK: Sound Effects

LONDON TICKET AGENCIES
Albemarle Booking Agency Limited
London Theatre Bookings
Premier Box Office
Keith Prowse Limited

SHOW TICKETS AND TRAVEL TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE FOLLOWING OUTLETS

Concert Travel Club	02372 6219
Cavendish Travel	0532 441919
Concert Security Services, Dudley	901 211886/59191
Holiday Travel, Bridlington	0262 77557
Lincolnshire Road Car Co.	0522 22255
La Monde Travel Somerset	0749 74205
Midland Red, Leicester	0533 28156
National Travel, London	01 698 4646
Piccadilly Records Manchester	061 236 2555
Rimes Coaches of Swindon	0793 24941
Randles of Coalville	0530 32433/4
Peter Sheffield Coaches	0472 57371
South Wales Transport	0792 551166
Smiths Coaches Reading	0734 51241
TLCA Liverpool	051 709 4321
Trent Motor Traction	0332 43201
Thames Valley Omnibus	042 837 5757
United Counties Northampton	0604 35661
Way Ahead Publishing Derby	0332 361371

Tickets from agents £10.50 subject to booking fee.

Tickets are also available by post from :-
Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall. WS5 4QQ.
Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Wooltare Limited and S.A.E.
Tickets are £10.50 advance £12.00 on the day.
(People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance).

TICKET & TRAVEL DETAILS

THE CAVE
NEW MERLINS CAVE
MAGERY STREET., LONDON WC1

Thursday 16th June £1.00
ERA + Support
Friday 17th June £1.00
RED BEANS AND RICE
Saturday 18th June £1.00
SOLO SONS AND DANCE ETHIC
Sunday 19th June £1.00
DANCE HALL STYLE
Monday 20th June £1.00
HOLLYWOOD SEX + Support
Tuesday 21st June £1.00
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
Wednesdy 22nd June £1.00
BRAZILIAN JAZZ
Thursday 23rd June £1.00
CO. STARS

KINGS HEAD
4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Wednesday 15th June
BASILS BALLS UP BAND
Thursday 16th June
JOHNNY G
Friday 17th June
THE 45's
Saturday 18th June
RED BEANS & RICE
Sunday 19th June
SHAKE IT TO THE EAST
Monday 20th June
Club Nite
Tuesday 21st June
Phone For Details

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB
19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 16th June
MARCH VIOLETS
- + Living In Texas

Wednesday 22nd June
SET THE TONE

Friday 24th June
TIK AND TOK

LATE BAR 9-2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m-10.30p.m.

THE CASTLE CLUB
452 Finchley Road, London NW11
TEL: 01-455 3501

Thursday 16th June Adm £1.50
THE DUELISTS
features Mike Rossi, Ray McVay
Friday 17th June Adm £1.00
KIP'S PARTY NIGHT
Saturday 18th June Adm £1.50
THE WEST

---

the Rockgarden entertainment

Please note. Venue will be closed for filming until Wednesday, June 22.

Succinct urban blues with
GROUNDZero
Wed 22
An armaggedon of sound reminiscent of an hysterical Gary Numan

Thu 23 Liverpool pop circa 1983
Virgin dance
Ringing guitar, an express beat, and vocals which occasionally develop a Ferry like vibrato, are deftly applied to a set of engaging pop tunes.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8-00P.M. till about 2-00A.M. MON. THRU THURSDAY • 8-00P.M. till 3-00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7-30P.M. till 12 MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10P.M. & 11P.M. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins. LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE INFO ! THERE'S A BAR, COCKTAILS, RECORDS, VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • **restaurant:-** OPENS 12-00 MIDDAY till 2-00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3-30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTILL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT • WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.

01-240-3961

EUROPEANS
At **Le Beat Route**
17 Greek Street
London W1
On 20th June (9.30 pm)
£2.00 admission before 11 pm,
£3.00 after 11 pm.

This 6 x 1 advertisement on the **LIVE PAGE** costs only **£36** and will be seen by over **One Million people.** Ring **01-261 6153** for details.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
Outlaw in association with B.K.O. Productions present
CENTRAL LINE
+ support
TUESDAY 12th JULY 7.30pm
ALL TICKETS £3·50
FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

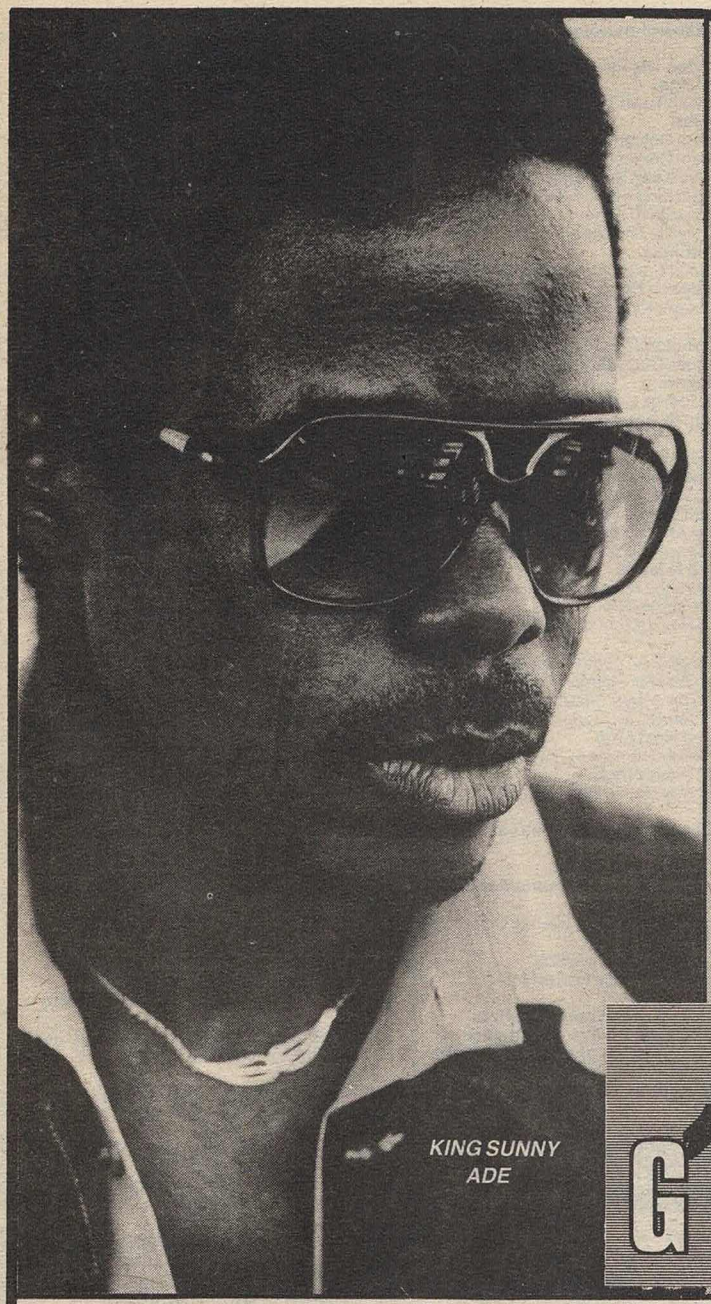
AT ROD'S SPECIAL REQUEST
EXCLUSIVELY FOR SCOTLAND
KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES LTD. AND HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS IN ASSOCIATION WITH THE DAILY RECORD AND RADIO CLYDE PRESENT
ROD STEWART
World Tour 1983

Rod's Invited Guest
GARY GLITTER
Special Guests
JOBOXERS
and Scotland's Own Passionate Friends
SATURDAY JUNE 18
IBROX STADIUM, GLASGOW
Show commences at 5pm. Doors open 3pm
Tickets £10 on the door, or £9.30 in advance (including booking fee) from
GLASGOW RANGERS F.C.
VIRGIN RECORDS — GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, NEWCASTLE, DURHAM
APOLLO, GLASGOW
H.M.V. GLASGOW
PLAYHOUSE AND USHER HALL, EDINBURGH.
ROCKPILE RECORDS AND GROUCHO RECORDS, DUNDEE
PINK PANTHER, CARLISLE
2001, AYR
GOLD RUSH, PERTH
ORBIT RECORDS, FALKIRK
NEW MARKET TAPES, ABERDEEN.

ASGARD PRESENTS
DIRE STRAITS
THE UNDERTONES • THE CHIEFTAINS • HOTFOOT
PUNCHESTOWN RACE COURSE, NAAS, SUNDAY 17 JULY 1983 DOORS at 1.00

TICKETS £10.50 FROM GOLDEN DISCS, DUBLIN, CORK & LIMERICK;
STAR RECORDS, GALWAY & SLIGO; HARRISON RECORDS, BELFAST;
STAR GREEN BOX OFFICE, LONDON (01-437 5282).

DUBLIN FESTIVAL No. 2



KING SUNNY ADE

Sunny spell in Somerset

THE OPEN-AIR season swings into top gear this week, and the first of the major festivals to make its presence felt looks like being one of the best of the lot. It's the GLASTONBURY CND event, staged at its usual Worthy Farm site (near Shepton Mallet in Somerset), and again boasting its famous 50-foot silver pyramid. Just a few of the big names involved are *Curtis Mayfield, Melanie, King Sunny Ade, Fun Boy Three, Dennis Brown, The Beat, UB40, Aswad, Marillion, The Beat, A Certain Ratio, Alexis Korner, Alexei Sayle, Incantation, Moving Hearts, The Chieftains, Hunters & Collectors* and *Black Roots.* (Friday to Sunday).

There's also the cabaret marquee featuring the likes of *The Flying Pickets* and *Attila The Stockbroker* — plus a cinema tent, workshops, fireworks and lavish entertainments for the kids (children are admitted free, and 7000 turned up last year). Also plenty of stalls, shops, refreshments and free camping. There's still time to purchase an advance weekend ticket for £12, but on the gate it will cost you £14.

STONEHENGE Free Festival is already in full swing and will continue throughout the month, though the main music stage is only operative for the period June 17-22, with the principal attractions concentrated into the last of those three days — that's when some of the Glastonbury artists will be coming over to swell the list of artists, though we can't name them in advance. They'll be joining up with the likes of *The Impossible Dreamers, Carol Grimes, Here & Now, Poison Girls, Urban Shakedown* and *Orchestre Jazira.*

The other major outdoor show of the week sees ROD STEWART returning to his native Scotland to appear at the Glasgow Rangers' football ground, Ibrox Park Stadium, on Saturday — when his special guests will be JoBOXERS and GARY GLITTER. Rod then moves south for two indoor concerts at Birmingham NEC on Tuesday and Wednesday, before reaching London the following weekend.

There are two other period events of note, both indoors. The first is the BELFAST FOLK FESTIVAL (Friday to Sunday), which has attracted *Tom Paxton, Roy Harper, Alexis Korner* and nearly 60 other acts. And the second is the latest season at London's ICA Theatre, this time a week of modern cabaret titled RADICAL BINGO, with such performers as *Seething Wells, The Nightingales, The Chevalier Brothers* and *Joolz* — that starts on Tuesday.

Several significant tours get under way, too. EURYTHMICS are on the road briefly, to try out the new line-up they've put together, and they're in action at Southend (Saturday), Gt. Yarmouth (Sunday), Scarborough (Tuesday) and Southport (Wednesday). Besides his Glastonbury spot, CURTIS MAYFIELD is doing the rounds at Nottingham and Hinckley (both on Friday), Braintree (Saturday), Glasgow (Tuesday) and Madnchester (Wednesday). And perennial favourite RICHIE HAVENS kicks off his latest UK outing at Liverpool (Thursday), Bradford (Friday), Hull (Saturday) and Newcastle (Sunday).

Then there's BIG COUNTRY, who've recently been making a considerable chart impact, and they kick off their first full-.scale tour at Leicester (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Reading (Monday), Bristol (Tuesday) and Cardiff (Wednesday). On top of that, THE HIGSONS and POISON GIRLS move out on to the circuit to join a number of top names already in mid-tour — including EDDY GRANT, BAUHAUS and THE BOOMTOWN RATS.

Finally, a bevy of special concerts in London. Hammersmith Odeon offers a feast of guitar wizardry on Saturday with JOHN McLAUGHLIN, AL DI MEOLA and PACO DE LUCIA, followed by a couple of AL JARREAU shows on Sunday and Monday. And the Marquee Club, still celebrating its 25th birthday, resurrects two near-legenday names from the past — JOHN MAYALL'S BLUESBREAKERS (Sunday to Tuesday) and THE YARDBIRDS (Wednesday) — both of which could produce some titillating surprises.

But better be prepared

FUN BOY THREE

nationwide GIG GUIDE

thursday 16th

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Aberdeen The Venue: **Set The Tone**
Aylesbury Friars: **Blancmange**
Bangor University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **Twist**
Bournemouth Third Side Club: **Un Deux Twang**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Art College Basement: **The Ghost Shirts/Bone Orchard**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Europeans**
Derby Lonsdale College: **The Higsons**
Feltham The Airman: **Tamarisk**
Glasgow The Venue: **Apes In Control/The Wee Cherubs**
Gloucester British Flag: **Social Disease**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Scarabus**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Schell Shock**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **On The Game**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Jelous**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Dangerous Age**
Hinckley Kairns: **The Peppermint Lounge**
Hull Dingwalls: **Kissing The Pink**
Hull Spiders: **Mumbo Jumbo**
Leeds Warehouse: **March Violets**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Richie Havens**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Glass Ties**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Willie Garnett Big Band**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **The Joeys (until Saturday)**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Trevor Watts Drum Orchestra**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Adicts/New Model Army/ Joolz**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Le Lu-Lu's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Piazza (open-air): **Anti-Social Workers/Skint Video/Claire Dowie**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Lee Konitz & Trio (until June 25)**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Explosives/Fusion**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eastern Alliance**
London Fulham King's Head: **Johnny G**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Springheel Jack**
London Harlesden The Mean Fiddler: **Shannakey/Doughie McClean**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Ivory Coasters**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Elaine Delmar/Brian Dee & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Mr. Clean**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Here & Now**
London Putney Half Moon: **Ian Stewart-John Picard Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Simms Dixie Kings**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bert DeKort (until Saturday)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand King's College: **Emotional Play**
London Victoria The Venue: **Moving Hearts**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Compulsion**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Fun Boy Three**
Manchester Library Theatre: **Nico/John Cooper Clarke**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Artex Wall**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Jah Warrior**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Nottingham (Radcliffe) The Chestnuts: **The Chimneys**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wrathchild**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Poole Arts Centre: **Eddy Grant**
Reading Target Club: **Larry Miller**
Redruth Parc Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Screaming Lord Sutch & The Savages**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Hunters And Collectors**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Bauhaus**
Southampton Guildhall: **Mezzoforte**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **The King Bees**
Telford Madeley Court: **Ion Age/Pagan Angel/Ocean Bridge/Southern Cross**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **East Side Torpedoes**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Clientelle**
Wokingham Angie's: **Twelfth Night**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**

friday 17th

Aberywtwyth University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Arbroath Smokies: **Set The Tone**
Bath Moles Club: **The Decorators**
Belfast Folk Festival (for three days): **De Danann/Tom Paxton/Alexis Korner/Roy Harper/Freddie White/Jake Thackray/Earl Okin/Hank Wangford Band/Ossian and many more**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **The Nightingales**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Clock-Limbo**
Birmingham Mermaid Hotel: **Xpertz**
Blackburn Regency Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Household Name**
Bradford University: **Richie Havens**
Brighton Conference Centre: **Eddy Grant**
Brighton Polytechnic: **Poison Girls/Akimbo/Benjamin Zephaniah/Tony Allen**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
Chelmsford Heroes: **Living In Texas**
Colchester Wood Sports Centre: **The Higsons**
Colne Francs: **The Batcave Tour**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Travelling Riverside Blues Band/Night Shade**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Europeans**
Durham St. Hilda's & St. Bede's College: **Dave Kelly Band**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Solid Air**
Glasgow Dial Inn: **Chasar**
Glastonbury CND Festival (until Sunday): ***See above for details***
Grimsby Pestle & Mortar: **Still Life**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Taxx**
Hanley The Place: **The Killjoys**
Hanley The Vine: **If All Else Fails**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Solstice**
Hereford Market Tavern: **BB Assignment**
Hull Dingwalls: **Roy Harper**
Leicester University: **Big Country**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Twelfth Night**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Stan Tracey Sextet**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Skint Video/Anti-Social Workers/Claire Dowie/Red Skins**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Pirates/The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Mama Lu Parks (until Sunday)**
London Elephant & Castle College of Printing: **The Newtown Neurotics/Bert Lynch**
London E.C.1 Empress of Russia: **Elton Dean & Friends**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hinkley's Heroes/Dick & The Firemen**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Dead Mans Shadow/Cut Out Shapes**
London Fulham King's head: **The 45's**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Supercombo**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Escalators/Fear**
London Harlesden The Mean Fiddler: **Tony Griffin/Blueberry Buckle**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Tony Capstick**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Dance Hall Style**
London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Danny & The NoGoodniks**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **The Enid/I.Q.**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Moonshine**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **District 6**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **The Guest Stars**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Steve Lane's Stompers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band**
London Stratford The Swan: **The Exocettes**
London Trafalgar-Square St. Martin's Centre: **Omega Tribe/Wet Paint Theatre Co/Lost Cherees**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Crown Of Thorns**
Lymington Youth Club: **The Press**
Maidenhead Riviera Club: **Larry Miller**
Maidstone Queen's Head: **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Hunters And Collectors**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Nico/Cuban Unit**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall and Hinckley Leisure Centre: **Curtis Mayfield**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzzam**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Plymouth White Horse: **Glass Ties (until Sunday)**
Reading Hexagon Theatre (8pm-6am): **Kenny Ball Band/G.B.Blues Co with Root Jackson/Monty Sunshine Band/Ken Colyer Band etc.**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Separate Energy**
Stafford College of Further Education: **From Eden**
Stonehenge Free Festival: ***See above for details***
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Mezzoforte**
Wavendon The Stables: **Terry Smith/Tony Lee Trio**
Wokingham Angie's: **The West**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**

saturday 18th

Birmingham Aston University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Mystic Revelation**
Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre: **Twist**
Blackburn Regency Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Packie Byrne & Bonnie Shaljean**
Bradford University: **Mari Wilson & The Wilsations**
Braintree The Barn: **Curtis Mayfield**
Brighton Alhambra: **The Press**
Brighton Zap Club: **Seconds Of Pleasure**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Chase The Fade/Mechanical Horsetrough**
Cardiff University: **Kissing The Pink**
Cheltenham M.E.B. Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **The Adicts**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Hey! Elastica**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Gene Loves Jezebel**
Cross Keys (Gwent) Institute: **Tredegar**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Bauhaus**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Lurkers**
Edinburgh Outer Limits: **Set The Tone**
Glasgow Apollo Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Glasgow Ibrox Park Stadium (open-air): **Rod Stewart/JoBoxers/Gary Glitter**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Phoenix**
Hanley The Place: **Metropolis**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Die Laughing**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Basement Daze**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **John Otway**
Hull City Hall: **Richie Havens**
Hull Dingwalls: **Darts**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Hectic Red**
Ipswich Odeon: **Eddy Grant**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Ace: **Poison Girls/Akimbo/Benjamin Zephaniah/Tony Allen**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dog Dog Dog**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Maggie Nicols/Contradictions**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Catford Saxon Tavern: **Seducer**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Orchestre Jazira**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Ricky Cool**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Jackie Leven/Jingo Huckster**
London Fulham King's Head: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Jo-Ann Kelly Band/Model Trains**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Rent Party/Louis Jordan O'neil/The Eno Sisters**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sad Among Strangers/It's A Tightrope**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **John McLaughlin/Al Di Meola/Paco De Lucia**
London Harlesden The Mean Fiddler: **Tricia & Country Tracts**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Cayenne**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Mill Hill St. Paul's Hall: **English Rogues**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London N.W.2 The Cricklewoods: **Skint Video/Anti-Social Workers/Claire Dowie/Red Skins**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight/Steve Lane's Stompers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Maddy Prior Band**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Tony McPhee & Sam Mitchell**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Frog Island Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Ian Ballantine & Kenny Shaw**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Stratford The Swan: **Primitive Speech**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Brian Patten/Mark Steel/Andy P./Ana & The Alisorts**
Manchester Polytechnic: **Big Country**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The Shapes**
Margate Winter Gardens: **Mezzoforte**
Milford Haven Torch Theatre: **George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Roy Harper**
Norwich Studio Theatre: **The Psychotics/Tropical Aliens**
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Europeans**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Jackie Lynton Band**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Gymslips**
Oxford St. Anthony's College: **The Higsons**
Portsmouth (Southsea) Rock Gardens: **Wyldefyre/Cougar**
Queensferry Deeside Bogarts Club: **Passion Polka**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Gymslips**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Monochrome Set**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **The Wake**
Siloth Sunsett Inn: **The Nerve**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Eurythmics**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Brian Carrick's Heritage Hall Stompers (lunchtime)/Peter Bellamy (evening)**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wokingham Angie's: **Ruthless Blues Band**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **Quadrant (lunchtime)/Bobby Wellins Quartet (8pm)/Macondo (11pm)**
York Derwent College: **Black Slate**
York University: **Hunters And Collectors**

sunday 19th

Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Kissing The Pink**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Colne Francs: **Circa**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Tangier**
Fetcham Riverside Club: **English Rogues**
Great Yarmouth Tiffany's: **Eurythmics**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Traitors Gait**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lincoln Theatre Royal: **Mezzoforte**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Big Country**
Liverpool Venue Club: **The Monochrome Set**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Danny Moss/Jim Mullen**
London battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm Boys (lunchtime)/Kevin Coyne with Pete Nu & Friends (evening)**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Will Killeen**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Brixton The Ace: **Ein Sturzende Neybauten**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/The Blueberries (evening)**

CONTINUES OVER

London Camden Musicians Collective: **Elephant**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Eddy Grant**
London Finchley Torrington: **Juice On The Loose**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Little Sister**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Springheel Jack/The Lucky Monkeys**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Snorkels**
London Greenwich The Mitre (lunchtime): **Force 8**
London Greenwich Well Hall Open Theatre (from 2 pm): **Jake Thackray/Joe Stead/Tundra/Don Shepherd/Johnny Coppin/Downes & Beer etc.**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Jazz Sviners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Infaction/Bone Structure**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Jarreau**
London Marquee Club: **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band (lunchtime)/Ken Barton Band (evening)**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Jazz Sluts**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre (3pm): **Bob Pegg & Friends**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/New Era Band (evening)**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Eddie Thompson**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Vin Garbutt**
London Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre: **Skint Video/Anti-Social Workers/Claire Dowie/Red Skins**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Bert DeKort/Ron Russell Quartet**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newcastle Theatre: **Richie Havens**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Nick Toczek/The Reporters**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Foggy**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **The Spinners**
Southampton Compton Arms: **The Press**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **Experimental Gardens**
Wokingham Angie's: **Larry Miller**
Worcester Swan Theatre: **Peanuts (lunchtime)/Chris Barber Band (evening)**

monday 20th

Birmingham Tower Ballroom: **The Higsons/Farmers Boys/Serious Drinking**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Exposure**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Section 29/Face To Face**
Bristol Granary: **Riot Squad/The Mau Mau's/Social Disease**
Durham University: **The Monochrome Set**
Hazel Grove Red Lion: **More Tea Vicar**
Hull Dingwalls: **Foeticide**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Leicester Horsefair: **Hunters And Collectors**
Liverpool State Rooms: **Set The Tone**
London Archway Earth Exchange: **Seconds Of Pleasure**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Paz**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Brothers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Blueberries**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Liaison**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Broadcast/Myra Movement**
London Fulham King's Head: **Space Showcase**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Fish 'n' Chip Paper**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Rhythmic Itch**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Al Jarreau**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Phil Miller In Cahoots**
London Marquee Club: **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Something Foreign**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **John Tank/Brian Spring Trio/Chris Biscoe Quintete**
London Putney Half Moon: **Dave Cousins & Brian Willoughby**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Malc Murphy's Stompers**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Reactors**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Kenny Ball Band**
London W.1 (Brewer St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Newcastle City Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Street Talk**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Big Country**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Bauhaus**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

tuesday 21st

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Blackburn Bayhorse New Inn: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Insane/The Aborted**
Bristol Locarno: **Big Country**
Colchester Affair Club: **Living In Texas**
Glasgow Henry Afrika's: **Curtis Mayfield**
Harrow Wealdstone Football Club: **The Shillelagh Sisters**

Hull Dingwalls: **The Diplomats/Whip Straw**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Mezzoforte**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Bauhaus**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **Seconds Of Pleasure**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **The Remarkable Family**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Nico**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Camden Musicians Co-Op: **Club Moral/Nurse With Wound/John Murphey/Coil/Etat Brut/Pure A.K.E. etc.**
London Camden The Palace: **The Greatest Show On Legs**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Game**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Virgin Dance/Boys Keep Swinging**
London Fulham King's Head: **Strange Names**
London Greenwich St Alban's Hall: **Pyewackett**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Hit The Bricks/Gothique**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Idiot Ballroom Beach Party**
London Hornsey's King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **S.F.X.**
London Marquee Club: **John Mayall's Bluesbreakers**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Remipeds**
London Oxford St 100 Club: **The Angelic Upstarts**
London Parsons Green Bubble Theatre: **Pookiesnackenburger/J.J. Waller**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Louis Armstrong Anniversary Concert**
London Ravenscourt Park Summer Theatre: **Bob Pegg & Friends**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **John Tank/Dave Suttle Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Jools/The Bouncing Czechs/Fatima The Fantastic/The Joeys/Seething Wells**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Stop**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Impossible Dreamers/Twelve Inch**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Nottingham Lyrics: **Fatal Charm**
Nottingham Rock City: **The Higsons/Serious Drinking/Farmers Boys**
Nottingham (West Bridgford) Avenue Club: **The Chimneys**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Tokyo Olympics**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Greywolfe**
Reading University: **The Boomtown Rats**
Scarborough Futurist Theatre: **Eurythmics**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Midnight Oil/China Night**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Set The Tone**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**

wednesday 22nd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **30 Footers**
Basingstoke Martine's: **The Higsons**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Rod Stewart**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Poison Girls/Akimbo/Benjamin Zephaniah/Tony Allen**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Exposure**
Dunstable The Wheatshead: **Gothique**
Hazel Grove Red Lion: **Curse**
Hull City Hall: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Ipswich Albion Mills: **Sandy Gort**
Leeds Brannigans: **Conflict/The Destructors/Icons Of Filth/Annie Anxiety**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Leeds Warehouse: **Set The Tone**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Bauhaus**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Dave Quincy Band**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **The Extraordinaires**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sugar Minott (subject to confirmation)**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Tex Axile & The Inland Revenue**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Ground Zero**
London Deptfortd Albany Empire: **Keith Allen/Ras Messengers/Missing Airmen/Mel & The Firemen/Rory McCloud/Bill Monks**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Twelfth Night/This Is**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **K.K. Khan/Dirty Work**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Kissed Air/Nervous Days**
London Highgate Jacksons Lane Community Centre: **Tony O'Leary**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Steve Waller Band**
London Kings Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Yo Yo Zip**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Leicester Square Batcave: **Red Terror & Green**
London Marquee Club: **The Yardbirds**
London N.1 Radmor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **One To One**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Digby Fairweather-Eggy Ley Quintet**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsedon Quartet**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Kenny Davern Trio**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Neapolitans**
London The Mall ICA Theatre: **Little Brother/3 Mustaphas 3/Tim Batt/The People Show/Seething Wells**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London Victoria The Venue: **Midnight Oil**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tamarisk/Chariot**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Curtis Mayfield**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Lazy Toad**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **Tredegar**
Nottingham The Asylum: **From Eden**
Oxford University Colege: **The Boomtown Rats**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **The Bollock Brothers/The Paranoids**
Southport Theatre: **Eurythmics**
South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
Swindon Solitaire: **The Chameleons**

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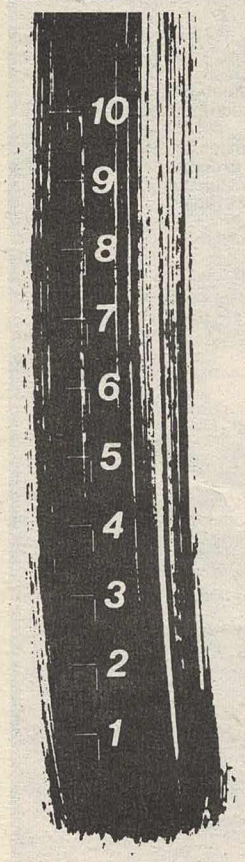

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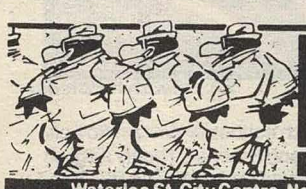

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TUE 21	PETER & THE TEST TUBE BABIES
THUR 23	REGGAE NIGHT TWELVE INCH
SAT 25	SPIDER
WED 29	POISON GIRLS BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH TONY ALLEN AKIMBO
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FRI 17	ROY HARPER
SAT 18	DARTS
MON 20	FOETICIDE
TUE 21	THE DIPLOMATS
WED 22	REGGAE NIGHT TWELVE INCH
THUR 23	RED GUITARS
WED 29	AZTEC CAMERA
THUR 30	XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

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MON 20	SECTION 29 FACE TO FACE
WED 22	POISON GIRLS BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH TONY ALLEN AKIMBO
THUR 23	MEZZOFORTE
FRI 24	NICK LOWE PAUL CARRACK

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FRI 17	PANZER
SAT 18	TERRY LIGHTFOOT AND HIS BAND
WED 22	THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS
THUR 23	MADISON BLUES BAND
WED 29	ROY HARPER
THUR 30	A.P.B.

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RUNAWAY!

LIVE

DEL

DEL SHANNON

Putney Half Moon

The space inside our souls where real dreams arise is created by a particular breed of gambler: the emotional, sexually aware, desperately honest human who risks it all because it amounts to so much. And, between the dreamless sleepers, the horror-film hordes of zombies galvanised by a fanatic desire to 'make it', and those getting paid to assure us things can't get worse, we're going down the tubes in this dump. That's the sort of truth one ponders in a sweaty, oppressive backroom such as the Half Moon.

Until Del Shannon stepped onstage — a modest bloke in black cord trousers, pink shirt and stripped-down zipped-up black leather jacket, carrying a guitar, a pint of water and an unseen roadmap to the endless hallways and horizons of the heart. Shannon doesn't just know that territory, he is the inspiration of the image. He is that man who, setting out to put an end to his own life and sufferings, catches a pack of hoods beating up another guy and — forgetting his own name, forgetting how his own day began or ended — he is the part of us who runs to hold that other for nothing in his arms.

His new LP is exceptional, his repertoire 'classic', his 22 years of vocal and compositional pioneering reasonably well-recognised by critics... Yet *none* of this prepared me for the delirious disorientation I experienced watching his live performance.

The bottom line was consummate professionalism: constant tempo changes, speedy cutting, acute sequencing and expert guitar work from the star which ran the gamut from statuesque to stone country to rock and roll knife-fight dynamics. The set comprised a family tree of myth: 'Hats Off To Larry', 'Handy Man', 'Swiss Maid', 'Little Town Flirt', Orbison's 'Crying', the 'I Go To Pieces' Del handed Peter & Gordon in an Australian dressing-room, 'Black is Black', 'Keep Searchin', and Hank Williams' 'Long Gone Lonesome Blues', to name a few (encores were 'Do You Wanna Dance' and 'Runaround Sue').

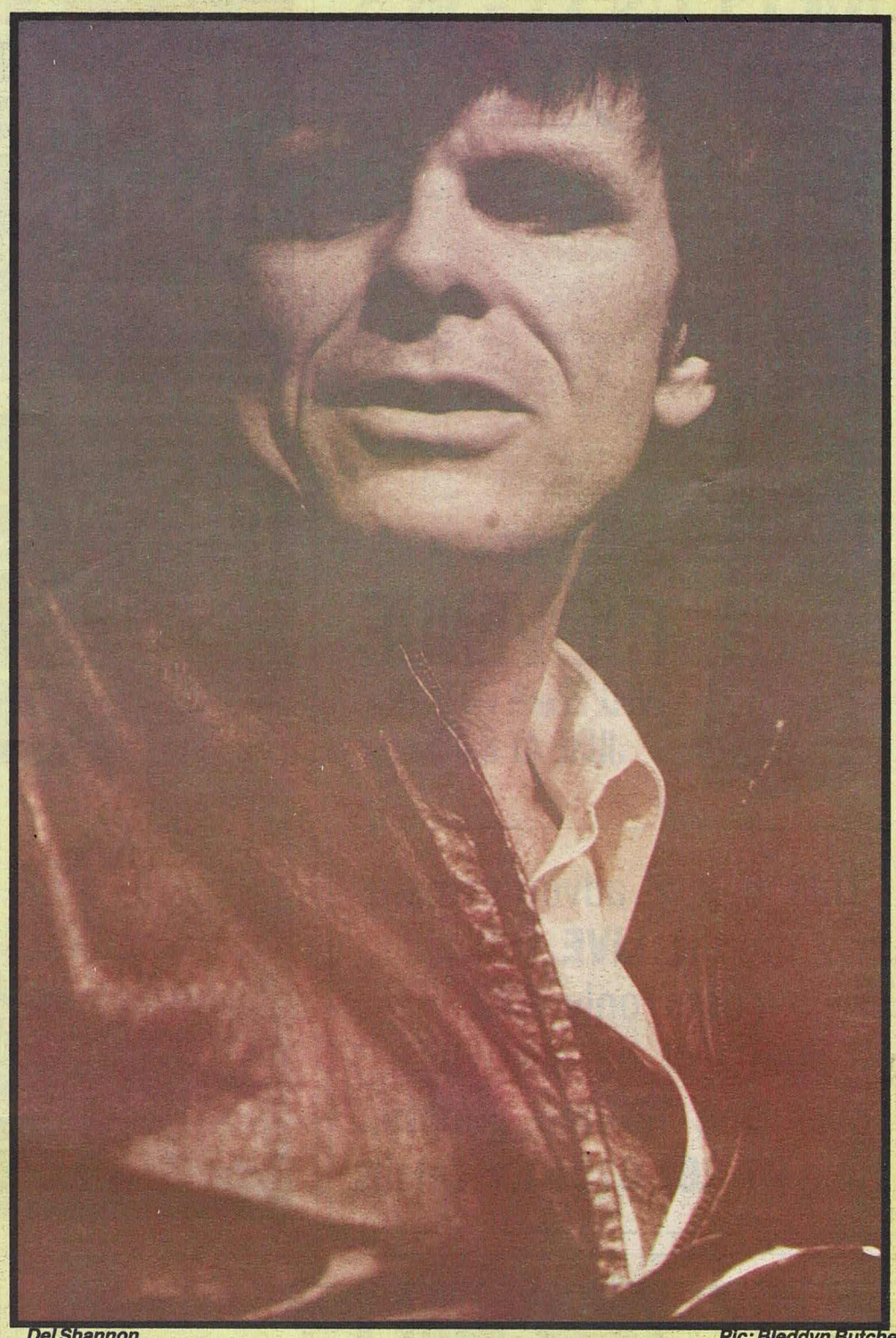
"My heart just goes crazy when I hear those twin guitars" demurred Del, and 'Little Town Flirt' was wedged between two slabs of C&W-tinged sentiment (*"It's the answer to everything if you do/Love me like I love you...Little girl, my heart's been broken too"*). From the new LP, he did 'Sea of Love', 'Life Without You', the title cut and 'Cheap Love', a wonderful showcase for his eager if overawed backers, Leicester's Bikinis.

But it's HOW he sang which had to wipe you out; Shannon's incredible voice has simply never sounded so good and, better yet, I've never heard another more poetically honest. It's his delivery which actually articulates those deep, deep doubts and emotions we regularly keep in parentheses. And, whatever happens to be serving as the vehicle (or whatever 'influences' have acted upon it) the talent which does this from a stage is *totally* Shannon's own. His recorded work just doesn't prepare you for the sheer strength of the moments which make up this packed, never-a-pause set; nor can that strength be disarmed, because Del reveals all.

And why not? His voice, delivery, and musical demeanour evoke the purest poetry of his most beloved genres — blonde luggage, bottled teardrops, the riptide of sex, the oiled nylons of Saturday night — and then surpasses them, splicing sheer life and death in one clean shot. Shannon has true style; the mark of a lifetime.

And at 43 he's the best-looking guy I've ever seen on a stage.

Cynthia Rose



Del Shannon — *Pic: Bleddyn Butcher*

Sunshine — *Pic: Andrew Catlin*

EDDIE

EDDIE AND SUNSHINE'S LIVING TV

London Boulevard Theatre

FIRST, A word about our host for this evening, Paul Raymond. Yes, he of the world-famous Revuebar in whose premises the Boulevard Theatre is to be found. And there in the bar (Pils £1.50) was the great man himself — cigar, drink, Sam Costa moustache and expensive but eerily supernatural tan — chatting amiably to a flashy-looking gent of Mediterranean antecedents. Isn't it amazing how some people turn out to be *just* as you'd imagined them? Such was the setting for Eddie And Sunshine's Living TV, an event ripe with *kitsch* and contradiction.

Eddie Maelov and Sunshine Patterson are authentically bizarre. Both are gaunt and bony, skin stretched taut over elbows, jaws and cheekbones, their hairstyles smart but severely unnatural. And yet these seeming refugees from the '30s Depression are enchantingly playful, taking delight in dressing up and entertaining their audience, child-like enthusiasm bubbling beneath smooth assurance. In their show you can catch echoes of William Powell and Myrna Loy, Hinge and Brackett, tweely English flapper musicals like *Salad Days* and *The Boyfriend,* and the astringently satirical cabaret of the Weimar Republic. By evoking these strange bedfellows, Eddie And Sunshine have transcended stereotyping; the incongruous elements combine in a unique chemistry.

Eddie's affectionately chiding tone and Sunshine's kitten-cuteness magic up the chintzy world of newly-weds, which forms the storyline to their entertainment. 'Somewhere In Europe', 'Going Away' and the title track from their forthcoming LP, 'Perfect Strangers', tunefully chart love and marriage in a cartoon pastiche style drawn from jukeboxes and old movies. Song, dance and gestural theatre are superbly integrated in numbers whose immaculate timing is demanded by their backing tapes. Props are simple but used with dashing invention; telephones in 'Lines' and umbrellas in 'Another Teardrop' hilariously spoof a million show routines.

The pleasure of Eddie And Sunshine's *soiree* lies mainly in the performance. Wit, lightness and sureness of touch, and well-drilled brio in themselves lift the heart. And though their fiction romances and oblique observations may add little to the sum of human knowledge, the panache of conception and execution makes for wonderful viewing — living TV indeed.

Mat Snow

KING

Sunny Adé and

♪ NEW ALBUM ♪ SYNCHRO SYSTEM ♪ NEW ALBUM ♪ SYNCHRO SYSTEM ♪ NEW ALBUM ♪ S

LIVE: FRI 24TH JUNE TUBE CHANNEL 4. SAT 25TH JUNE ODEON BIRMINGHAM. MON

WEATHER REPORT

Hammersmith Odeon

WAYNE SHORTER struggles with his music as if it were a terrible dilemma, a life-sucking leech implanted on his medulla that won't let go, something that gnaws away at his better instincts and urges him to wrack that fine, tutored mind in the throes of a spitting and twisting anguish. It is something that conflicts mightily with the neat and carefully sculpted algebra of today's Weather Report.

Shorter stands in an unwilling central spotlight on the Reporters' stage. His clothes are crisp and light — he is running to fat, but looks younger than his 50 years — and he holds the tenor saxophone in a fierce grasp. His companions look praetorian. Aside from old man Zawinul they are new, hungry young jackals at bass and drums and percussion, more than ready to carry a faltering tenor player who might be tempted to coast a little. That's one of the problems Wayne must face.

Another is in competing with the mischiefs and mercurial sorcery of Zawinul. He would be leader of the group, this behatted man with the look of a displaced resterateur about him, and he tricks chittering swarms of noise from his keyboards that either underpin a cliff-faced bank of sound or send pretty raindrop patterns squiggling over passages of otherwise solemn demeanour. Shorter must do battle with this dominance, and he only has a couple of twists of metal to do it with.

In two hours of exuberant creation, Weather Report breathe and contract around Shorter's dilemma. They begin with a distended 'Procession' that misses the blend of grace and brawn so tellingly struck on their new record, and it begins to occur to me that this is a group for making records, not playing live. And then I listen more closely to Shorter, and that struggle of his: it is chilling, breathstopping music that is coming out of him.

In the quicksilver thunder of the group at full stretch, Shorter stands back and grinds his heels and creases his imagination into tenor bursts that score the deepest, most uncompromising lines into the sound. Flights of technique turn in on themselves; shapeless ideas suddenly take a corrosive grip.

When Zawinul relaxes his entertaining if finally trivial electronic minestrone and the drummers cool out, Shorter's tone makes its hurt felt. Years of this competition have pruned his monochrome timbre to something frail and sharp, a blurred wail that recalls Booker Ervin. In these quiet moments, the soprano interludes and the spindly motif of his own 'Plaza Real', Shorter is less private, more publicly introspective. He saves his real passions — that used to be enshrined in bitter melodies like 'Penelope' and 'The All-Seeing Eye' — for when the band fumes. That way his tragic music stays secret to himself.

I was amused and diverted by Weather Report's full-tilt performance — some dull stretches, a lot of routine acrobatics but some precocious and driving music — and left troubled as always by Shorter. Not now by his reticence, for he plays his parts to the hilt, but by the strange and combative sadness, a saxophone dispossessed, a man eloquent in a language too personal to distil.

Richard Cook

THE FLOWERS OF EVIL

Wakefield Hellfire Club

WHAT CAN you get up to when you wander down into hell-fire? Well, you can eat your (free with admission) steak sandwich and watch the bouncers mock-Kung Fu fighting in the foyer, as The Doctor performs gruesome operations in *Flesh For Frankenstein* on a large screen. You can drink beer in clouds of incense as 'Bela Lugosi' kick-starts the assembled into another doom-dance. Really, all this goat's head on the ouija-board de rigeur mortis is a trifle tedious, and not that far removed from the myth-fixations of all those hairies, waffling about pixies and the wind whistling through their cosmic underpants. Still, it's alive and kicking and right now that's enough.

At around eleven-thirty you can stare at the group (tonight being Flowers Of Evil) or to be precise, at Michael Stanley (their Mr Charisma), the others being for the most part obscured by hardware.

Slowly and surely this group are crafting something worthwhile out of layered electronics, rubbery bass and a quirky, individual approach to the imagery of 1983. Because they are not scared to take their time and get things right, there is a discernable improvement in their manoeuvres almost from month to month, 'Englishman's Holiday' being the only familiar (and for that reason favourite) song in a set radically altered since their last public outing. Tonight revealed further confidence and greater control over the infernal machines on their part. The forthcoming release of a four song twelve-incher will bring them to the attention of a wider audience in the very near future.

Meanwhile, secure in the knowledge of a bright future for himself and his fellow followers of fortune, Michael Stanley gives his all. Crouched crab-like over the edge of the small stage, he dances backwards in an outfit borrowed from the wardrobes of *Zorro* and *The High Chaperal*, scat-wailing his stuff like Feargal Sharkey in Esperanto.

I think he wants your attention.

Bart Bartle

SWANN'S WAY

Birmingham Snobs

BEAM ME up, Scottie! Upward social mobility sure does screw up people's sexuality. I bet this is the one immutable law of history, and if we did have all the data, I could prove it. Take Marcel Proust (author of the original *Swann's Way*). He spent innumerable years in long woolly night-things, in a semi-darkened room, avoiding everybody because his mother had died, and writing at fifteen-volume-length about time, the nature of memory and its links to the sense of smell (madeleines dipped in his bed-time hotty was a favourite).

All of which was just an excuse (and here you probably think that I'm going to give you some cheap, reductionist bar-room Freudian interpretation of Proust's sexuality, but I'm not a believer in such fictions, so relax) to become an *Author* of The Great Novel. And so, being elevated through the scribbler's calling to become what the French are pleased to call one of the 'Immortals' (the most unfairly maligned class in the world), Proust could then retrospectively indulge in explicit out-of-the-closet celibacy, which at the time everybody thought was deviant, so he proves my law.

The trouble with Proust is that he set a fashion to keep talking about the passing of time, or anything similiar. Now, all this remembering is supposed to set you free, but I doubt if it does. I mean, it's agonising to watch the modern Swann's Way (faithful to the spirit of the original, as I'm sure they are) sweating it out in a nightly recital of their lovelorn-lostnesses without so much as a flicker of a smile or the gentle relief of simple forgetting (or two) to relieve the tension and suffering. Oh! The Endless Seriousness of it all (when in fact they're like an up-market Roxy Music with a jazz feel, but without the calibre to tear the soul out of a person, screw it up and then put pure, aching beauty in its place like, say, Billie Holliday) strikes me as too much suffering for its own sake.

Now, I have nothing against Swann's Way (they suit perfectly the small-club-smokey-jazzy milieu they've chosen), but it seems like so much self-indulgence to keep on, and on, about the pain and horror and ultimate inescapableness of finitude, when there's so much more interesting things to think about.

Swann's Way depend on a turning on the pin-point of the eternal Proustian contradiction that you can never know desire fully because the moment that you become aware of experiencing it you are outside it, and frankly, I think bothering one's head with these conundrums is an elitist privilege, and I'm not sure it's worth the pain of playing.

Amanda Root

Martha Reeves *Pic: Chris Clunn*

MARTHA

MARTHA REEVES AND THE VANDELLAS

Deptford Albany

SHOWBIZ, DONCHA just love it? Martha Reeves "love, love, loves it" and she loves YOU too for buying her records. She told me so before the sixth reprise of 'Dancing In The Streets' and after a grisly Motown medley, but I don't believe it. And just when we thought she'd break into Gladys' 'The Way We Were', Martha collected her wonderfully preserved self and was gone, like a memory, like the magic of Motown.

Martha shimmied on larger than life (and twice as thin) in a bizarre satin jodhpur ensemble, and launched into Van Morrison's 'Wild Night', cheekily hinting at what was in store for the mostly Caucasian over-25 packed house. Never mind that this was Deptford Fun City, Martha dripped cabaret and overprojected like mad — she'd give the same show to Caesar's Palace and Haxby Working Men's Club.

She took us on a guided tour of Martha And The Vandellas' greatest Motown moments with all the business-like 'sincerity' of a Disneyland hostess. The original Vandellas, long departed, were replaced by two charming golden-throated women. Life has been tough for Martha and it was vaguely pathetic to see this hard-voiced but talented singer pimp her proud past and serve it up as a living eulogy to a career which unfairly died the day Berry Gordy became obsessed with the Supremes way back in the prehistoric '60s. But what a glorious past!

'Nowhere To Run' and 'Jimmy Mack' were greeted with involuntary orgasms — the room glowed with a thousand hot flushes. What is it about these Holland-Dozier-Holland songs that they seem to vacuum seal a pre-cynical adolescent Golden Age? 'Heatwave' and 'Dancing In The Streets' suffered in comparison to the version etched in the memory — every note, every nuance, everything.

Impossibly, I craved that Martha be faithful to the originals but the bastard of a musical director (shoot him, he's the piano player) insisted on massacring each song with cheap, crassly hyphenated showbizzy endings which Martha didn't seem to mind. That's progress for you.

You can't recreate the past but you can at least respect it.

Gaye Abandon

his African Beats

CHRO SYSTEM ♪ NEW ALBUM ♪ SYNCHRO SYSTEM ♪ NEW ALBUM ♪ SYNCHRO SYSTEM ♪

7TH JUNE HAMMERSMITH ODEON. TUE 28TH JUNE HAMMERSMITH PALAIS. ILPS 9737

LIVE

GLENN BRANCA

London Riverside Studios

ACCORDING TO his UK press release, Glenn Branca's work "demands (and always receives) superlatives". *Hyperbole* would be more accurate, but given the avalanche of attention the supposed force and singularity of his stuff has gotten it was salutory to compare the predictions with the experience.

One need not be fooled by either the precision of Branca's programme terminology ("chords derived from the divisible harmonics 35 to 54 of the 12th harmonic as fundamental" etc) or those much-bandied critical phrases such as "sonic grandeur" and "unbelievable aural onslaught" In its carefully-choreographed best spots, 'Physics' proved stirringly large — yet not epic, and genuinely exhilarating — but never poetic. This is a score for people into *sound,* its possible fabrications and its abstract power.

What this experience was *not* was "revolutionary". Yes, it combined rock volume with some aspects of symphonic structure. But, unlike the classical music to which it's been compared, Branca's music never *actually* climaxes: its speciality is the sustained effect his heavy amplification makes possible from the guitars. Rockwise, the feedback techniques recall Hendrix, propelled from underneath by loud drumming and keyboards; some of the guitar build-ups owe much to mid-period Television. Nothing avant-garde is going on here in the sense of 'free' or even experimental music, in fact, this was one of the most conservative listening experiences I've had this year. Branca is simply merchandising maximalism as opposed to minimalism.

In last week's *NME* Branca informed us about "the seashell being an image of the harmonic series". Well, it doesn't take a degree in Greek to realise that explications of natural symmetry are extrapolated *from* the natural world, not the other way round. Branca is moving not from reality to some new text (that *would* make him a revolutionary) but from theory back towards reality.

Branca may very well see himself as a Beethoven for the '80s but 'Physics' is pure sonic salon music, a very enjoyable sound and fury signifying nothing explicit.Unlike the real 'guitar armies' of the '60s (who were, by the bye, louder) or the Einsturzende Neubautens of today, it is music powered by professionalism over passion.

It was OK, but I'm waiting for the same thing in this field that Lester Bangs wanted: *The I Call Your Name Symphony* by the Massed Guitars of the Robert Quine Orchestra — at Madison Square Garden.

Cynthia Rose

RAY CHARLES

London Royal Festival Hall

RESPECT, WE CAME to the massive Hall and paid respect to the blind man who helped shape black music, lived a life of (partly self-inflicted) hell and emerged with his head and limbs intact.

Applause, we applauded the man whose resonant voice and timeless music still has strength and dignity, quality and depth, delivers messages of hope, humour and happiness in unique, warm hearted tones and possesses the marvellous ability to move people's hearts. Ladies and Gents, Mr...

So, in the end only a major catastrophe could have prevented the Ray Charles Show from being anything but a success. From the outset the audience were on his side and, with his experience behind him, Ray Charles knew exactly what to give them.

He (and this next word isn't meant nastily) manipulated them brilliantly. He gave them jokes, "I've just done an album of country music which I think you might like. But don't worry, I'm only going to play two songs from it...". He and his orchestra played with ease and professionalism and, of course, he played all the tunes they wanted to hear, most notably 'Georgia', 'I Can't Stop Lovin' You' and 'What I'd Say'.

In between was a sizzling version of 'Knock On Wood', a host of slightly perfunctory tunes and 'Hit The Road Jack' which disappointed no one. The fact that his orchestra spent a mind killing 40 minutes 'warming us up', or that Charles was only onstage for 50 minutes, didn't seem to phase anyone either.

No, what left me restless, despite the obvious highpoints, was the air of self congratulation that hung over the whole affair. The natural respect and admiration twixt audience and performer effectively killed off any notion of 'challenge' or 'adventure'. It wasn't a risky enterprise, The Ray Charles Show, rather a time for mutual back slapping with no element of dare included in the programme.

Perhaps it's expecting too much but that, the size of the hall and (one saxophone player and the Ray Lettes excepted) the orchestra of session men who lacked fire or intimacy, left this fan slightly impatient.

It would be churlish and naive to expect to see Charles in a more appropriate setting sans orchestra but just a hint of forward movement on Saturday night would have turned a pleasant evening into something a bit more effective, a bit more powerful than the cosy liaison it was.

***That's* what I'd say.**

Paolo Hewitt

Ray Charles *Pic: Lawrence Watson*

THE DECORATORS THE SMITHS ASSAULTO DECENTO

Brixton Ace

If this was the Gong Show, Assaulto Decento wouldn't have made it to the first song, let alone the tenth. A stage adorned with racing bikes and flowers do not interesting music make and neither do this 'wacky' trio, who dress like Eddie Merckx, play flamenco guitars and deem it necessary to revive mercifully dead fluke hits like Zager and Evan's 'The Year 25,25'. The irksomely earnest singer must be the Kevin Turvey of rock; "This one's about storms, it's called 'Storm'". GONG!

After these drips, The Smiths swept the stage; a veritable tornado of fresh air with a bouquet of barbed ire tossed in. *"I don't owe you anything/But you owe me something/Repay me NOW",* sings Morrisey as he thwacks a left-over bunch of Honesty and moves around hunched and yearning, like Brando as Kowalski hankering for his Stella.

Wordsmith Morrisey is an intuitive performer whose lush, steady voice gracefully rides the busy bucking Smith music, first in a deep natural tone, then as if in dialogue, in a pure womanly falsetto. The Smiths graze plaintive prickly pastures but chew the cud with smple pleasing intensity, especially on 'Miserable Lies'. And yes, they're handsome devils. Full marks. NEXT!

The Decorators sandblast frivolity. They reek of deadly earnestness, a feature which is horribly tedious when untempered by incompetence, self-parody or saintly beauty. The Decorators have none of these but try to be meaningful and moving instead. Ultimately, they moved me right out of The Ace, rigid with boredom.

Unable to bear such melancholy on a Saturday night, I left on the midnight train before the final GONG!

Gaye Abandon

With more fighters like Stuart Henry, we just might beat Multiple Sclerosis.

Five years ago, Stuart Henry was diagnosed as suffering from Multiple Sclerosis, a mysterious, crippling disease with no known cause or cure.

Five years later, Stuart is still fighting back. With Radio Luxembourg's help, he's made the disease a regular talking point on his nightly show. And two years ago, he launched the Stuart Henry/MS Society Research Appeal, and opened our new research laboratory in London.

The MS Society would like to say thank you to Stuart Henry and Radio Luxembourg. Thanks for helping to bring the day of the cure a little closer.

If you too would like to help, please send what you can to the:
Stuart Henry/MS Society Research Appeal, FREEPOST, 286 Munster Road, Fulham, London SW6 6BR.

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We can only find the cure if we find the funds

THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE REGGAE

Sister Judy Mowatt — The Wrathful Madonna?

PRINT

REGGAE INTERNATIONAL

by Stephen Davis and Peter Simon *(Thames and Hudson, £8.95)*

THE BOLD proclamation that this is "The sourcebook — the definitive text . . ." subtitles Stephen Davis and Peter Simon's *Reggae International* which, in bringing together a posse of scribes from JA, the US and the UK, attempts to escape the romantic voyeurism of their earlier coffee table classic *Reggae Bloodlines* and the pioneering *Babylon On A Thin Wire*.

Littered with hundreds of supa-snaps, the book aims to trace Jamaican music's local and international development. The scene is set as you peruse the introductory essay of ex-LSE student and charismatic leader of the PNP Michael 'Joshua' Manley, and early chapters like the historical 'The Stone That The Builder Refuse', 'The Rastafarians' and Garth White's 'Cry In The Wilderness' — a succinct exploration of Jamaican music's cultural heritage. The vibe is, let's get serious.

The potted history of ska and rocksteady is, however, interspersed with sadly insubstantial interviews with critical figures like Clement (Coxsone) Dodd, Ernest Ranglin and Alton Ellis, while the transcriptions of encounters with Toots, Tosh and Scratch engender serious doubts about over-indulgence of the good sensimillia.

Later, there is no shortage of information as one is taken on a guided tour of Kingston's studios or confronted with extensive glossaries of dates, events and names of session musicians. Other features focus on harmony groups, the dub poets, women in reggae and the current generation of Jamaican crooners.

There, Luke Erlich's dodgy dissection of dub stands in sharp contrast to the living breathing prose of Carl Gayle, who digs back into his archives and applies his uncanny insight and vision to the ranks of the deejay community. Similarly Timothy White's 'Rebel Music' is an extraordinary piece on Bob Marley And The Wailers which has me itching for the publication of his forthcoming book *Catch A Fire*.

Inspired by reggae's international impact, the anthology concludes with a series of international encounters with the music. 'Black Albion' offers a cursory glimpse into the UK reggae scene courtesy of Chris May, interviews with Steel Pulse and Linton Kwesi Johnson and a thorough Institute of Cultural Studies stylee analysis of the Two-Tone phenomenon by Dick Hebdidge. As for Lenny Kaye on 'White Reggae'; what can ! say?

For the members of the Don Drummond fan club and dub devotees across the nation there's little here that wasn't already known and the book smacks of missed opportunities. Most of these essays could have been written five or more years ago and the time has come to reject generalities and impressionistic shallowness for the painstaking work required in compiling a people's history of Reggae told by those who made it and consumed it.

Reggae International leaves us in a curious state of limbo, failing — in the wake of Bob Marley's tragic death — to come to terms with the current direction of the music in a polemical way. And to give virtually the last word on Jamaica to Prime Minister Eddie Seaga, whose sole claim to fame as a politician in the '80s is to have put Jamaica back into the pocket of Reagan and American big business, is very disappointing. They would have been better off interviewing Harry Belafonte.

Better must come.

PAUL BRADSHAW

RASTAMAN

by Ernest Cashmore *(Counterpoint, £2.95)*

ERNEST CASHMORE thinks blacks are a problem. He and his fellow sociologists have built cosy careers out of trying to explain it. Fortunately they fail, and this book, which was first published in 1979 before Rasta-derived rage set the inner cities of Babylon queendom on fire, tells more about the problems and preoccupations of a white academic researcher trying to pin down roots culture than it does about Jah Rastafari.

Policemen, Thatcherites and *Sun* readers will draw comfort from Ernest's analysis. He thinks Rasta is everything to do with religion and nothing to do with political change, and systematically sets out to take the red out of dread. His answer to the half bricks and petrol bombs, to the struggle for black dignity and self-reliance amidst the ruins and the Victorian values, is an updated image of the 'sambo' stereotype straight out of plantation mythology.

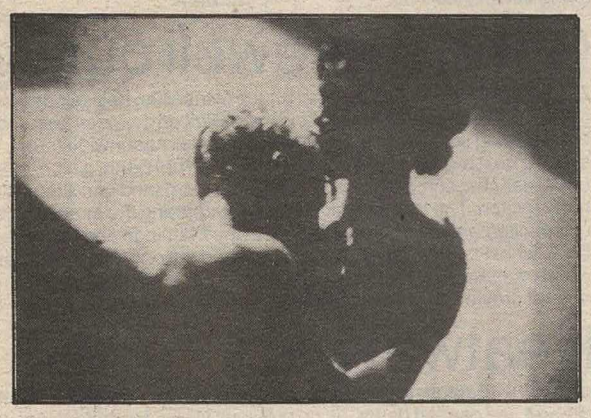
His argument is simple: black homes are split by deep and bitter generational conflict which, when combined with deprivation and poverty, impels the youth into a crisis of identity. They solve this by creating a "bizarre" and "truculent" half-culture. They grow their hair, smoke weed and ghost-dance their way to Jah to choruses of approval from any watching sociologists.

***En route* through this second-rate fable, Ernest compares I & I to the Manson Family (!) and writes off reggae culture because it diverts and fragments black militancy rather than celebrates it. Can you believe it? Ernest has not even managed to detect the existence of female Rastafari yet calmly sets the stamp of intellectual respectability on the core of contemporary racist thinking — West Indians hate Asians, young blacks are muggers and criminals, black men are more oppressive to women than white men etc, etc.**

If Cashmore were right about Rasta, there would have been no runaway slaves, no Marcus Garvey, no Bob Marley, no Judy Mowatt, no Mtubaruka and no RAR. All of us, black and white , deserve a better book about Rasta than this. In the meantime, you'll learn more about dread culture from Lenny Henry.

RAS PABLO

COME LIVE WITH ME



I WAS THIRTY-SEVEN
YOU WERE SEVENTEEN
YOU WERE HALF MY AGE
THE YOUTH I'D NEVER SEEN
UNLIKELY PEOPLE MEETING IN A DREAM
HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS THE WAY IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN

12" SINGLE VERSION
A. SIDE **COME LIVE WITH ME**
B. SIDE **LETS ALL MAKE A BOMB**
(NEW VERSION)
SONG WITH NO NAME
(NEW VERSION)
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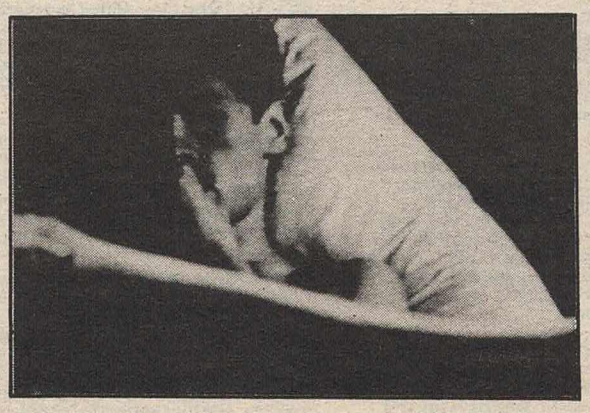

7" SINGLE VERSION
A. SIDE **COME LIVE WITH ME**
B. SIDE **LETS ALL MAKE A BOMB**
(NEW VERSION)
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tour NEWS

BARRY MANILOW's open-air concert in the grounds of Blenheim Palace on Saturday, August 27 — exclusively forecast by *NME* — was officially confirmed this week. Booking details were unavailable at press time, but you'll find them later in the week in the national papers — and many news-shoppers will be offering all-in coach trips.

Essex: August on the circuit

DAVID ESSEX this week announced details of his extensive summer tour — occupying the whole of August, with just two rest days, and running into September. Ticket prices weren't available at press time, so readers should enquire at individual box-offices for booking arrangements. The 33 dates are:

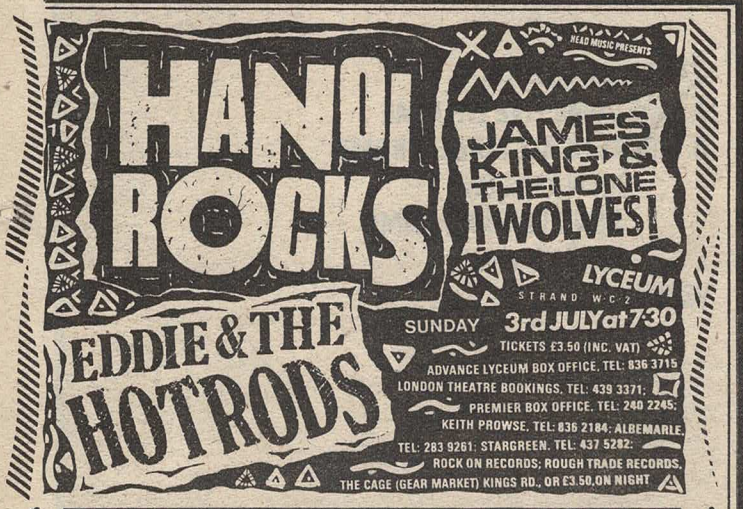
Cardiff St. David's Hall (August 1), Poole Arts Centre (2 and 3), Basildon Festival Theatre (4), Sheffield City Hall (5), Liverpool Empire (6), Sheffield Palace (7 and 8), Blackpool Winter Gardens (9), Irvine Magnum Leisure Centre (11), Edinburgh Usher Hall (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), Leeds Grand Theatre (14), Harrogate Centre (15), Hanley Odeon (16), Northampton Derngate Centre (17 and 18), Ipswich Gaumont (19), Gt. Yarmouth 3-in-1 Centre (20), Norwich Theatre Royal (21), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (22 and 23), Birmingham Odeon (25), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (26), Garstang Festival (27), Bristol Hippodrome (28), Croydon Fairfield Hall (29 and 30), Margate Winter Gardens (31), Portsmouth Guildhall (September 1), Brighton Dome (2), Southampton Gaumont (3) and Torquay Princess Theatre (4).

Big Country still expanding

BIG COUNTRY have now confirmed the second leg of their summer tour, for which the first 18-date leg was reported three weeks ago. This latest batch of gigs takes them to Swansea Brangwyn Hall (July 12), Bath Pavilion (13), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (14), Salisbury City Hall (15), Poole Arts Centre (17), Guernsey Beausejeur Centre (19), Jersey Fort William (20), Llandudno Astra Theatre (22), Redcar Coatham Bowl (23), Hull City Hall (24), Leeds Town Hall (25), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (26) and Mansfield Leisure Centre (27).

Selected Orange Juice

ORANGE JUICE are playing three selected dates at the beginning of next month, including a major London show, prior to going into the studio to start work on their next album. They are at Swindon Brunel Rooms (July 1), Aylesbury Friars (2) and London Hammersmith Palais (3) — tickets are on sale now, priced £3 for Swindon and £3.50 at the other two venues. Support act is Glasgow-based The Screamin' Nobodies, with a third act still to be finalised for Hammersmith.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RETURN OF THE LONE FLYER

Numan comeback tour

GARY NUMAN is back! He heads out in the early autumn on an extensive UK comeback tour, 2½ years after playing his farewell concert at Wembley Arena. At present, 21 dates have been confirmed, but quite a few more have still to be finalised — as Numan says he wants to visit as many venues as possible, in order to save the public from having to pay heavy travelling costs and extra expenses.

We're told that his new show, named "Warriors", will be as spectacular as the "Touring Principle" and "Teletour" concert tours — and he'll be backed by original group members Chris Payne, Ced Sharpley and Rrussell Bell, who've recently been recording and touring as Dramatis. The tour opens at Glasgow Apollo, the same venue where he played his very first date (as Numan, as opposed to Tubeway Army) exactly four years before.

The schedule so far is Glasgow Apollo (September 20), Aberdeen Capitol (22), Edinburgh Playhouse (24), Sheffield City Hall (25), Newcastle City Hall (27), Manchester Apollo (29), Deeside Leisure Centre (October 2), Birmingham Odeon (3), Leicester De Montfort Hall (6), Poole Arts Centre (8), Bristol Colston Hall (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (13 and 14), Leeds Victoria Hall (19), Blackpool Opera House (20), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (22), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (24), Portsmouth Guildhall (26), Brighton Centre (29), St. Austell Coliseum (November 2) and Gloucester Leisure Centre (3).

The tour is being presented by Rock City Promotions, the company in which Numan himself is involved with long-standing promoter Brian Adams. Ticket prices range from £4 to £6, and they should all be on sale by early next week.

— AND RAINBOW RETURNING

RAINBOW are to headline a major British tour in September, their first here for two years. Ritchie Blackmore will be taking his much re-shaped band to most parts of the country, and has so far confirmed eight dates, though others are still being finalised and will be announced shortly. One of the dates still being lined up is the group's London showcase which, it's understood, is likely to be at the Sobell Centre in Finsbury Park.

So far set are Liverpool Royal Court Theatre (Septemebr 6), Whitley Bay Ice Rink, near Newcastle (8), Stafford Bingley Hall (11), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (12), Cardiff St. David's Hall (14 and 15), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (19) and Edinburgh Playhouse (20). Tickets for these shows are all at the one price of £5, except at Edinburgh where it's £5 and £4.50, and they should be available by this weekend.

● There are additional ticket outlets for Stafford at the Apollo Theatre and Piccadilly Records (Manchester), Mike Lloyd Music (Hanley and Newcastle-under-Lyme), Cyclops (Birmingham) and Goulds (Wolverhampton). And extra outlets for Whitley Bay are Virgin and the Ice Rink (Durham), Ice Rink (Birmingham), Virgin and the City Hall (Newcastle) and HMV (Newcastle and Sunderland).

Deutschland uber alles

X MAL DEUTSCHLAND, the highly rated Hamburg band who are virtually resident in the indies chart with their album 'Fetisch', begin a UK tour next week. Their show at London Hammersmith Klub Foot on July 7 was announced in our last issue, but they'll now be playing ten further dates prior to that — at London Brixton Ace (June 23), Sheffield Leadmill (28), Manchester The Gallery (29), Hull Dingwalls (30), Dudley J.B.'s (July 1), Retford Porterhouse (2), Liverpool Venue Club (3), Leeds Warehouse (4), Bristol Dingwalls (5) and Swindon Solitaire (6). More dates are being finalised for the group, whose new 12-inch single 'Qual' was released by 4AD Records last week, and Gene Loves Jezebel will support on all regional dates.

'Boxers knock-out gig

JoBOXERS have added a few more dates to their current "Jumping Jetty" tour, culminating in a special London showcase at the Phoenix Theatre in Charing Cross Road on Saturday, June 25 — it's promoted by Derek Block, and all tickets are £3.50. The group have already been announced as Rod Stewart's special guests in his show at Glasgow Ibrox Stadium this Saturday, but two more newly confirmed headliners are at Wolverhampton Polytechnic (tomorrow, Friday) and Oxford New College (June 24). Trying to complete a hat-trick of chart hits, they'll be releasing their new RCA single 'Johnny Friendly' on July 8.

Peace Festival line-up

THE BAND — who, as previously reported, are re-forming to play in the world Peace Festival in Gothenburg — are now expected to headline at least one concert in London in late summer or early autumn, as part of the world tour they'll be undertaking after the event in Sweden. The Peace Festival takes place in the 55,000-capacity Ullevi Stadium on August 5, 6 and 7, and among acts already confirmed are Dr. Hook, Meatloaf, Laura Branigan, Aretha Franklin, Joe Cocker, Tom Paxton, Donovan, Jimmy Cliff, Don McLean, Gilberto Gil — and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. A number of other international stars have still to be finalised.

Echo extra

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN have added two more dates to their upcoming UK tour — at Glasgow Tiffany's (July 11) and Nottingham Rock City (13) — and tickets are on sale now at both venues. This week they completed work on a new single, which will be rushed out as soon as possible, though it's unlikely to be available until the latter stages of the tour.

Meanwhile, the band's guitarist Will Sergeant this week releases his self-penned LP 'Themes For Grind' on his own label Ninety Two Happy Customers (in conjunction with Rough Trade) — it's the soundtrack from an as-yet-untitled series of short films by the group's resident film-maker and lighting expert Bill Butt. A spokesman said the music reflects some of the more ambient and acoustic ideas which the Bunnymen will be trying out on their tour.

COPE LIVE AT GLASTONBURY

JULIAN COPE is a late addition to this weekend's Glastonbury CND Festival, where he will make his first live appearance since the demise of The Teardrop Explodes, playing two solo acoustic sets at 3 and 6pm on Sunday (19) comprising largely new material. He's currently about halfway through recording his first post-Teardrops album, planned for release in early autumn.

Geno's farewell outing

GENO WASHINGTON, the soul prince of the '60s, has decided to retire from the music business and to embark on a new career — but before doing so, he'll be undertaking a farewell nationwide tour, starting next month. He'll be backed by The Soul Band, a nine-piece outfit featuring some of the erstwhile Ram Jam Band and a four-piece horn section. The tour is dedicated to "recapturing the atmosphere and excitement of those heady days of the Flamingo and Marquee Club, which a whole generation has missed out on". Full tour details will be announced shortly, but meanwhile Geno and the group play a one-off preview at London Putney Half Moon on June 27.

Heatwave is forecast

HEATWAVE return to the UK early next month for nearly five weeks of cabaret and concert dates. As on previous visits, Johnnie Wilder won't be a member of the touring party, though he's expected to make surprise appearances at some venues. The group will be promoting their Greatest Hits album 'Power Cuts' and the reissued 'Boogie Night', and they play London Brixton Ace (July 2), Windsor Blazers (3-9), Southport Theatre (10), Leysdown Stage 3 (15), Purfleet Circus Tavern (16), Windsor Blazers (17-23), London Victoria The Venue (29), Braintree Essex Barn (30) and Watford Bailey's (August 1-6).

DR. JOHN, who was forced to pull out of his proposed UK and European tour this month (which was to have included the Glastonbury Festival), apparently collapsed earlier this month. His British promoters say that he's suffering from nervous exhaustion and has been ordered to rest for at least 60 days. It's now hoped that another tour can be arranged for later this year.

THE SWINGING LAURELS are playing a handful of dates this month at London Eltham Avery Hill College (tomorrow, Friday), Nottingham University (Saturday), Norwich East Anglia University (Sunday), Birmingham University (June 24) and Cobham Westminster Hospital Sports Ground (25).

ICEHOUSE are to play a headlining show at London Strand Lyceum on July 7 (tickets on sale now priced £4.50), a few days after they guest in David Bowie's concerts in Edinburgh and Milton Keynes. Chrysalis release their new single 'Uniform'/'Great Southern Land' on June 24, and it comes as a double-pack with a free single containing two live tracks — alternatively available in 12-inch form.

FUN BOY THREE have added another date to their mini-tour this week, building up to the Glastonbury Festival. It's at Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic on Saturday (18), and tickets are priced £3.50.

MIDNIGHT OIL, the leading Australian band who recently headlined a major charity show at the Lyceum Ballroom, are to play two more London dates during their UK visit — at Victoria The Venue on June 22 and 29. They'll also have a new single titled 'Power And The Passion', taken from their current album, released by CBS on July 1.

SET THE TONE have added two more dates to their tour, reported last week — at Retford Porterhouse (June 25) and Birmingham Tin Can Club (July 1). And their show on June 30 is switched from Dartford Flicks to Derby Blue Note.

ROCK GODDESS are unable to play their scheduled dates at London Marquee Club on July 5 and 6, due to recording commitments. But as some tickets have already been sold, they've slotted in a new Marquee date on July 10, for which existing tickets are valid — or, alternatively, refunds may be claimed.

AIRBRIDGE are going out on a six-week club tour this summer, immediately following their appearance in the Earlham Green Peace Fair on July 2. Gigs so far set are at Feltham Airman (July 7), Norwich Whites (9), London East Ham Ruskin Arms (11) and Ipswich Dukes (August 7), but the bulk of their dates are still being finalised. The tour serves to introduce their new lead guitarist Geoff Chamberlain.

AZTEC CAMERA, still riding high with their album 'High Land, Hard Rain', leave early next month for their first major US tour. But they're playing three warm-up dates in this country before their departure — at Reading University (June 28), Coventry Warwick University (30) and Newcastle Dingwalls (July 1).

SOLSTICE establish something of a record by appearing in six open-air festivals within the space of seven weeks — at Stonehenge (June 21), Norwich Peaceful Green Festival (July 1-2), Milton Keynes Willen Festival (3), Glastonbury Green Gathering (July 27-29), Cambridge Folk Festival (31) and Cambridge Fine Fayre (August 5-7).

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS, now augmented by Michael Fagan, play a number of dates during the next fortnight — at Sheffield Dingwalls (June 22), London ICA Theatre (26), Swindon Solitaire (27), Birmingham Golden Eagle (29), Bradford Palm Cove (July 1) and Manchester Morrisseys (2). The ICA gig is an addition to the venue's *Radical Bingo* season, and takes Fagan back to within 500 metres of Buckingham Palace, with which he has close associations!

THE LOTUS EATERS, the duo whose debut single 'The First Picture Of You' is released by Arista this weekend, have been named as the support on the bulk of Big Country's UK tour opening this weekend (see *Gig Guide*).

record NEWS

INTRO, the duo comprising Jacqui Brookes and Jimme O'Neill, release their second MCA single 'Lost Without Your Love'/'Epic' on June 24. There's also a 12-inch format featuring a dance-mix of the A-side, plus a ten-minute dance version of the same title, which then segues into 'Epic'. The duo are currently working on their debut album for late summer release, to be followed by live dates in early autumn.

● Glass Records (through Pinnacle) this week release the debut single by three-piece group **The Wise Men,** 'Knowledge'/'Lost In Action'. It was produced by John McGeogh, now a member of Richard Jobson's band The Armoury Show, and he also plays keyboards on the record.

● **The (Hypothetical) Prophets** have the unusual distinction of their debut LP 'Around The World With The Prophets' being issued for the second time this year. It was originally released on their own label, but has been out of stock since their signing to Epic Records, who are now about to reissue it — now containing several re-recorded tracks.

● **Papa Wemba** is a pop star in Zaire where he's released 70 singles, and **Hector Zazou** is a French composer from Marseilles. Now the pair have got together to issue a single of African dance music called 'Malimba' on Crammed Discs (through Pinnacle).

● 'Goddess Of Love' is the apt title of the new **Phyllis Hyman** album on Arista, with production credits shared between Thom Bell and Narada Michael Walden. A single titled 'Ridin' The Tiger' is being lifted form the LP, also available in extended 12-inch form.

● Canadian band **Men Without Hats,** who featured Margaret Trudeau as vocalist on their last single 'The Safety Dance', have now enlisted Chinese girl tennis star **Hu Na** who defected to the West earlier this year. She appears on the band's latest single 'Living In China', out this week on Statik Records, and she'll have her own album out in the autumn.

● Already a hot import, the single 'Get Down Saturday Night' by **Oliver Cheatham** is released by MCA tomorrow (Friday), with his album 'Saturday Night' to follow shortly. On the same day, Canadian singer **Shawne Jackson** has her single 'Loveline' out on the Loose End label (through MCA) and it was written by Kashif, hit-maker for Evelyn King and Melba Moore. Both these singles come in 7" and extended 12" formats.

● **Demon** release their third album on June 24 — titled 'The Plague', it's on Clay Records (distributed by Pinnacle) and comes at an introductory price of £3.99. It's said to feature more keyboards than their previous two sets.

● 'Special Lady' was originally an instrumental on the B-side of the last **Second Image** single 'Better Take Time', and it proved to be a substantial disco hit. Now the group have come up with a vocal version of it, issued by Polydor this week as the A-side of their new single, coupled with 'Star (U.S. Remix)'.

LP COMPILATIONS

DANCE MIX & DANCE HITS is a collection of nine of the hottest current dance tracks, segued together by mix-master Foggy. Those featured are D Train, Forrest, Steve Shelto, Michael Jackson, Mtume, Johnny Dynell, Gladys Knight, George Duke and The Band AKA. it runs almost 49 minutes, and it's out this week on Epic.

MERIDIAN 2 is a C-60 cassette featuring previously unissued material from John Foxx, Bruce Gilbert, Virginia Astley, Gorp, Pure, Touch 33, Audio Arts, Matador!, 400 Blows, A Certain Ratio, Deux Filles, Nocturnal Emissions and Derek Jarman. It comes with a colour booklet, and will be available from next Monday (20) through Rough Trade, priced £4.49.

THE KIDS ARE UNITED is a 15-track punk compilation featuring classics and chart hits from the new-wave boom period — by Sham 69, Cockney Rejects, Angelic Upstarts, The Exploited, 4 Skins, Toy Dolls, Peter & The Test Tube Babies, Splodgenessabounds, UK Subs and Cock Sparrer. It's released on the Music For Nations label on June 24, and will sell at £3.99.

WANG CHUNG may have a familiar ring to it, and if the name sounds more than a little like Huang Chung, it's because they're one and the same! They've now changed their name (for onomatopoeic reasons, they say) and have been signed to a worldwide deal by Geffen Records, with UK release through Epic. Still comprising Jack Hues (vocals, guitar and keyboards), Nick Feldman (guitar and bass) and Darren Dostin (drums and percussion), their first single under the new deal is '(Don't Be My) Enemy', issued on June 24 — with an album to follow in August.

VIRGIN HANG-UPS

VIRGIN RECORDS regret that some of their already announced releases have been delayed by industrial trouble at the distribution centre, and are consequently late arriving in the shops. Among others, this applies to previoulsy reported releases, by **David Sylvian, John Foxx** and **Heaven 17.** But they should now all be available in a matter of days.

● Stiff announce new singles from two new signings to the label. Former chart group **The Gibson Brothers** reappear with 'My Heart's Beating Wild Tic Tac' (7" and 12" discomix). And there's a solo by **Jakko,** formerly with Dave Stewart's Rapid Eye Movement, titled 'Dangerous Dreams' (7" and limited edition 12"). Both are out this weekend.

● Leading Scottish band **APB** release their single 'One Day'/'Help Yourself' on Oily Records of Aberdeen on June 20, with distribution through Fast. Later this month, they'll be setting out on their first mini-tour of England.

● 'Watch it!' by **Gary Revilo** is a dancefloor ditty based on the chime of a cheap wristwatch (it says here). It comes in cassette form together with 'Sod The Pupa', and costs £1 (including p&p) from Winchester Wax, 10 Stockbridge Road, Winchester, Hants.

● **Panic** are a four-piece group, three of whom are Old Etonians — and, in fact, they were responsible for staging the first-ever rock concert at Eton. Now they've been signed by PRT Records and have their debut single out this week, titled 'Ticket To The Tropics'.

● Sheffield group **In The Nursery** debut with a six-track mini-album titled 'When Cherished Dreams come True', which comes in a gatefold sleeve, hand silk screened. It's on Paragon Records (through Red Rhino), as is the six-tracker 'Carress And Curse' by Dewsbury band **Leitmotiv.**

● The single 'Points To Remember' is the first release of Belgian group **Lavvi Ebbel,** who are the first Flemish-speaking act to be released by Les Disques du Crepuscule, and it's available in both 7" and 12". They'll have an album out in July.

● **The Sisters Of Mercy** release a 12-inch EP this week titled 'The Reptile House', and the five featured tracks are 'Kiss', 'Lights', 'Valentine', 'Burn' and 'Fix'. It's on the Merciful Release label, distributed through The Cartel, with a suggested selling price of £2.99.

● Liverpool group **Icicle Works,** whose debut single on their own label 'Nirvana' figured in the indie charts, have signed a recording deal with Situation 2 (through Beggars Banquet). Their first single via this outlet is 'Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream)', out this week and produced by Hugh Jones, of Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes fame.

● This week sees the release of a new four-track 12-inch single by **The Mekons,** with the overall title of 'The English Dancing Master'. It's on CNT Productions of Leeds, with distribution by Rough Trade and The Cartel.

● The previously unissued version of 'Gary Gilmore's Eyes' by **The Adverts,** originally announced by Bright Records for release last month, was delayed while the label was concluding a distribution deal — but it will now be available from this Friday. Set for July 1 on the same label is 'Love Goes By', the debut single from Liverpool duo **O-Zone.**

● This week **Death In June** finally release their long-promised mini-LP 'The Guilty Have No Pride'. It contains seven tracks, including their last single 'State Laughter', and should sell at about £3. It's on New European Recordings, distributed by Rough Trade.

● **Honor Blackman** and **Patrick Macnee,** the original *Avengers* stars, have an album out this month on the Cherry Red label. Besides their recent 'Kinky Boots' single, it includes standard material by the likes of Rodgers & Hart and Lennon & McCartney.

McLaren takes up skipping now

MALCOLM McLAREN's new single, released by Charisma on June 24, is 'Double Dutch'/'She's Looking Like A Hobo' — both tracks were written by McLaren and Trevor Horn, and produced by the latter, and there's also a 12-inch format with a bonus of a special remix of 'D'Ya Like Scratchin?'. Double Dutch is a skip-rope activity in which two ropes are turned together egg-beater style, while one or two jumpers skip within the moving ropes — it was initiated by the ancient Phoenicians, and is currently very popular in the States, where there are over 200,000 participants.

YELLO's current picture disc on Stiff Records 'I Love You' is available from this week in 3-D! The vinyl has been specially treated so that, when you use the pair of 3-D spectacles which are provided free, King Kong's fist on the turntable appear to be in close proximity to your nose.

ROBIN SCOTT, the man behind M and their smash hit 'Pop Muzik', pops up under his own name on Albion Records with a new single titled 'Eureke-ka-ka!' which he also wrote and produced. It's out this weekend in both 7" and extended 12" formats. Scott will soon be launching his own Swahili label (through Albion), and the first release will be an EP titled 'High Life Music' which he's just finished recording in Africa.

MUDDY WATERS, the late blues master, is to be the subject of a tribute album released on July 22. Titled 'Rollin' Stone', it includes the title track and other such classics as 'Forty Days And Forty Nights', 'Rollin' And Tumblin' and 'Rock Me'. It was recorded during his period with Chess Records, and features Charles Shaar Murray sleeve notes. It's on the Magnum Music Group's Blue Moon label, and will be the first in a series of classic blues releases.

THE BOX, the highly-rated Sheffield band, have their debut album 'Secrets Out' issued this weekend on London-based independent label Go! Records. It contains 12 tracks, with Cabaret Voltaire's Stephen Mallinder guesting on vocals on one of them, and was produced by Ken Thomas and the group themselves.

● Showcase Records evolved from a successful ILEA course on music management, and eight of the bands represented on the course have contributed tracks to the label's first compilation album — they include **The Cainers, Stolen Property, Jeddah** and **The Football Results.** The LP is issued this week.

● **Taka Boom** is the sister of Chaka Khan, and she's worked with such groups as Parliament, Funkadelic, Brothers Johnson and The Gap Band. She's just released her own single 'To Hell With Him' / 'Love's Party' on the Calibre label (through PRT), and that's followed this week by her album 'Boomerang'.

ROY AYERS returns to the UK next month to play three nights at London Victoria The Venue — from Wednesday to Friday, July 20-22 — and tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £5.20. The Venue is also presenting Edwin Starr on June 30 (£3.20).

THE SPECIMEN have added three more dates to their current Batcave tour — at Sheffield Limit Club (tonight, Thursday), Colne Francs (Friday) and Birmingham Fantasy Club (Saturday). Flesh For Lulu will be the support on the remaining tour dates, as Alien Sex Fiend have now dropped out for reasons unknown.

THE ANGELIC UPSTARTS have parted company with guitarist Mond and drummer Peter Lambert, due to musical differences — Mond formed the band with Mensi in 1977, and Lambert joined earlier this year. The remaining three members — Mens!, Tony Feed-Back and Brian Hayes — say they will announce their future plans in a couple of weeks.

PETER GABRIEL's concert on July 9 at the Crystal Palace Football Ground, South London, has now been officially licensed by the Greater London Council — the first new open-air venue the council has approved for several years, and the first since the introduction of the new festivals code of conduct. By the way, despite what it says on the tickets, the show starts at 3pm (not 2.30).

A BIGGER SPLASH (June 23), The Creamies (30), The Impossible Dreamers (July 7) and The Nancy Boys, ex-Ruts DC (14) are the opening headliners at a new Thursday night venue, The Jungle, located at London Kensington Sunset Club. It's being run by Justin Dane and Anna Lee, who are also opening The Musique at London Catford Green Man on June 25, with UK Subs topping. They also promote at Stockwell Old Queen's Head, Herne Hill Half Moon and Harrow Roxborough — ring 01-625 6544 for bookings.

HERE & NOW play London Oxford St. 100 Club tonight (Thursday) to warm up for their Stonehenge Festival appearance at the weekend. They'll also be touring next month, and first confirmed dates are Coventry General Wolfe (July 1), Norwich Green Festival (3), Reading Target Club (7), Leeds Fforde Green (9), Dudley J.B.'s (16) and Swindon Solitaire (20), with more being set.

BELFAST FOLK FESTIVAL takes place this weekend (Friday to Sunday) with major concerts held in the Ulster Hall, and other events at the Grosvenor Hall, Group Theatre, Forum Hotel and Arts Theatre. Nearly 60 separate acts will be appearing over the three days — among them Tom Paxton, De Danann, Alexis Korner, Roy Harper, Freddie White, Jake Thackray, Hank Wangford Band, Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika, Earl Okin and Ossian.

DIRE STRAITS are to headline the Dublin Festival No. 2 on Sunday, July 17, at the Punchestown Racecourse in Naas. Also on the bill are The Undertones, making their very last appearance before they split, and The Chieftains — plus three other acts to be named.

ICICLE WORKS, the Liverpool band whose second single 'Birds Fly (Whisper To A Scream)' has just been issued by Beggars Banquet, play Sheffield Limit (June 23), Birmingham Golden Eagle (24), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (30), Manchester The Gallery (July 1), Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt (6), Leeds Brannigans (7), Coventry General Wolfe (9) and London Covent Garden Rock Garden (14).

THE DUELLISTS are a new band formed by Mick Rossi (ex-Slaughter & The Dogs) and Ray McVeigh (ex-Professionals), together with Phil Rowlands and Steve Counsel. They're being managed by Tony Bidgood (ex-Stray Cats management), and make their London debut at Fulham Greyhound this Saturday (18).

***Stop Press*...AL JARREAU plays a third night at London Hammersmith Odeon on June 23...Beware forged tickets for DAVID BOWIE's Milton Keynes concerts, and don't be tempted to buy from any non-accredited source...KAJAGOOGOO are at Hammersmith Odeon on June 26, when tickets for the cancelled May 31 matinee will be valid.**

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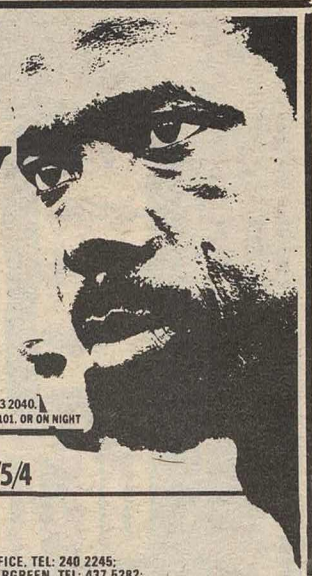

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MORE RECORD NEWS

Left: TROY TATE

TROY TATE is releasing his first solo single since leaving both The Teardrop Explodes and Fashion, 'Love Is . . .'/'I'm Mad', and there's also a 12-inch format with the bonus of a dance mix of the A-side plus the now deleted 'Lifeline'. He's currently writing material for an album later in the year, and is rehearsing a band to play dates in the summer. The single is issued on June 24 by Why Fi Records in conjunction with Rough Trade.

DAVID THOMAS, late of Pere Ubu, has his second solo album released by Rough Trade this week — titled 'Variations On A Theme'. It features The Pedestrians, his supporting band from the first solo LP 'Sound Of The Sand', but now augmented to a seven-piece. The album is self-produced.

JON & VANGELIS' third album, already named as 'Private Collection', is now officially set for release by Polydor on June 24. It features four new compositions by the duo, one of which 'Horizon' occupies the whole of the second side.

BARRY MANILOW has a new single released by Arista tomorrow, Friday, which happens also to be his birthday (he is 94) — it is 'Some Kind Of Friend', taken from his recent album 'I Wanna Do It With You'. The B-side 'Oh Julie' has never previously been issued in the UK.

IRON MAIDEN release their new single on EMI next Monday (20), and they've chosen a track from their hit album 'Piece Of Mind', titled 'The Trooper'. The B-side is a previously unissued cover version of Jethro Tull's 'Cross-Eyed Mary', recorded earlier this year in Nassau.

FASHION have signed a long-term deal with Epic Records, and are currently recording material for a new single and album with producer Zeus B. Held, who worked with them on their 'Fabrique' LP. After yet another personnel change, original members Mulligan (synthesisers, vocals and graphics) and Dik Davies (percussion and vocals) are now joined by Marlon Recci (bass and keyboards) and Alan Darby (guitars).

SLAPP HAPPY — the trio of Peter Blegvad, Anthony Moore and Dagmar Krause, who broke up at the end of 1975 — are releasing the first single recorded since their recent re-formation. Titled 'Everybody's Slimmin', it's out this week on ZimZam Records, distributed by Rough Trade.

● **Brilliant** finally get around to releasing their long-awaited 'Colours' single this weekend on their own Risk label (through Rough Trade). The band's now-permanent line-up features two bassists, Yoof (formerly Youth!) and Tin Tin, plus singer Marcus Myers and drummer Andy Anderson.

● The **Robert Wyatt** album 'Nothing Can Stop Us', originally released in March last year and subsequently often in the indies charts, has now been reissued by Rough Trade to incorporate his hit single 'Shipbuilding'.

● North London reggae band **Undivided Roots** this week release their 12-inch single 'True Love' on CSA Records (through PRT and Jetstar). There are two titles on the B-side, 'Bounty Hunter' and 'I Love Music', the former featuring the voice of Jamaican DJ Audie Murphy.

● Ex-Blitz members Nidge & Mackie are now working together as **Rose Of Victory,** and their first single is a cover of David Bowie's 'Suffragette City', released on June 24 by No Future Records (through Rough Trade and Pinnacle).

● **Louise Tucker** has a new single 'Only For You' released by Arista this week, as the follow-up to 'Midnight Blue' which achieved the No. 1 spot in several European countries. Same label issues the single 'I Wanted to Tell Her' by **Al Jourgensen & Ministry** on June 24, and the group will have their album 'Work For Love' issued in July.

● Irish singer and composer **Paul Brady** — who recently guested in some of Eric Clapton's UK dates, and is currently touring Europe with him — has a new single titled 'The Great Pretender' released on June 24 by 21/Polydor Records.

● Thanet band **The Thoughts,** formerly known as Naughty Thoughts, have a new single issued tomorrow (Friday) on Straight 8 Records, distributed by IDS. Titled 'Wait A Long Time For You', it has the novelty of a double B-side, featuring 'Who Said Anything About Love' and 'Fooled Again'.

● Manchester five-piece **Rox** have signed to the Music For Nations label, and will have their debut single released next month, with an album to follow in the early autumn. This week, the same label issues the new **Tank** album 'This means War', plus the self-named LP by New York band **Ratt** which comes initially in red vinyl.

● **The Farmer's Boys** have their new single 'For You'/'T.O.S.D.' issued by EMI on July 4, also available as a 12-inch with a 6½-minute version of the A-side. Additionally, there's a limited edition double pack, containing an extra single which features four of the group's archive recordings.

20-track cassette compilations

WEA this week release eight cassette-only albums compiled from their back catalogue, each containing 20 tracks. Together with just some of the artists featured, they are as follows: 'Atlantic History' (Wilson Pickett, Otis Redding, Sam & Dave); 'Million Sellers Of The Fifties' (The Drifters, The Coasters, Ray Charles); 'Hits Of The Sixties' (Sonny & Cher, The Everly Brothers, Trini Lopez); 'Hits Of The Seventies' (James Taylor, Elvis Costello, The Cars); 'Rock And Rollers' (Bill Haley, Little Richard); 'Dance Tracks' (Shalamar, Sister Sledge, Chaka Khan); 'Easy Listening' (Kenny Rogers, Bread, Emmylou Harris); and 'Ladies In Love' (Carly Simon, Roberta Flack, Joni Mitchell).

● WEA also announce the release of their first nine digital audio albums, or Compact Discs — 'Rumours' (Fleetwood Mac), 'Give Me The Night' (George Benson), 'Greatest Hits Vol. 1' (Rod Stewart), 'Another Page' (Christopher Cross), 'The Nightfly' (Donald Fagen), 'Records' (Foreigner), 'Bop Till You Drop' (Ry Cooder), 'Winelight' (Grover Washington Jr) and 'Breaking Away' (Al Jarreau).

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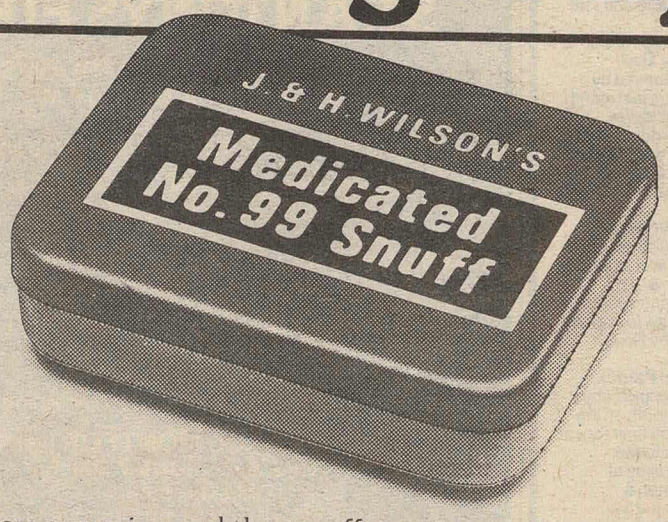

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8 JULY 8.00 Orchestre Jazira. Amadu Jobarteh (Senegambia). Shikisha (Congolese dance).
9 JULY 2.00 A workshop and performance, featuring the Dartington Gamelan Orchestra. 8.00 Jah Wobble and the Invaders of the Heart. Kanda Bongo Man (Zaire).
10 JULY 2.00 Budha Dhitya Mukherjee (India).
8.00 Misty In Roots. Kanda Bongo Man.
12 JULY 8.00 23 Skidoo and an accompanying programme of dance and video.
13 JULY 8.00 Boroughloch (Scotland). Lakshmi Jayan (India). David Cunningham and Peter Gordon.
14 JULY 8.00 Aboriginal Artistes from North-East Arnhem Land, Australia plus Frank Chickens.
15 JULY 8.00 Penguin Cafe Orchestra. Ekome Dance Company.
16 JULY 2.00 Aboriginal Artists (as above). 8.00 Malopoets (South Africa). Peter Hammill.
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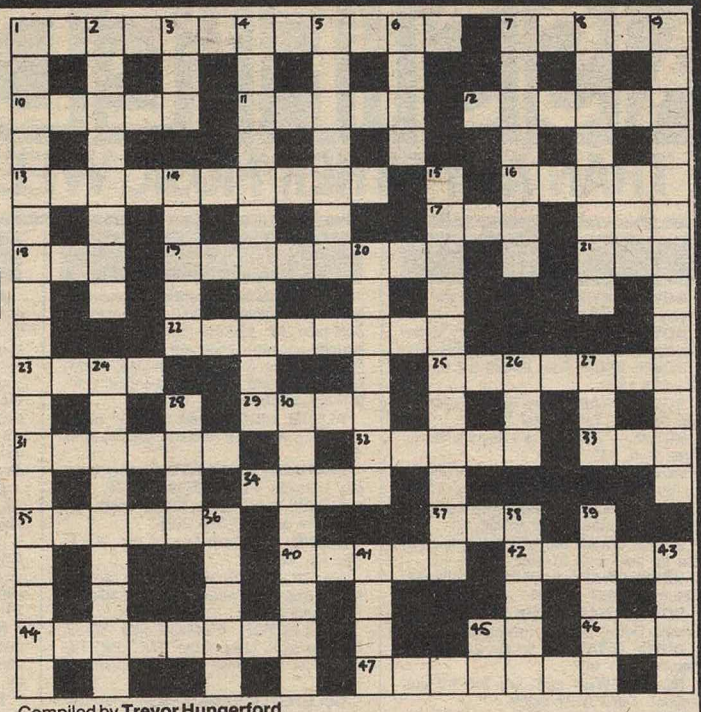

Compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

CLUES ACROSS

1. Nags come last — no point in betting on these lads to make the top (6,6)
7. Sisters Of Mercy save one from Wonderland (5)
10. Wild thing as sung by the Four Seasons? (5)
11. Japanese bassman, second name Yamauchi, who joined the reformed Free in 1973 (5)
12. Surname of cockney lad who headed the British skiffle boom in the '50s (6)
13. Female vocalist from the States, now accepted as British, whose had numerous hits here — one as a duet with Chris Norman (4,6)
16. Forenamed Jim, US country-folk artist who died in a plane crash in 1973 just when he was receiving acclaim (5)
17. Mickie Most inspired label featuring such groups as Mud and Racey (3)
18. Ms Lennox? (3)
19. Barbara Dickson's first hit in 1976 (6,2)
21. After Waterloo, Abba had two flops but came back with this one (3)
22. '——Train' from Clint and General (4,4)
23. *"Boys will be girls and girls will be boys, it's a mixed up crazy shook up world"* 1970 (4)
25+39D. Selecter single to enable you complete crosswords? (7,5)
29. First number one hit for the new year of 1979, stayed there for 3 weeks (1,1,1,1)
31+43D. Roxy? It's left 'ere, but do a turn (6,4)
32. Frank Sinatra's daughter (5)
33. They're from New Zealand, they're Split but still together (3)
34. U.S. term for a form of rock music in the '60s designed to create the illusion of an LSD trip (4)
35. Man behind the Red Noise (6)
37. See 42A.
40. Hot Rod driver (5)
42+45A+37A. Factory loo gets bogged up with an old Stones single (1,4,2,3)
44+47A Band whose vocalist is Steve Allen (aka Enrico Cadillac) ex Big In Japan — one of their singles was 20,000 Dreamers (8,7)
45. See 42A.
46. Virgin label German group best known for Sex Unter Wasser (3)
47. See 44A.

CLUES DOWN

1. *You don't ever wanna see me again, your fella's gonna kill me and he's six feet ten"* 1978/79 (4,5,6,3)
2. They know the correct use of soap and an alternative use of soap (8)
3+7D. Beggars Banquet band who released 'Arabs In Arrods' in 1978 (3,7)
4. Very first hit for Marianne Faithfull in 1964 (2,5,2,2)
5. Woody, who begat Arlo, who begat Alice's Restaurant (7)
6. The sort of music Billy Bremner plays in cars (4)
7. See 3D.
8. One of the many current bands inspired by the Bee Gees perhaps to come up from down under (8)
9. Cherry Red label group — released in 1981 double album 'Caught In Flux' (7,2,4)
14. Brummies who got the special John Peel airplay treatment in 1979 for a good single "There Must Be Thousands" that got nowhere (5)
15. Well-known Elvis song from film *Jailhouse Rock*, on which single it was the b-side (5,2,4)
20. Bar-hand does the Crunch, perhaps? (3,4)
24. Vocalist, sax and synth player, she was at one time with X Ray Spex (4,5)
26. Classical-rock group featuring John Williams (3)
27. The man for Tina Turner (3)
28. Devoto to leave for this band? (4)
30. 1966 Beatles album track which was a hit at the time for both the Overlanders and David and Jonathan (8)
36. Real surname of Mr Herman of the Hermits (5)
38. Together less than 2 years the pair of them have just split (5)
39. See 25A.
41. Way Of The West single, or something essential to all rock bands (4)
43. See 31A.
45. Initials of singer who formed Sector 27 (1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 China Girl, 5 Bleed, 8 Ice, 9 Apart, 10 Ads, 11 Mozart, 12 See 14 Across, 14+12A Yakety Yak, 16 Dresden, 19 Homicides, 22 St., 23 XO(YO), 24 Orb(ison), 26 Thrill, 28+4D Lounge Lizards, 31 Mask, 32 Charm, 33 D.J, 37 A Distant Shore, 38 Miss The Girl, 39 Zoo.

DOWN: 1 Crazy Rhythm, 2 Nurse, 3 Into, 4 See 28 Across, 5 Beatles, 6 Easy, 7 Duck, 11 My Girl, 13 Alex, 15 Kim, 17 Stoned, 18 Not, 20 Cole, 21 D.B (David Bowie), 25 Commuter, 27 Rascals, 29 The The, 30 Soweto, 34 Joolz, 35 Fist, 36 Aim.

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BOWIE TICKETS, Keynes. Offers. Swanley 66298.

BOWIE TICKETS Keynes, offers. 0943 76804.

BOWIE TICKETS Keynes. Pair Friday. Lesley 02514 29713.

BOWIE TICKETS, Keynes 3rd. Offers. Weybridge 40684.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes, four Saturday, offers. 041-339 8855 ext. 7526 before 5p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes, Friday. Offers. Bradford 591092 after 6.00p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes, Friday. Offers. 0592 782040 after six.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes, July 2nd. Offers Fri-Sat before 3p.m. Motherwell 63773.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes. Saturday. Offers. 0290 20931.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes. Sunday Offers 0592 53494.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes. Two for 2nd. 01-370 4855 10–12a.m. Neil R.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes 1st and 3rd July. 0734 481786 after 4.30.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes 1.7.83 offers. Dave 01-504 4520.

BOWIE TICKETS. Milton. Two. Sat. Offers. Snodland 243276.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton 3rd July. Offers 0603 666332.

BOWIE TICKETS M/Keynes July 1st. Offers Suzi, Box No. 4874.

BOWIE TICKETS MK for sale. £40.00 for two Aberdeen 872347.

BOWIE TICKETS Murrayfield. Highest offer. Ronnie 031-667 1971 ex. 49.

BOWIE TICKET Sunday Keynes. Offers 041-776 3802.

BOWIE TICKETS swap 4 Milton Keynes Friday for Saturday/Sunday Southampton 789915.

BOWIE TICKETS. Three for 1st July. Offers. 062 082 3817 after 6p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS. Two Edinburgh. Offers: Steve, 17 Mostyn Green, North Kenton, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE3 3AL.

BOWIE TICKETS two for Edinburgh. Offers phone 0246 417601.

BOWIE TICKETS. Two for July 2nd and two for July 3rd. Please Phone 029661 3812.

BOWIE TICKETS two for Keynes July 1st. Swap for another Keynes date. Watford 42733.

BOWIE TICKETS Two For Sale. Phone 01-607 2991.

BOWIE TICKETS two Keynes Sunday. Offers Derek 01-478 2167.

BOWIE TICKETS two Keynes 1st July. 01-834 9267. Offers.

BOWIE TICKETS two Keynes 2nd July. Offers. Phone: Ruislip 72334 after 6 p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS two Milton Keynes. First July. Offers 0747 4409.

BOWIE TICKETS two, Milton Keynes, Friday. Contact Sarah Richards, 3, Mill Road, Cambridge.

BOWIE TICKETS. Two Milton Keynes Friday offers. Hatfield 72900.

BOWIE TICKETS, two Milton Keynes, Friday 1st. Offers. Epsom 24704.

BOWIE TICKETS two Milton Keynes. Offers. 01-778 5976.

BOWIE TICKETS two Milton Keynes 1/7/1983. 0843 61791.

FOR SALE

BOWIE TICKETS two Milton Keynes. 2/7. Offers 0243 827365 after 6 p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS. Two Milton Keynes. 3rd July. Steve 01-399 1175 evenings.

BOWIE TICKETS two Saturday, Keynes. 031-556 4657.

BOWIE TICKETS. Two tickets July 2nd. Offers. Orpington 32049.

BOWIE TICKETS 1st July Milton Keynes. Phone 727 1064 after 6.30 p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS 1st July. Offers. Phone 0842 64867.

BOWIE TICKETS, 1st July. Offers 202 0799.

BOWIE TICKETS 1st July. Tel: 01-646 3440.

BOWIE TICKETS, 2 July 3rd. Phone Mark Flood 680 4612 3–5p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS 2 Keynes July 3rd 0365 512531.

BOWIE TICKETS 2 Milton Keynes. 1st July. Offers. 076484 518.

BOWIE TICKETS 2 MK 1st and 2. Edinburgh. Donald 031-443 3188.

BOWIE TICKETS (3) Keynes — 1/7. Offers Karen 03552 25426.

BOWIE TICKETS 3rd July Milton Keynes. Highest offers. Leics 546948.

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BOWIE TICKETS 3rd July. Offers 061-624 5070.

BOWIE TICKETS. 4 M.K. Phone: Dave, 041-883 5135.

BOWIE TICKET (1) Milton Keynes (Friday). Offers 0272 739769. after six.

BOWIE TICKET 1st July Keynes. Offers Tel: 855 2556 after 5 pm.

BOWIE TICKET 2/7. Offers (0202) 762117.

BOWIE. TWO Milton tickets, Sunday. Offers. 07456 88829.

BOWIE TWO Milton 1/7. Offers? 0344 51178.

BOWIE 1/2 tickets Milton Keynes 1/7 offers. 0482 508954 after 6 p.m.

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2 BOWIE tickets 1st July. Highest offer secures. 01-691 6599.

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BOWIE SWAP my two Saturday MK for two Sunday. Tel: 01/603 7719.

BOWIE — SWAP three Keynes Sat for three Sun. 0427 3249.

BOWIE SWAP three Saturday 'Keynes for Sunday. 02605 2466. (Sutton)

BOWIE SWAP two Milton Keynes Friday for two Saturday. 0322 53928.

BOWIE SWAP two Milton Keynes July 3rd for July 2nd. 01-560 4399.

BOWIE SWAP two MK Friday for two MK Saturday. 0624 834121.

BOWIE SWAP two MK Sunday for MK Friday. Derby 769201 (evening)

BOWIE SWAP two tickets 2/7 for 3/7. Reading 661 882.

BOWIE SWAP 2nd July for 3rd July Keynes. 0653 3082 nights.

BOWIE SWAP 3 Keynes Friday for Sunday 09904 3637.

BOWIE SWAPS 4 1st July for Saturday or Sunday Milton Keynes. 888 8392 (evening).

BOWIE TICKET Milton Keynes Saturday July 2nd. Offers Bedford 62578.

BOWIE TICKETS Milton Keynes. 0734 723131 after 6p.m.

BOWIE TICKETS swap four Keynes 3/7 for four Keynes 2/7. phone: Jayne Havant 476052 daytime.

BOWIE TICKETS Swap Four Saturday Milton Keynes for Four Sunday 3rd July. 01-300 7035.

BOWIE TICKETS swap two Milton Keynes Sunday for two Saturday. Martin, Wolverhampton 751613.

BOWIE TICKETS Swap two Saturday for Sunday Milton Keynes 01-734 0911 (daytime). Helen Bowden.

BOWIE TICKETS swap two Saturday 2nd July for two Sunday tickets. O'Hara. 0473 215860.

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Adrians

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Have you paid us a visit yet? Wickford is only 40 mins direct from Liverpool St Station. Open. Mon-Sat 9-6, Sunday 10am-1pm:

THIS WEEK'S NEW FASHIONS

12" BLUE ZOO Can't forgive (White vinyl, elephant shaped or Blue v. gorilla shaped or Yellow v. Pig shaped or Pink v. tiger shaped) 2.25 each or set of 4 ..... 7.99
7" DURAN is there something (Jap I + lyrs) (Diff P) 2.99
7" U2 N.Y. Day/Treasure (Jap I + lyrs) (Diff P) 2.99
7" TEARS FOR FEARS Change (Jap I + lyrs) (P) 2.99
7" P. FURS Run & Run/President Gas (live) (I) 1.85
L.P. COLOSSEUM Collector's Colosseum (8 tracks) (I) 4.99
BOX SET YARDBIRDS Hits (3 L.P.'s, 31 tracks) (I) (P) 7.50
12" A. FALTSKOG Heat is on (7.56) (3.31) (I) (Diff Pic) 3.99
MINI L.P. KATE BUSH Sat in your lap/Cold gun (live/Babooshka/Suspended in Gaffa/Un Baiser d'enfant (I) (Diff Pic to any Brit) 6.99
L.P. T. REX Zinc Alloy (Jap I + lyrics etc) 10.95
L.P. HEAVEN 17 Luxury Gap (Jap I + lyrics etc) 11.95
L.P. O.M.D. Dazzle ships (Jap I + lyrics etc) 11.95
L.P. JAPAN Oil on canvas (dble) (Jap I + lyrics etc) 19.95
12" B. TYLER Ever seen rain/Total eclipse (E)/Time (P) 2.25
12" E.L.O. R&R is king/After all/Time after time (P) 2.25
12" TRUTH Confusion/Me & My girl + 3 live tracks (P) 2.25
12" KISSING PINK Love lasts forever/Undersage (E) (P) 2.35
12" HANOI ROCKS Malibu beach/Taxi driver + 2 (P) 2.25
12" FASTWAY We become one/Crazy dream/Back in game (P) 2.25
12" ULTRAVOX We came to dance (E)/Overlook (P) 1.99
12" MARI WILSON Wonderful (E) + 2 (P) (+ free 6 track live Cassette with insert) (P) 1.99
12" DEVO Dr. Detroit (6.00)/Luv luv + 1 (P) 2.25
12" CHURCH It's no reason/Someone special (I) 2.50
12" MARILLION Garden party (E)/Margaret (live)/Charting (live) (P) 2.25
12" FREUR Matters of the heart (6.22)/Hoover (P) 2.25
12" BUCKS FIZZ When we were young (E) + 2 (P) 2.50
L.P. BEATLES 20 Number Ones (+ insert + 7" e.p. I feel fine/R&R Music/Love me do) (I) 7.99
12" NEW ORDER Ceremony (Orig mix & pic) (+ flexi) (P) 2.25
12" KAJAGOOGOO Hang on now (E) + 2 (+ poster) (P) 2.25
12" J. PRIEST Tyrant/Roller/Genoc (5.47) (White vinyl) (P) 2.35
7" TRUTH Confusion + 3 (dble single) (P) 1.50
7" SPECIMEN Returning journey (Bat shaped) (P&P for 12") ... 1.99
7" THE IMPOSTER (Costello) Pills & Soap (E) (deleted) 1.50
12" SEX PISTOLS Anarchy in the U.K./No Fun (P) 1.40
7" HAYSI FANTAYZEE Sister Friction (wraparound poster pic) 1.50
7" FIRST LIGHT Explain the Reasons (Clear Vinyl) 1.50
12" HAYSI Sister Friction (remix)/J. Jive/The Beast (P) 2.50
12" MINI L.P. H. LEAGUE Fascination (E)/M. Man/H. Times/Love you too much/Remind me of gold/Fascination (impro) (I) (P) ... 5.49
12" SEX PISTOLS Anarchy in the U.K./No Fun (P) ..... each 2.25
L.P. CRASS Yes Sir, I Will 2.75
7" KATE BUSH Suspended in Gaffa/Dreamtime (I) (P) (Back in) 2.25
12" HEAVEN 17 Live so fast (6.01)/Temptation + 1 (I) 4.99
12" ROD STEWART Baby Jane/R. Now/loving wrong live (+ poster) (P) 2.25
7" HANUKAH ROCKS (Blue v. Star shaped) (P&P for 12") (I) 5.99
12" CULTURE CLUB Time/White boys (E)/Afraid of me (E)/Really want to hurt (E) (Large Picture Label) (Jap I + lyric insert) 8.99
12" M.M.E.T. POSSEE Fickle (E) (WELLER's Respond label) 1.99
12" HALL/OATES Family Man (E)/Maneater (E) (P) 4.99
L.P. DURAN (with Is there something) (I) 8.99
L.P. P. FLOYD Works (10 sides with 'Embryo') (I) 7.99
7" CLASH Should I cool (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" A.T.F. Kommissar/Shadows (Jap. I) (Diff. P) 2.99
7" PAT BENATAR Little too late/Fight it out (Jap. I) (P) 2.99
7" AGNETHA/T. LEDIN N. again/For the fun (Jap. I) (Diff. P) ... 2.99
NOTE ALL JAP. IMPORTS EXCELLENT PRESSINGS AND LYRICS.
7" ULTRAVOX Vienna/Sleepwalk (Clear vinyl) (P) 2.25
12" TONY ASHTON Resurrection shuffle (5.27 mix) + 2 ..... 2.50
12" ORANGE JUICE Flesh of my flesh (E)/L. John (E) (+ pic.) ... 1.99
CASSETTE ALBUM SINGLES 'WHEELS' live (only 2,000 pressed) (Numbered ltd. edit.) (8 tracks & more) (P) 3.99
12" TWISTED SISTER Kids are back + 3 live tracks (P) 2.25
12" V. MORRISON Celtic Swing/Reve on/Mr. Thomas (P) 1.99
12" A. MAGNUS Bring me sunshine (E)/Surprise me (P) 2.25
12" BIG COUNTRY In a big country (2 mixes)/All of us (P) 1.99
12" I. MAIDEN Flight of Icarus/I've got fire (I) (P) 3.99
12" L. SMILE Gettin Smile (early group with Brian May + Roger Taylor of QUEEN) (JAP I + lyrics) (Back in) 10.95
12" I. MAIDEN Sanctuary/Prowler/Drifter(live)/Got fire(I) (P) ... 3.99
7" SQUEEZE (Yes S') Another Nail/If I didn't love (I) (P) 0.75
L.P. SQUIRE OFFICIAL FAN CLUB ALBUM 4.49

PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS PICTURE DISCS

7" BOWIE China Girl; 7" AGNETHA Heat is on; 7" A. IMAGES Bring me closer; 7" A. IMAGES Don't talk about love; 7" STRANGLERS E. Female; 7" SQUEEZE Hangover; 7" ABBA Under attack; 7" BEATLES Love me do; 7" CLASH Rock the Casbah; 7" CLASH Should I stay ..... each 2.99
7" WAYNE COUNTY F*** off; 7" BUCKS FIZZ When we were young; 7" O. JUICE Flesh of flesh; 7" HANOI ROCKS Malibu beach; 7" TEARS FOR FEARS Mad World (U.S. Promo) ..... each 2.25
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam (Picture Disc) 5.99
7" ABBA Kisses of fire (Blue vinyl flexidisc) (P) 9.50
7" M. McLAREN Buffalo girls/Trad Sq. (US promo) (P) 3.99
7" ABBA Money/D. Queen (Blue vinyl flexi-disc) (I) 6.99
7" BOWIE Alabama Song (Wraparound poster only) 1.50
7" BLONDIE Picture This (Yellow Vinyl) (P) 7.50
7" FOREIGNER Blue Morning, Blue Day (Picture Disc) 4.99
12" HUMAN LEAGUE Empire State Human (P) (British Orig) 8.99
7" E. JOHN Cruz. Rock/G.Y.B.R. (Blue vinyl flexi) (I) (P) 4.99
7" POLICE Message in a bottle (Green vinyl) (P) 3.99
7" T. HEADS Take me to the river (British Demo) (P) 3.99

WE HAVE TWO RECORD SHOPS IN WICKFORD
Adrians 'OLD SHOP' is packed with secondhand bargains. Rare promos, cheapies, '50s, '60s R & Roll originals plus many of one-off goodies. OPEN 5 DAYS A WEEK (10-4, Closed Wed) Double your pleasure — visit both shops in one day.

POSTAGE & BEST PACKING 12" or 10" . . . 1=95p, 2=1.30, 3=1.60, 4=£2.10, 5 or more=2.65 . . . 7" up to 4=65p; 5 or more=85p. Cassettes Same as for 7".
OVERSEAS P&P 12" OR 10" . . . 1=2.30, 2 OR 3=£3.15, 4 TO 8=1.05 each, 9 to 20=8.80. 7" . . . 1 or 2=1.15, 3=1.50, 4=£2.10, 5 or more=45p each, 13 or more=£5.30. Cassettes . . . Same as for 7".
SOUTHERN IRELAND Please add 25p for every £1 (on cost of records & postage) to cover rate of exchange.
PLEASE ALLOW 10 DAYS CLEARANCE FOR CHEQUES (Postal orders mean quicker delivery)
ALL RECORDS ARE BRITISH UNLESS MARKED IMPORT (I) P=Picture Sleeve. E=Extended version

THE RECORD SPECIALIST

EURYTHMICS Love is stranger; 7" MADNESS Tommorrows just. Our House, House of Fun, Driving in my car; 7" C. CLUB Church Poison; 7" OMD Telegraph; 7" TRIUMPH World of fantasy; 7" NEW EDITION Candy Girl; 7" FUN BOY 3 Tunnel of love; 7" M.OLDFIELD Mistakes; 7" OMD Genetic Engineering; 7" ICEHOUSE Hey Little Girl; 7" EURYTHMICS S. Dreams; 7" ULTRAVOX Hymn; 7" H.LEAGUE Mirror Man; 7" RUSH Subdivisions; 7" JAPAN Ghosts; 7" I. MAIDEN Run to hills; 7" F.SEAGULLS Waiting; 7" UFO Time to rock ..... each 1.99
7" ABBA One of us; 7" SAMMY HAGAR Piece of my heart ..... each 0.99
7" ADAM ANT Desperate; Friend of Foe; Goody 2; Antrap ..... each 1.99
7" BELLE STARS Sign of the times; Iko Iko; Clapping Song ..... each 1.99
7" TOYAH Ieya (1st pic) 1.99 7" TOYAH Ieya/Helium (2nd pic) 1.85
Lots more Pic Discs in our catalogue

PICTURE DISCS WITH UNUSUAL SHAPES (P&P as for 12")

7" HAYSI FANTAZEE Sister Friction (Haysi shaped!) 2.50
7" STYX Don't let it end (Robotto head shaped) 1.99
7" COCONUTS Did you have to love me (Coconut shaped) 2.50
7" JoBOXERS Just got lucky (Box shaped) 1.99
7" DEVO Beautiful world (Spaceman helmet shaped) (I) 12.00
7" JOHN MILES Right to sing (Microphone shaped) 2.25
7" B. JAMES HARVEST Just a day away (Butterfly shaped) 2.25
7" FARMERS BOYS Muck it out (Pig shaped) 2.25
7" FAT LARRY Stubborn kind (Fat Larry shaped) 2.50
7" TOTO Rosanna (Gramophone shaped) 2.99
7" VIA MARCONI Serious dancing (Shoes shaped) 2.50
7" BELLE STARS Sweet Memory (Star shaped) 1.99
7" BAD MANNERS That'll do nicely (Bugle head shaped) 2.25
7" JULUKA Scatterlings Africa (Africa shaped) 2.50
7" CAVA CAVA Brother Bright (Painters Palette shaped) 1.99
7" JOBOXERS Boxerbeat (Box shaped) 2.99
Note:— Nearly all odd-shaped records are slightly warped

CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT 45 CULT

12" NEW ORDER Temptation (P) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" CURE Faint (5.53)/Another Journey (Green Vinyl) (I) 4.49
12" DEVO Jones/Coalmine/Satisfaction/Jocko (P) 2.25
12" YAZOO Nobody's Diary/State Farm (P) 2.25
7" DEVO Dr. Detroit theme/J. BROWN King of soul 1.85
12" SPEAR OF DESTINY The Wheel/Hop + 3 live (P) 2.25
12" STYLE COUNCIL Money go round/Headstart/Mick's (P) 1.99
12" MAGAZINE Shot both/Goldfinger/Floor/Give me (P) 2.25
7" U2 N.Y. Day/Treasure/Fire/Brick/Day Without (dble 7") (P) 1.99
12" U2 N. Years Day (E) + 3 (P) 2.25
12" J. DIVISION Transmission (P) (+ free flexi) 2.25
12" N. ORDER Ceremony (new mix, new pic) (+ flexi) 2.25
12" U2 S.B. Sunday/N.Y. Day/2 Hearts (I) (P) 4.49
7" U2 Sunday bloody Sunday/Endless sleep (I) (P) 2.25
7" ULTRAVOX Visions in blue (Clear vinyl) (P) 2.25
12" HEAVEN 17 Temptation/Who'll stop/We live so fast (P) 2.25
12" NEW ORDER Beach/Blue Monday (J.D. flexi) (P) 2.25
7" U2 2 Hearts (5.40) N.Y. Day/2 Hearts (remix) (P) 2.25
7" U2 2 Hearts/Endless Sleep/N.Y. Day/2 Hearts (dble 7") (P) 1.50

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
★WE DO NOT ADVERTISE RECORDS BEFORE AVAILABLE
★All records are British unless marked import (I) so you know exactly what you are buying
★All records sent in strong, top quality protective packaging
★We do not issue credit notes (except overseas) or alternatives, unless you ask. If we cannot supply exactly what you require — *We refund your money*

ADRIANS CATALOGUE No 33 + SUPP. PARTS 1 + 2
A vital reference for all collectors from Britain's leading mail order company. Over 16,000 "collectables" and rarities listed... lots of them only available from us. If you would like one send 75p + large SAE. Europe 10 IRC. Elsewhere 15 IRC. Or you can ask for a FREE copy when ordering.

BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE BOWIE

7" BOWIE China girl/Shake it (Picture Disc) (V. Ltd) 2.99
7" BOWIE Let's dance (I) (P) (U.S. Pressing) 1.85
12" BOWIE Let's dance (I) (P) (U.S. Pressing) 4.99
7" NICO — (NOT BOWIE) Heroes (P) 1.40
7" BOWIE (Lifetimes singles) (Re-issues with original 'B' sides, all with completely or slightly new pics. All new catalogue nos.)

1. Drive in Saturday/Round	2. Life on Mars/M.W.S.T.W.
3. R&R Suicide/Quicksand	4. D. Days/Holy.
5. Knock on Wood/Panic	6. Y. Americans/S. City
7. Fame/Right	8. G. Years/Can you hear
9. T.V.C.15/We are dead	10. S. & Vision/N. Career
11. Be my wife/Speed	12. B. & Beast/Sense
13. Heroes/V2	14. Rebel Rebel/Queen
15. Jean Genie/Ziggy	16. D.J./Repitition
17. John I'm/Hang on	18. S. Oddity/Changes/V.G.
19. Sorrow/Amsterdam	20. B. Glass/Art/Ziggy

1.40 each, Set of 20 = £26 (Free lifetimes hand-out with set)
12" BOWIE China girl/Shake it (remix) (P) 2.25
STARZONE MAGAZINE No. 7 ..... 99p
7" BOWIE Let's dance (Jap. I + lyrics) (P) 2.99
L.P. BOWIE Let's dance (Splendid Jap. pressing + pic. of Bowie on Jap. Stage insert + extra insert) 11.95
L.P. BOWIE S. Oddity/M.W.S.T.W. (as dble L.P. + insert) (I) 5.99
BOWIE CASSINGLE Let's dance (E)/Cat People (P) 1.99
L.P. SOUNDS LIKE BOWIE (Not Bowie) PICTURE DISC with pic of Bowie on it) (12 Bowie tracks by un-named artist(s)) 4.99
BOWIE Pic Discs (Set of 10 in wallet...7")(P&P £2 U.K.) 27.00
If you like Bowie, then you'll like our catalogue. We are known throughout the world as the Bowie specialists.

RARITIES FROM ADRIANS OLD SHOP

L.P. BEACH BOYS L.A. Album (Picture Disc) 12.50
12" BOWIE Let's dance (E)/short/Cat People (P) (U.S. Promo) 15.00
7" GENESIS No reply (long & short versions) (U.S. Promo) 4.99
7" HOLLIES Stop in name of love (U.S. Promo) 4.99
7" JAM Town called malice (same both sides) (U.S. Promo) 7.50
12" KAJAGOOGOO Too shy (E)/short (U.S. Promo) (P) 8.99
L.P. McCARTNEY Interview album (deleted 1980 L.P.) 4.99
7" MADNESS Baggy trousers (Orig. British pic) 1.99
7" P. PLANT Burning down 1 side (Mono/Stereo) (U.S. Promo) 5.99
7" POLICE 6 Pack in blue vinyl in wallet 19.95
7" SPARKS Cool Places (U.S. Promo) 3.99
12" TEARS FOR FEARS Mad World (U.S. Promo) 8.99
7" E. COSTELLO New Amsterdam (Picture Disc) 5.99
7" ABBA Kisses of fire (Blue vinyl flexidisc) (P) 9.50
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RECORDS TAPES VIDEOS

Adrians VIDEO

36 HIGH ST, WICKFORD, ESSEX
PLEASE STATE CLEARLY VHS OR BETAMAX

NEW RELEASES...IN STOCK NOW

VIDEO OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN Live (18 Hits) (82) (V2)	19.95	
VIDEO KIDS FROM FAME Live R.A. Hall (75)	29.95	
VIDEO TEARS FOR FEARS Mad world/Change/Pale shelter	10.95	
VIDEO BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST Berlin Concert (51)	24.95	
VIDEO SLADE Slade in Flame. The film & Music	39.95	
VIDEO PAVAROTTI Live at Albert Hall (60)	24.95	
VIDEO JACKIE GENOVA Work that body (Exercises)	19.95	
VIDEO JAPAN Oil On Canvas	19.95	
VIDEO FLEETWOOD MAC Mirage Tour (80)	24.95	
VIDEO STEVIE NICKS Live (58)	19.95	

COMING SOON...NOT RELEASED YET
Note: In line with our Fair Trading Policy we will not offer videos for sale until they are released.

ECHO & BUNNYMEN (Porcupine); STATUS QUO; RUSH; New BLACK SABBATH, BLUE OYSTER CULT, MINK DEVILLE	

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £15

VIDEO H. LEAGUE 3 track hits (20)	9.95
VIDEO A.N.B. Shine (30) (V2)	14.95
VIDEO ROGER DALTREY Ride a Rock Horse (30) (V2)	14.95
VIDEO EDDIE GRANT Live Notting Hill (30) (V2)	14.95
VIDEO MONKEES (Dolenz Jones) Hits (30) (V2)	14.95
VIDEO MARY WILSON & SUPREMES (30) (V2)	14.95

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £20

VIDEO CHERYL LADD Fascinated (60)	19.95
VIDEO DURAN DURAN 11 track hits including 'Something' (55)	19.95
VIDEO STRANGLERS Collection (Hits) (58)	19.95
VIDEO POLICE Around the World (60)	19.95
VIDEO GENESIS Three Sides Live (60)	19.95
VIDEO DIRT BAND Tonite (15 tracks)	19.95
VIDEO SOFT CELL Non stop exotic video show (55)	19.95
VIDEO MICHAEL NESMITH Elephant Parts (60)	19.95
VIDEO ECHO & BUNNYMEN Shines So Hard Etc (48)	19.95
VIDEO ASHFORD & SIMPSON The Video (60)	19.95
VIDEO APRIL WINE Live In London (60)	19.95
VIDEO AMERICA Live Concert (60)	19.95
VIDEO BLACK SABBATH Never Say Die (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO BOOMTOWN RATS Tonic For Troops (50) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO KATE BUSH Live Hammersmith (52)	19.95
VIDEO E. L. O. Live (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO GARY GLITTER At The Rainbow (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO HOT GOSSIP Live Album (60)	19.95
VIDEO IRON MAIDEN Live At Rainbow (30)	19.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN Live Central Park (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO JACSONS In Concert (Early) (45) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO JAM Trans (Global) (30)	19.95
VIDEO LITTLE RIVER BAND Live Oct. '81 (80)	19.95
VIDEO JOHN MILES Live Albert Hall (52) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO MADNESS Complete (Hits) (13 tracks)	19.50
VIDEO McCARTNEY & WINGS Rockshow (102)	19.95
VIDEO MAZE Live New Orleans (60)	19.95
VIDEO MADNESS Take it or Leave it (Film & Music)	19.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Touring Principle '79	19.95
VIDEO OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN Physical (60)	19.95
VIDEO NAZARETH Live Hits etc. (56) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO O. M. D. Live Drury Lane (52)	19.95
VIDEO QUEEN Greatest Flix (60)	19.95
VIDEO CLIFF RICHARD Thank U Very Much (52)	19.95
VIDEO SIOUXSIE & BANSHEES Once Upon A Time (30)	19.95
VIDEO BILLY SQUIER In Concert (60)	19.95
VIDEO THIN LIZZY Live & Dangerous (50) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO 10 C.C. Live in concert (60) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO TUBES The Tubes Video (53)	19.95
VIDEO SHEENA EASTON Live Palace Hollywood (60)	19.95
VIDEO ROD STEWART Tonight He's Yours (90) (V2)	19.95
VIDEO XTC Look Look (Hits)	19.95
VIDEO ADAM + ANTS Live In Japan (60) (V2)	19.95

VIDEO CONCERTS UNDER £30

VIDEO RAINBOW Live Between the eyes (75) (Stereo)	22.95
VIDEO ROXY MUSIC The high (Stereo) (Full 75 mins)	22.95
VIDEO DEXYS M. RUNNERS (Live Hits) (60) (Stereo)	22.95
VIDEO REO SPEEDWAGON Live (1 1/2 hours)	29.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Newman (Hits)	22.95
VIDEO ROBERTA FLACK (Live) (60)	21.95
VIDEO BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST Berlin Concert (51)	29.95
VIDEO No Nukes. Springsteen, C. S. N. Doobies etc (103)	29.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD Live At Pompeii (59) (New sleeve)	22.95
VIDEO 10. CC Live International Music Show (54)	29.95
VIDEO ADAM & ANTS Prince Charming Review	25.95
VIDEO BLONDIE Eat to the beat. Best of	each 29.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Strange Case of (71)	29.95
VIDEO DEVO Men Who Make The Music (55)	24.95
VIDEO ELTON JOHN The Fox (40)	29.95
VIDEO GRACE JONES One Woman Show (60)	24.95
VIDEO KID CRECLE/COCONUTS Live N. York (48)	24.95
VIDEO KIDS LIKE ME & YOU (3 tracks by JAM, 3 by SHAM, 3 by ULTRAVOX + 4 Others) (Live Reading '78) (V2)	21.95
VIDEO MOTORHEAD Live (30)	29.95
VIDEO VAN MORRISON Hits live (V2)	29.95
VIDEO GARY NUMAN Micromusic (nearly 2 hours)	22.95
VIDEO MIKE OLDFIELD Essential (70)	24.95

MORE CONCERT VIDEOS

VIDEO ABBA The Movie. The film (19 songs) (90)	34.95
VIDEO BEATLES Complete (2 hrs; music & documentary)	37.95
VIDEO TOYAH Good Morning Universe (V2)	39.95
VIDEO TOYAH Live At Rainbow (V2)	39.95
VIDEO ABBA Music Show Vol 1 & 2 (V2)	each 39.95
VIDEO IMAGINATION Hits (72)	39.95
VIDEO ALICE COOPER Welcome to my nightmare (84)	39.95
VIDEO DEEP PURPLE California Jam 1974 (V2)	39.95
VIDEO E. L. P. Pictures at an Exhibition (45)	44.95

VIDEO FILMS & SPECIAL INTEREST

VIDEO SEX PISTOLS R & Roll Swindle (The film)	29.95
VIDEO Cat People. The film. Bowie sings title	44.95
VIDEO Pennies From Heaven. The Musical	39.95
VIDEO PINK FLOYD The Wall. The Film (90)	49.95
VIDEO THE EVIL DEAD Notorious horror film	39.95
VIDEO ZABRISKIE POINT The film. Music by P. Floyd	44.95
VIDEO KIDS ARE ALRIGHT The film with the Who	39.95
VIDEO QUADROPHENIA The film. Music by the Who	39.95
VIDEO NEIL YOUNG Rust Never Sleeps	39.95
VIDEO ROCK GUITAR tuition tapes from SCHENKER, RON WOOD	29.95
VIDEO RUDE BOY The film. Unreleased CLASH music	39.95
VIDEO THE JAZZ SINGER Neil Diamond film	29.95
VIDEO FLASH GORDON The film. Music by Queen	29.95

Note: FREE poster (approx. 27cm x 38cm) with Rainbow, Roxy Music & Dexys.

OUR FAIR TRADING POLICY
•We do not advertise Videos before they are released.
•All videos are sent in strong top quality cardboard packaging specially designed for sending videos by post.
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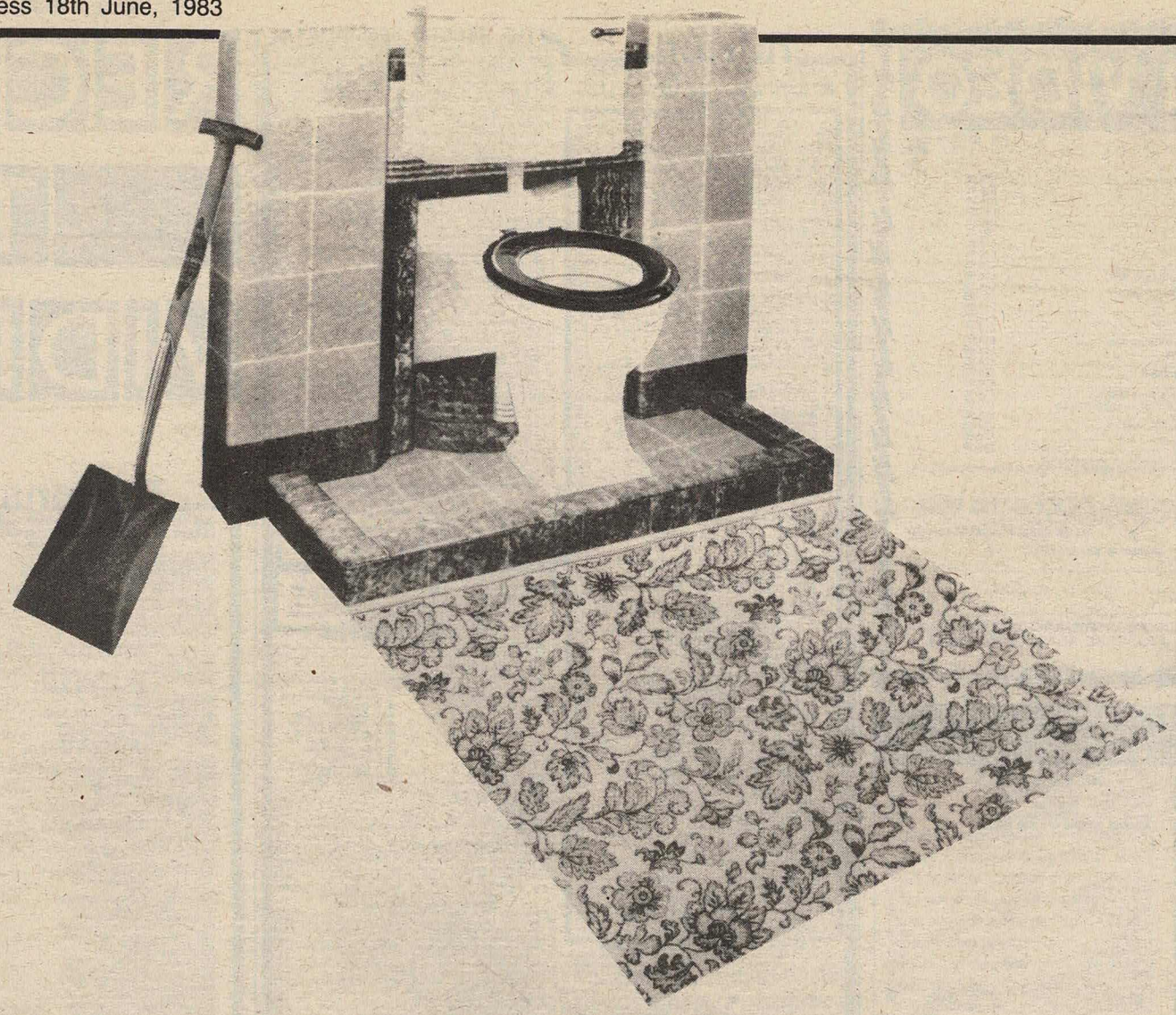


GASBAG

Photo-montage by: Terry Seago

BORING!

Do you make a conscious effort to be boring, or is it just a reflex stemming from your ennui brought on by existing in the Land of Monarchs? Something must be boring over there — because you're all coming here. And boring *us*. Is it too much a slanted American statement to say only a British band could have produced the lyrics: "*The dreams in which I'm dying are the best I've ever had*"? Come on, guys, lighten up! You take yourselves too seriously; actually, if you look real close, you're kind of funny.
Gabrielle, Downtown, Manhattan.
Yes, well, we all had a whale of a time a few years back with David Ackles, Neil Young, Happy Len Cohen and similar American exports, so we figured it's your turn now. (Okay, I know they're mainly miserable Canucks, but how'd *you* like to live next door to a country of self-aggrandising warmongers?) As for the 'Land of Monarchs', it's a well-known fact that the most interesting countries have Royal Families. Just think of Luxembourg, and, er, Norway, and, um, the Netherlands, and...doesn't Belgium have a queen or something? — AG.

QUEEN OF ALL THE BELGIUMS

Having been in Belgium quite a few times I can tell you that Belgians, like most people in the Benelux countries, are friendly, open-minded, humorous and perhaps a little boring.
We've also got the ability to recognise quality. That's why I read the *NME* and wouldn't think of picking up some other music paper, despite being insulted.
I could also tell you I'd rather spend the rest of my days in "Boring Belgium" than become a citizen of a United States' satellite that produces people like Margaret Thatcher.
Rudi Van Drost, Holland.
Which brings us, with one of the least interesting links ever utilised by a *Gasbag* editor, to:

BOYS FROM THE CRINKLY GREEN STUFF

Conteh, Everett, Tarbuck...didn't any of these Liverpool lads see *Boys From The Blackstuff*?
George Cole, Peterborough.
Yes, but then they saw their accountants. — AG.

BOYCOTT UNFUNNY COMEDIANS

Hi Folks!
Kuddly Ken here! Ha! I really gotcha that time, didn't I. There you were watching all my zany shows with all my naughty bits, bodily particles and generally wacky behaviour and thinking that I was only *pretending* to be a complete and utter loony! But *now*, after you all saw me appearing at the Young Conservatives' thingy, you know that I *really* am.
By the way, chaps, I know that you lot at the ol' *NME* are all a load of left-wing Tony Benn-types, so please don't be too upset when what's-her-name wins the thingy as you'll all be able to see my wacky new series next year on your new telescreens.
In fact along with Jimmy Tarbuck, what's-her-name and that other gal, I'm all you'll be able to see — or *have* to see. Anyway Tara for now! Ha, ha, ha, ho, ho, ho, etc, etc.
Kenny Everett, BBC, Thatcher's England

WHAT'S FIVE PENCE AMONG FRIENDS?

May I be the first person to have the dubious honour (?) of complaining about the increase in the price of *NME*? A rise of 5p from the previous level of 35p is an increase of 14.3%, four times the current official rate of inflation as measured by the Retail Price Index. Are you part of the money-grabbing establishment press after all, or alternatively, have you just given your journalists a whopping pay rise and need to make up for it? If it is the latter, are there, therefore, any vacancies for hacks?
Oh, and by the way, you've boobed again! The BBC TV film on Saturday afternoon (June 4th) isn't the *Convoy* you think it is, but an old Ealing film made in 1940. Get your facts right!
Timothy, Atherstone, Warwickshire.

I'd just like to say that it cheers me when I think that the 5p increase will help maintain standards and support the staff of your mighty mouthpiece. I hope you don't think I've been too forward.
Richard, A Hospital, Bradford.
Not at all, Neil. How's the holiday going? — AG.

I suppose the recent 14% rise in the price of your journal will incur the usual angst from your penny-pinching readership. It amazes me that they can feel justified in spending 12½ pence on a stamp.
Mu solution is far more creative. I simply charge my friends an extra ten pence to read my copy.
King Rat.
Young Businessman Of The Year Award. The prize? A large gentleman from IPC's Dirty Tricks squad will closely monitor your every movement for the next three months. Not for any particular reason, you understand — he just likes making people paranoid. — AG.

At 40p you're exactly twice the price of *Socialist Worker*. You also have ads for the Labour Party and for Pernod in the same issue. Methinks this is a slight contradiction.
Andy, Eastbourne.
Methinks thou art a trifle round the twist, O Divinely-Named One. Since when has voting Labour been inconsistent with getting pissed on fancy foreign refreshers? — AG.

TOKEN CLINICALLY INSANE CONTRIBUTOR

Day after day they send my friends away, to mansions cold and grey on the far side of town, where the thin men stalk the streets and the sane stay under ground.
Day after day they tell me I can go. They tell me I can blow to the far side of town, where it's pointless to be high, 'cause it's such a long way down.
So I tell them that I can fly. I will scream. I will break my arm. It will do me harm.
Here I stand foot in hand talking to the wall. I am not quite right at all...am I?
Zane Zane Zane, Brixton.
Apparently not. — AG.

RUE D'ECSTASE

There's a street in Paris called André Gill. But of course it's a dead end.
Veronika Fleming, San Francisco (living in France).
It only appears that way. If you look close enough, there's a hidden door at the end, through which can be attained paradise. — AG.

GET THEE TO A MONASTERY

Just to let you know that reading Marc Crawford's Thelonious Monk piece, while listening to Monk's 'Blue Sphere' piano solo, made me cry.
Enough said.
Thanks for that and Lester Bangs on Miles. Keep it coming! (It's all music, right?) What chance a piece on Mingus?
Joni Mitchell, LA (Sevenoaks, Kent).
Can't you make do with Cecil Taylor for the time being? — AG.

ROCK'S RICH TAPESTRY REVISITED

OK, now that it's finally permissible to admit that rock has a pre-1977 past, and to acknowledge the contributions of the relevant ones at work before that date, who decides who is to be remembered and who is consigned to oblivion?
Is it the editor ("Alright we can talk about Robbie Robertson now")? Is it the live reviews editor ("Clarence 'Frogman' Henry? Who's he?")? Or is it simply just the case that nobody in the Carnaby Street fortress knows what the fuck went on before the Sex Pistols happened along?
I'm talking about the Sir Douglas Quintet gigs last week, which warranted neither a news story nor a live review. It shouldn't take me long to say that Doug Sahm is important or that he is still one of the great American songwriters, should it?
Wake up, you dozy bastards.
Robert Graham, Manchester.
The Robbie Robertson piece is the result of months of sustained pressure by large numbers of *NME* writers, including myself, Barney, dear departed Danny and Monty, Gavin and several others, some of whom are of the opinion that The Band are the best band of all time. As for Doug Sahm, he's okay, but hardly in the same league. — AG.

AN EMINENTLY REASONABLE REQUEST

As an *On The Boxer*, can it get a full page? Or even just the *times* of the programmes? Or does that cause friction twixt you and the TV Two? And should you care?
Anne Droyd, Glasgow.
Sorry, no can do as regards the times, as London listings mag *Time Out* learnt at great expense recently. But a full page — now *there's* an idea, eh? Eh? — AG.
(Complete silence) — The rest of the excessively muso-oriented *NME* staff.

PRAXIS

Concerning the sleeve notes to 'Money-Go-Round': I won't question Weller's right to point the finger, but until he can offer a more rational solution (re "the removal of the establishment") than a semi-political rant about what 99% of his audience know already, then I suggest he keeps his mouth shut.
The man-trap, Hull.
"That whereof we cannot speak we must pass over in silence" — Ludwig Wittgenstein.

MINE'S A REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT, PLEASE

Why so much bickering? Why so petty minded? For years now I have watched *Gasbag* decline and fall to a level of mindless irrelevance and petty criticism.
Who wants to know why Paul Morley jumped the sinking ship, about how many times Southern Death Cult are going to split, and about how many anagrams you can make out of OMD (three to be exact). This decline is not only limited to *Gasbag*, the whole paper has willingly fallen in standard.
Where's the revolutionary spirit gone? It's probably hiding in Kensington Gardens or Heaven. I thought the *NME* was supposed to be a forum for debate, a stimulating read, something to get the old head working. Instead it seems to be full of shit and riddled with herpes.
I used to say Neil Spencer would lead the revolution. Now I'm not so sure.
I say move the *NME* north of Watford Gap and we will rise up, rise up together with the aid of our collective destiny.
Joe, Leeds.
You're right about one thing — those OMD anagrams are getting a bit strained. Let's try something a bit different, like Southern Death Cult anagrams. How about "Trundle the cash out" for starters? — AG.

THE LAST OF THE OMDANAGRAMS

Do you realise that 'Oh reheat our Crass/NME drivel tank' is an anagram of Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark?
Carmel, Oxford.
Now let's just leave the Print column out of this, OK? — AG.

SPLAT!

Dear Abigail Adams (*Gasbag*, June 4): Horror films are designed to scare and shock. To scare someone is hard to do effectively in a film, so certain rules tend to be followed: the events generally take place at night or in dimly-lit locations, and there is usually a drawn-out "trick" ending.
The golden rule to follow at all times, however, is to make your victim weaker than your killer. That is why women are portrayed as victims. As opposed to cowboy and war films, in which it's usually the men who get killed.
As for your statement that "it would be a good idea to check your facts before making such assumptions as 'few of them bother to actually *watch* what they condemn'", you merely prove Mr Gill's point by what you say in your letter.
If you had actually watched *Driller Killer* you would have noticed that only one, maybe two, girls were killed compared to four or five men. How is that exploitation of women?
I don't agree with Andy Gill that it should have been banned because it was so bad; it was bad, but the worst thing about it was not the violence, not how it was made, but that fucking punk band downstairs playing the same song all night long.
"As usual, a man misses the point again." On the contrary, Abby: Andy Gill was spot on.
T. Young, Acklam.
Actually, I never said that *Driller Killer* should be banned, merely that it was a badly-made film. It's a simple question of censorship, really: a society's methods of protecting itself — of which censorship is but one — must be pushed and challenged if that society is to adapt. A social lubricant which ossifies becomes a law, and a law which ossifies becomes a repressive tool. When a harsh, authoritarian right-wing government is in power, the last thing we need is a supposedly "radical" left/feminist cadre seemingly hell-bent on censorship as well. Okay, dross like *Driller Killer* gets seen, but so does *Battle Of Algiers*; and those unorthodox and aberrant ideas necessary for cultural development get to be heard. And let's face it, we need them more now than ever. — AG.

AZTEC, AZTEC, AZTEC AND CAMERA

Can I be the first to say that Aztec Camera are this decade's Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young.
Young Neil, Hungerford, Derbyshire.
Be my guest. — AG.

BONDAGE FETISHIST

Charles Shaar Murray's discourse on *Octopussy* is so biased by the author's spurious socio-political interpretations of entertainment that one wonders if he manages to sit through such disgraceful child exploitation pictures as *ET* or racist melodramas like *Local Hero* — imagine, depicting the Scottish people as homely and retrogressive!
It's preposterous to excuse the early Bond films as "decadent swinging '60s entertainment" and damn the recent ones as "racist, sexist bombast" when the attitudinising of the films is entirely consistent. I suppose it's all right to have an obvious racial stereotype like Oddjob or sneer at a homosexual figure like Goldfinger if they're in a "decadent" Connery-Bond vehicle — but evil Indian henchmen? Dear me, no!
Of course *Octopussy* is a melange of the best tricks from other Bond pictures — do you seriously expect a series in its umpteenth incarnation to operate on a roster of innovation and complete surprise? John Glen's brief has been to fashion a glittering greatest hits package and on those terms *Octopussy* is a clear success.
The use of hardware doesn't even come remotely near that of

Reader's Letters Edited By ANDY GILL

Write to: Gasbag, *NME*, 5-7 Carnaby Street, LONDON W1V 1PG

any Lucas film I can think of. If anything there is even less of an emphasis than there used to be. In this technological age we expect a wealth of sophisticated gadgetry — the times have caught up with Bond's machines, if nothing else — whereas things like the *Thunderball* car looked genuinely indulgent as far as futuristic paraphernalia went. And Moore may be a dummy as far as thesping goes but Bond was conceived *as* a dummy — a superhumanly efficient and attractive one, but a dummy.

Connery's Bond was scarcely any more animated. Although *From Russia With Love* and *You Only Live Twice* gave him his chance (*Twice* would have been fascinating if they'd stuck to the book — where the character is effectively destroyed and reborn), the scripts of the others were too dull and stupid to permit more than a surly charisma to seep through — compare *The Ipcress File* or *The Quiller Memorandum,* except those sober spy mellers don't belong to any Bond universe. Bond fims aren't really spy films, more pure Flashman/Pimpernel bravado.

But as usual it is Mr Murray's 'sexism' charge that rankles most. Pardon my underdeveloped 'liberated' conscience but Bond does not 'rape' Maud Adams: he seduces her. Did Murray not notice that the villains' hideout is eventually stormed and captured *by women*? Surely that should have tickled his unprejudiced imagination!

Moore's Bond is as coldly oversexed as Connery's version. Perhaps the reviewer has conveniently forgotten that it was directly through the early Bond films that movies like *In Like Flint* — where girls were considered only as 'pleasure units' — came to be made?

Octopussy is superbly delivered by director Glen. The action setpieces are probably better handled than in any previous Bond movie, and if the political (pro-nuke) undercurrent of the film is distasteful one need only apply the irony which *all* the imperialistic, anti-Russian Bond films have required to enjoy it.

I trust that Mr Murray will not be permitted to vent his verbose liberal spleen on *Never Say Never Again.*
Tim McAllister, North London.

Re: Bowie in Vorst (not Voorst, fuckface!). Racists like Charles Shaar Murray ought to be shot.

Ta!
Mark Coenen, Belgium.
Just not your day, eh Charlie? — AG.

SAVE THE CHERRY!

Complete and utter bliss eludes me. My 'Stomping At The Savoy' has not arrived yet. But when it does (as I'm sure it shall (heavy irony)) I am glad to note that it carries a guaranteed loss of virginity with each copy.
Ian, Edinburgh.
Ah, yes. What we've omitted to tell you, Ian, is that the "guaranteed loss of virginity" comes in the considerable shape of Roy Carr, who is e'en at this moment *en route* to Bonnie Scotland. Have fun. — AG.

TV-AM

Cornflakes, cornflakes,
cornflakes, cornflakes,
cornflakes, cornflakes,
cornflakes, cornflakes,
cornflakes, cornflakes.
The most boring bastard in the World, Bermondsey, London.
Oh, come on, Dan, you're not that bad. — AG.

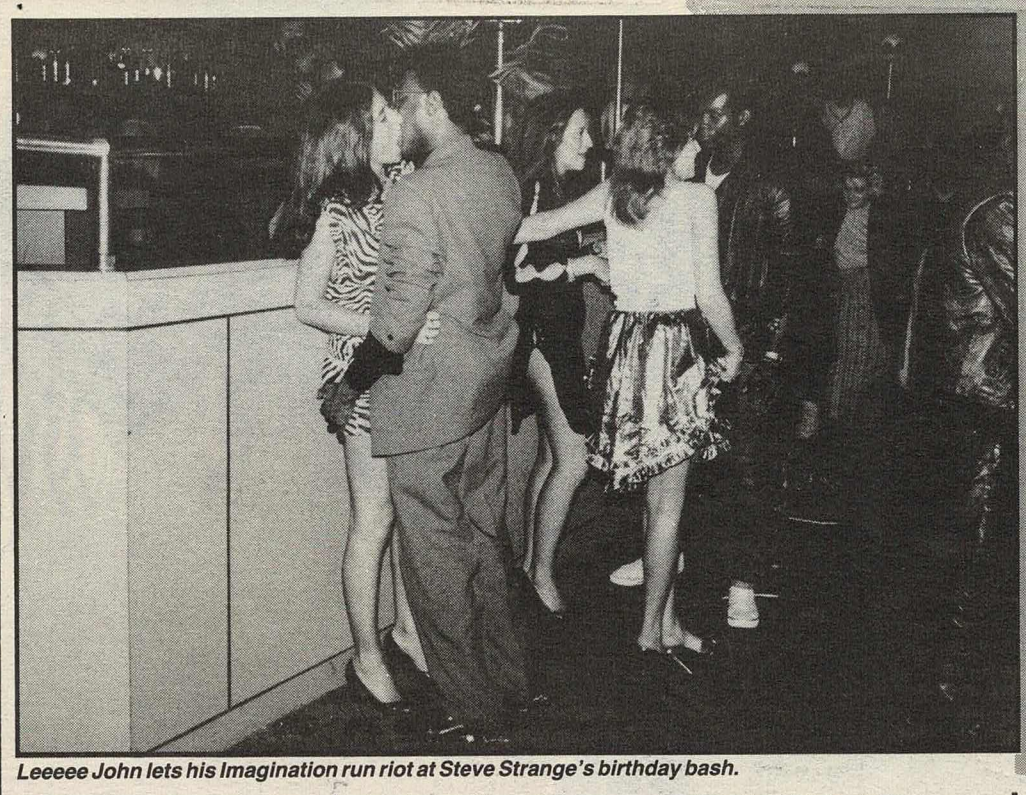
JUST FANCY THAT!

Down King's Road at the weekend I saw this big Roller parked arrogantly on a double yellow with a well dressed but rather bored looking bloke leaning against the door.

As I walked past — eyeing the mahogany dashboard and leather upholstery — he farted audibly.

It just goes to show the rich bastards are only human.
Jim, Liverpool.
Yes, it's awfully difficult to get a chauffeur with a sense of occasion these days. — AG.

T-ZERS



Leeeee John lets his Imagination run riot at Steve Strange's birthday bash.

SO, THEY'RE gone.

I stumbled into the office this morning, tripping over the pot plant in reception. That's funny, I thought, we don't have a pot plant in reception. Then I realised it was one of the switchboard operator's coffee cups with a mould growth that looked like an Arizona cactus. "Yeuch!" I thought, I hate cacti. It was going to be one of those days, but I wasn't prepared for this.

It's not as if I was in optimistic mood, but the disasters I'd predicted for myself were pretty minor league stuff in retrospect. The junk shop owners would discover that it was me who sabotaged all the **Beatles** tapes in Carnaby Strteet! Worse still they'd club together and buy some more! **Cliff Richard** would die and Capital would assail us with 'Daddy's Home' 24 hours a day! **David Dorrell** would be ahead of his deadline!

But no, far worse. As the *NME* computer checked off my fingerprints against the record and the polished steel door to the editorial office slid open, the sickening sight hit me like a rancid kipper. The office cat had crapped on my typewriter again. I was still making plans to restring my tennis racket with the bastard when I noticed the real disaster.

The dots had gone!

Their little manacles were broken, their typewriters sat untouched and disconsolate, all that was left was a pile of *T-Zers* and a note.

"Sod you lot," it read (such wit, such *puissance*, this was clearly no forgery), "we're off to the socialist state of Barnsley."

And so it's with a slight choke that we present what could be the last *T-Zers* column of all time, knowing that ironically this is possibly one of the finest pieces of fabrication in a magnificent, if mainly libellous, career. Sniff. The old place won't be quite the same without them.

Now where's that bloody cat...

SO THIS week begins with the man who recently did an exclusive front cover interview with the *Gardening Gazette* and talked candidly about his interest in begonia cultivation. **David Bowie**! No, no — come back it's only a short bit honest. And in fact the story begins with **Kevin** 'Say the Leeds and you're smiling' **Rowland**, singer with **Dexy's Would Be Limelight Stealers**, support band on the man's French tour.

It appears that, not satisfied with slagging the star of the show off on frog radio, Kevin decided to launch into an onstage sermon to chanting fans. "I don't know what you're shouting for Bowie for," Rowland told the restless crowd, "He has nothing. **Brian Ferry** has more charisma." All of which was a little shocking for poor David who was standing in the wings at the time. Shortly after this incident, Dexys were no longer supporting David Bowie.

"Bad boys biffed in Boxer bust up" — that's what it sez 'ere, somebody's got *Daily Mirror* aspirations obviously. Anyway tough city boys **The Jo Boxers** came to grief when they came in contact with the real thing last week.

On a visit to Liverpool State Ballroom The Boxers were forced to live up to their image by a bunch of local tuffs. In their hasty retreat the pop star pretenders were forced to leave behind **Dig Wayne's** famous cap, which, we hear, is currently being held hostage.

Non-event of the week award goes to **Steve Strange**'s birthday party which we hear (the dots *never* go to non-events) which was the usual get bored with the stars bash. **Siouxie, Colonel Pop** and various **Spandau's** were around to witness an oh so spontaneous performance by **The Belle Stars** and **Imagination**. Later on **Leeeeeeee** 'I don't care if I get beaten up by the SPG as long as they're star members' **John** provided a far more interesting spectacle by attempting a live oral tonsilectomy on one of the female 'revellers'.

Meanwhile all the hip dudes were in attendance at the **Test Department/23 Skidoo** bash (and when I say bash I mean *bash*) at Sheffield Leadmill. Apart from **Richard** and **Mal** from **Cabaret Voltaire** and **Adi** of **Clock DVA, Martin Fry** was in attendance—does this mean the dawning of the new constructionalist **ABC** we wonder? From wordsmith to blacksmith perchance.

On the subject of verbal webspinners, will **Elvis Costello** really delete 'Pills And Soap' now that it looks like turning into his first halfway decent hit for eons. Frankly we doubt it.

PSYCHEDELIA IS back — honest, this time it really is. **Marc Almond** spotted at trendsetting Leeds club La Phonographique grooving to **Jimi Hendrix**'s 'All Along The Watchtower'. Aspiring pop stars please note the line is now "Nah, I was never into Northern Soul Meself, I just used to listen to the **Syd Barret** solo albums".

Most shamefaced man in Carnaby Street this week is **Graham** 'The only conclusion is vote Labour' **Lock** who didn't vote. "I knew I was going to be on holiday at the time so I wrote the piece instead of voting," Graham pleaded. Weak Graham, weak, especially since both **The Clash** and **Style Council** put off trips abroad to mark the cross.

Yet more on the most overpublicised man in showbusiness. The Cash for Crap venture with **Michael Fagin** continues as he plays the ICA as part of **Seething Wells'** Radical Bingo sesh. The ICA, of course, is a mere couple of hundred yards from the gaff where Mr. Fagin forged his dodgy reputation. Will he be popping up the road for a repeat performance, we wonder...well no we don't actually, we couldn't give a royal flush but it's the sort of thing you're expected to say in such circumstances.

A more prestigious date for the bonkers burglar is on board the **Queen Mary**, Long Beach, California. Apparently the obsequious yanks who organised the event wanted a member of the royal family to appear (personally I'd be in favour of flogging the whole bunch to 'em) but according to omnipresent entrepreneur **Jock McDonald** when they found that none were available, "they settled for the next best thing". Which all goes to prove you can be bonkers and be a diplomat. We knew it all along.

Eddie and Sunshine's *Living TV* series of dates is rapidly acquiring essential status. The first two of the Monday evening cabaret performances featured chat show sequences with **Paul Morley** and **John Foxx** and **Chris Bohn** and **The Thompson Twins** respectively and lined up for next week's show is **Midge Ure**. The venue is **Raymond's** Revue Bar in Soho.

AS REPORTS filter through about **The Birthday Party's** apparently disastrous tour of Australia, the man that stayed behind, hidden force of the band **Mick Harvey**, revealed this week: "They only went because **Roland** and **Nick** wanted to see their mums". Even demon antichrists love their muthas.

Back in London is...**Grace Jones**, who flew in without informing her record company. Since her contract with **Chris Blackwell**'s Island has now expired, we must ask — is a brand new recording contract top of the shopping list?

One thing that's certain is the lift off of her movie career as she starts work on a 20th Century Fox production next month. It seems that for the moment at least she's doing a bit of a **B****** and concentrating on the acting world.

Edwyn Collins on the other hand has also been talking of leaving the world of pop megastardom to concentrate on...wild life painting in the Highlands! We understand, though, that he doesn't plan to flee the **Orange Juice** nest just yet.

Whaaaaaat! Channel Four currently advertising for a journalist "sympathetic to the political Right" — should be plenty of applicants.

Do **Spear Of Destiny** really want to be **The Who**? (and if so why? answers on the back of a bit of Rickenbacker etc) — not satisfied with smashing their guitars up on *The Switch* they were spotted later playing pinball in Soho. So when does **Kirk** fix up an appointment with **Meher Baba**?

Last week's *Mirror* poll of musicians' voting intentions misquoted **Stuart Adamson** on his avowed political allegiance, marking him down as a supporter of the SDP/Liberal pact when he had in fact told them he was an *SNP* or Labour Voter. The Scottish Nationalists are a somewhat different animal to the SDP. Says Stuart: "As with the British government, London papers are apt to confuse the two. I don't want to be associated with those wimps at all..."

AND SO for the conceivable future that is it. The last ever *T-Zers* column. I wonder, was there something I could have said that would have made the difference...

But hold, those dark shapes in the doorway, could it be...

Yes! They're back, bright and lively as usual, protesting about the lack of burger joints and cocktail bars in Barnsley. They've resolved to go on with life regardless. Oh joy!

The music swells, the image blurs on the picture of happiness, and thousands of *NME* readers groan in the knowledge that they'll have to go through another bloody *T-Zers* column next week.

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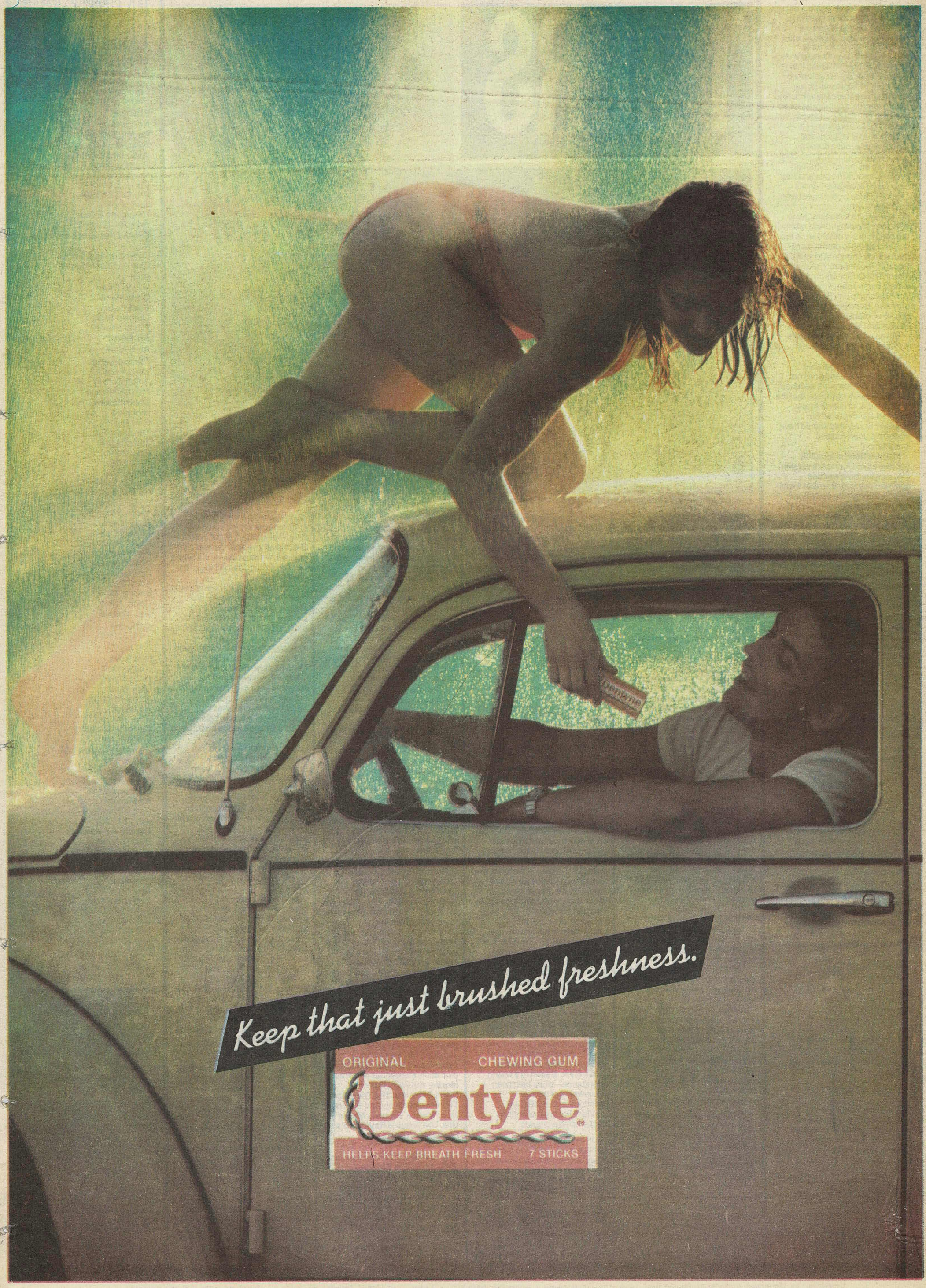
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